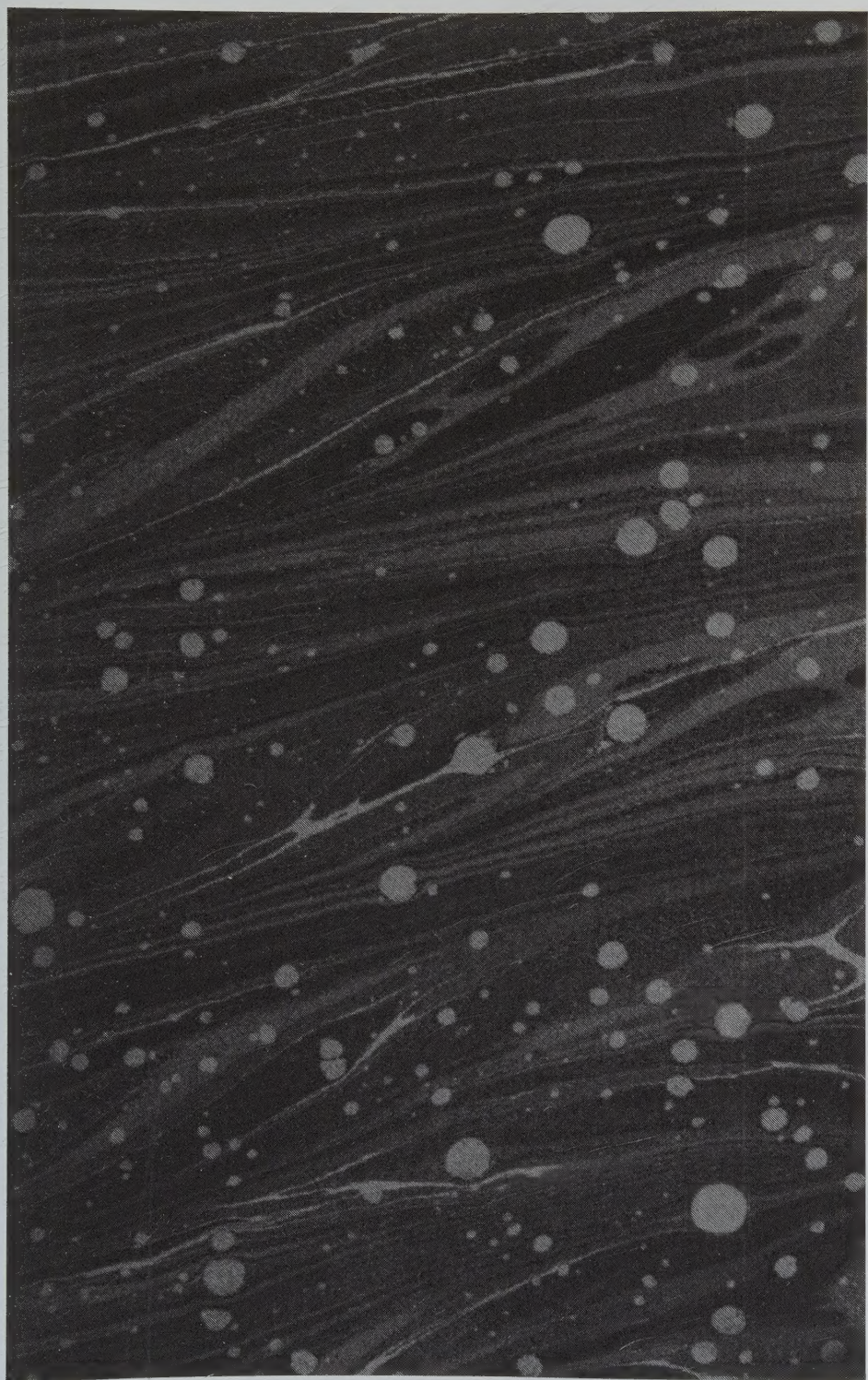



**The Poetical Works of Leigh
Hunt, Revised by Himself and
Ed. With an Intr. by S.a. Lee**



LEIGH HUNT



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NARRATIVE POEMS.

CAPTAIN SWORD

AND

CAPTAIN PEN.

WITH NOTES DETAILING

THE HORRORS ON WHICH THE POEM IS FOUNDED.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FIRST EDITION.

THIS Poem is the result of a sense of duty, which has taken the Author from quieter studies, during a great public crisis. He obeyed the impulse with joy, because it took the shape of verse; but with more pain, on some accounts, than he chooses to express. However, he has done what he conceived himself bound to do; and if every zealous lover of his species were to express his feelings in like manner, to the best of his ability, individual opinions, little in themselves, would soon amount to an overwhelming authority, and hasten the day of reason and beneficence.

The measure is regular, with an irregular aspect,—four accents in a verse,—like that of *Christabel*, or some of the poems of Sir Walter Scott:—

Captain Swòrd got ùp one dáy—

And the flàg full of hònour, as thòugh it could feèl.

He mentions this, not, of course, for readers in general, but for the sake of those daily acceders to the list of the reading public, whose knowledge of books is not yet equal to their love of them.

A FEW MORE FIRST WORDS,

OCCASIONED BY

IMMEDIATE EVENTS.

SINCE this book went to press, the Peace Congress at Paris has added to the importance of the movements against war, and the startling letter of Mr. Gurney corroborated the financial arguments of Mr. Cobden and others. All the reasoning which has been adduced on the other side of the question, may be found in the columns of the *Times* newspaper, set forth with the usual wit and fine writing which distinguish that extraordinary journal. But the reasoning is not new, nor does it seem very self-satisfied. The instincts of the writer's better genius are against it, whatever his "knowledge of the world," or his sense of the political expediency of the moment, may induce him to say in favour of common-places.

It is related of Queen Victoria, that when she heard of the first war that broke out within the bounds of the empire since her accession to the throne, her Majesty said, with the tears in her eyes, that she "had hoped to have a bloodless reign." I know not if the story be true; but it is in unison with all that is understood of her sensible and considerate nature. And who indeed can doubt that she would fain have every one of her subjects as safe and sound as peace and prosperity could make him? Is a time never to come, when the desire of every human heart, from the throne to the cottage, shall work out a corresponding determination? Shall we acquiesce in an evil, and think it irremediable, merely because it is

enormous? That may be an argument with superstition, and with other slavish states of the human mind. It was once an argument against interfering with plague and pestilence. But we now take steps against pestilence, because it is at our doors. Shall we take none against war, merely because it tears our friends and children to pieces at a *distance*?

We know what the Prime Minister thinks of war. We know what the majority of statesmen, both in England and France, think of the inexpediency of it at the present moment. But the ministers and statesmen of other countries, it is argued, may not be so wise, and they are under Sovereigns very different from our own.

Refuse them the supplies, says Mr. Gurney. Refuse them for your own sake, or wars will make you bankrupt.

Refuse them, says Mr. Cobden, for humanity and decency's sake; and refuse them also, (if that is not sufficient,) for the sake of the very considerable chance of non-return. You are lending money for bad purposes to men who have repeatedly been insolvent.

This admonition has been strangely called a violation of the principles of free trade; as if freedom of action and indifference to its consequences were identical. It might as well be argued that a druggist had an equal right to sell poison to the best and worst man in his neighbourhood, and that it would be mere officiousness in a bystander to warn him against the mistake.

Elemental necessity in the nature of things (like poison itself, or hydrogen), or unavoidableness, owing to the passions of men (which might amount to the same thing), or expediency in the particular instances, must either be the grounds on which war is defended, or the advocate must fairly say, at once, "It is a perplexing and painful subject, and I do not choose to argue it." Now, unless arguments have been advanced, which I have overlooked in the perusal, this latter determination, however it may

seem to have talked otherwise, appears to me to be the real state of the case at present with those who could easily argue better than they do, if they went to the root of the matter at all.

I still, therefore, cannot but think it incumbent on a hater of war to endeavour to render it as intelligible and hateful as possible.

To descend to a climax of "tremendous insignificance," (as the Gascon gentleman said,) I am afraid that the references of some of the notes to their authorities, in this edition of my poem, are incorrect. The copier had omitted them; illness has prevented my going to the British Museum to ascertain them; and I have been unable to procure the books in other quarters. But due pains will be taken for their rectification, should the poem be republished;¹ and, at all events, the writer feels that he is under no necessity of vouching for his veracity. The passages extracted speak for themselves;—to say nothing of his character as an honest man.

One word more. The first and second editions of the poem were dedicated to a noble and learned Lord, for whom the writer has never ceased to entertain great and grateful respect; but as his lordship's opinions on the subject appear to have undergone some modifications that might have rendered the address to him not so proper, I have done what I thought least unbecoming to the space which it occupied, by leaving it unappropriated to anybody.

LEIGH HUNT.

October 12, 1849.

PREFACE

TO THE THIRD EDITION, 1849.

OF the poetry (if, without being immodest, I may venture to speak of it at all, and to apply to myself a term used in criticizing painters) I would observe, in passing, that it is written in the Author's later and more spiritual manner, which experience led him to adopt after quitting the material school of Dryden; and that he looks upon it, in regard to expression, as one of the least faulty of his productions. I hope he need not add that he is far from wishing any comparison to be instituted between himself and that master, whose powers would "cut up" into half a dozen cadets of reputation, in schools greater than his own. I only mean to say, that the author of *Absalom and Ahithophel*, and of the *Fables from Chaucer*, &c., is inferior, as an imaginative guide, to the poets whom he himself venerated, and to that innermost delicacy of perception which they included in natures no less robust.

Respecting descriptions of the horrors of war, the author says that he repeats them, not out of any regard for what are considered attractions of that kind (than which I hold nothing to be more indicative of a wrong state of mind and feeling), but in counteraction to the neutralizing assertions of those who maintain that everybody is agreed respecting the horrors of war, and that the only difficulty is how to find a remedy for them.

I reply to these persons, that supposing everybody to be agreed on that point, everybody is far from being agreed to the same purpose, or with the same amount of knowledge and sympathy—that the agreement, which, in most instances, is little else than faint and verbal, is

too often assumed for the purpose of getting rid of the subject—and that, in order to prove the zeal for discovering the remedy, it would be as well, in future, not to confine the agreement to the affirmation, but to take some step in the direction of the search.

I am not a writer (as I have before observed) whose habit it is to deal in painful subjects, however I may be forced, now and then, by a sense of duty, out of the track of pleasant ones. It is not my custom to invite the attention of my readers to wounds and sores. I am sometimes accused of doing the reverse; of finding too many pleasures in pains; too much of the "soul of goodness in things evil;" nor have I failed to accompany the present exposure with intimations of that comfort,—of that beautiful, and, to me, irrefutable certainty. My belief in the goodness of Nature, and in the final happiness of all things, is unbounded. The very pain through which Nature works, considering the beauty that accompanies it, is a proof to me that her object is great and noble. I accept it with exultation, even if I perish in the course of it; and I accept it with transport, believing that every thing will be found right and joyous in its immortal consummation.

But human beings meantime, by the incitement of Nature herself, are among the instruments of human progression; and as it is specially incumbent on those who are of a pleasurable tendency, not to shrink from the communion of pain, but to see what they can do, either towards bearing and helping to bear it, or to hasten its termination, so I would say, to any man of sense and feeling who takes up this volume, and who has not yet happened to turn his attention to the great cause advocated by the societies of Peace and Brotherhood,—read my verses, or not, as you please; read or not, as you please, the remarks on war and statesmen;—but read, by all means, the notes detailing the horrors of war;—read them, and reflect on them. If it be but for half an hour

(for no pain need be longer than is requisite for a good result); and if, at the end of that half hour, they have not supplied the casting vote in favour of whatever step it may be in your power to take on the side in question,—be it no greater than sixpence to a subscription, or a word of encouragement to those who can better afford to give it,—then sense and feeling have reasons for declining to assist humanity, which it is beyond the faculties of my mind to conceive.

As to those who have considered the question enough already, perhaps with too great emotion, I say to them,—don't read the horrors at all, whether in prose or verse. Confine yourselves to the march and the ball-room, and to the peaceful militations of Captain Pen. Nay, read not even those, if they associate themselves with ideas too painful. It is enough that you have suffered pain already, and have sympathized to some purpose. But admit the book, nevertheless, into your house. Let your children see it. Let them grow up acquainted, not only with drums and trumpets, but with what comes *after* the trumpet and the drum. The happy nature of childhood is seldom liable to impressions too serious. But impression will be made; and, by-and-by, it may be useful.

Nobody, I believe, will dispute the propriety of designating the cause a "great cause." It may not have yet attained to the prosperity entitling it to the honours of a "great fact;" though it is a fact which is growing daily, and one, it may be assumed, of no despicable dimensions. But a greater cause, except that of the poor, (and there is no mean link between both,) is hardly conceivable. And the opposition to it, and sometimes contempt of it, are proofs of the greatness; for they show the difficulties through which it forces its way,—amounting, says the contempt, to "impossibility." It is what contempt has said to every great cause till prosperity has won its adhesion. The Anti-Corn-Law movement was treated with

contempt till it became a "great fact." Reform was treated with contempt in like manner. Sir Thomas More treated heresy and Strafford treated revolution, with contempt. The Jews treated Christianity with contempt; and Christianity (not, indeed, of the most Christian sort) returned the contempt till the other day, when Judaism was found to be, if not a very great fact, yet a very rich and respectable fact,—at least in the city of London; and, for my part, I heartily wish it success everywhere, seeing what a Christian thing it is, and what an example it sets of good behaviour. Every thing has been treated with contempt, which contradicted, even in the gentlest manner, (the more, indeed on that account,) the preconceptions, and therefore the self-love, of the contemnners.

"But it is contrary to human nature," say these gentlemen, "to the passions of men, that there should be no war. You must alter the creature himself first—make him another being."

How do they know? And from what do they reason? They reason from the speck of time called history. They reason from an ignorance of the vast measurements of time to come, of the mystery of being itself, and of all which it is in the power of time and being to effect. If, in so short a space of time as four thousand years, or even as the twenty or thirty thousand of the orientalist, or the myriads themselves of the geologist (of the humanity of which we know nothing); if, in short, during the little space of time of which we have any knowledge or tradition, war has been modified as much as it has been,—softened and civilized,—made a thing even of courtesy and consideration,—why may it not be modified in proportion, as time advances, or not be done away with altogether? Who is to say where the modification is to stop? Especially now that the world have got a press, and wisdom need never be forced back, and railroads and electrical intercourse have arrived, and the

sense of the comfort, and even the necessity of neighbourly communion must continue advancing?

There was once a time when inquisitors would have laughed in your face, if you told them that inquisitions would be abolished; when cannibals would have laughed in your face, and appealed to your "passions," if you told them that cannibalism would be abolished; when our British ancestors, sitting with their legs in ditches instead of drawing-rooms, and their bodies naked and painted, instead of being invested with the elegances of Mr. Nichol, would have thought a man out of his senses, if by any possibility of imagination he could have conceived the celestial advent of a pair of cotton stockings, or the millennium of Bunhill-row. Fer, not to mention (they would have said) the inconsistency of such luxurious states of existence, how could any true Briton, *tattooed* with glory, ever give up the enchanting faces of sun and moon with which he decorates his stomach? Or, how could the passions of such of us as reside in York, ever permit us to put an end to wars with the natural enemies that inhabit London?

Now London and York fight no more, though they fought in the times of the ancient Britons. Lancashire and Surrey fight no more, though they fought in the times of the Saxons. And they fight no more, simply because they have discovered the inconvenience of fighting, and prefer living in neighbourly brotherhood. What, then, is to hinder France and England from fighting no more—as intercourse increases, and the vine-grower learns to consider the soldier of no earthly use in his exchange of goods with the manufacturer?

There was a time when no Scotchman sat down to dinner with a neighbour, without sticking his dirk into the table by the side of his trencher, as a caution in case of argument, and an intimation of the sort of point with which it might be necessary to conclude it. Does he do so now? Yet his "passions" are the same. Must he

of necessity vent them in the same manner? Must he stick a dagger into somebody, in some part of the world, before he can feel comfortable with his "passions?" Before he can settle his difference of opinion with a papal or anti-papal antagonist? And if not he, why any body? If not any body, why a nation? The Scotchman appeals, perhaps, to a court of law—or, if he is wiser, to arbitration; and the state of opinion, in his once pugnacious country, is such, that the arbiters are as little under the necessity of enforcing their award by a file of soldiers, as Scotchmen after dinner are under the necessity of fighting out an appeal to their host. What is to hinder the growth of such feelings from intersocial to international good sense?

Oh! but we shall grow too commercial, too mechanical, and, above all, too effeminate, for want of occasionally blowing each other to bits; of shrieking for water, and for termination to our misery, on fields of battle; and of the fires, massacres, and worse horrors, of cities that are besieged.

Why so? Do not other acquirements progress, as well as those of commerce? Do not the minds of the commercial progress with them, and issue forth to advantage on the arenas of legislation? Do these minds hate books, and languages, and fine arts, and intellectual and moral progress of any kind? And, nevertheless, do they not inhabit strenuous and active bodies, that go through more fatigue in a session than soldiers do for years, except during an actual campaign? Does mechanism itself not take poetical and exalting shapes in the wonders of steam and electricity? And as to education, why need education cease to be robust and noble, because men have considered the subject more closely, and seen into the bodily as well as mental wants of its disciples? Why may it not, indeed, become far nobler than it is, and substitute manly training of all kinds, within the bounds of reason—for instructions how to grow mad, and organize one another's death and misery?

Great qualities may undoubtedly be fetched out by war, and may adorn it. They may blind us even to its calamities. Nature, in the course of the great working of her designs, will have no misery unexalted or unadorned by moral qualities. She will insist on comforting us by the way. But are we to refuse, on that account, her incitements to advance—to enter happier regions of time and wisdom? If so, why does she put the thoughts into our heads? and into heads, observe, not of the merely simple and believing, but of some of the greatest men that have instructed, and that have *altered* the earth? Why did Plato, and Bacon, and Sir Thomas More himself, speculate on their “Utopias?” Why did the French philosopher endeavour to laugh down war? And why has there existed scarcely a philosopher of any nation, or man of common sense either, who has not both ridiculed and deplored it? What made Henry the Fourth himself, Frenchman and conqueror as he was, anticipate the feelings of the Peace and Brotherhood Societies, and propose to set up Arbitration in its stead?

LEIGH HUNT.

Kensington, July 17, 1849.

ON THE
DUTY OF CONSIDERING THE HORRORS
AND THE
ALLEGED NECESSITY OF WAR:
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN A POSTSCRIPT TO
THE FIRST EDITION.

THE object of this poem is to show the horrors of war, the false ideas of power produced in the minds of its leaders, and, by inference, the unfitness of those leaders for the government of the world.

The author intends no more offence to any one than can be helped: he feels due admiration for that courage and energy, the supposed misdirection of which it deplures; he heartily acknowledges the probability, that that supposed misdirection has been hitherto no misdirection, but a necessity—but he believes that the time is come when, by encouraging the disposition to question it, its services and its sufferings may be no longer required; and he would fain tear asunder the veil from the sore places of war;—would show what has been hitherto kept concealed, or not shown earnestly, and for the purpose;—would prove, at all events, that the time has come for putting an end to those phrases in the narratives of warfare, by which a suspicious delicacy is palmed upon the reader, who is told, after every thing has been done to excite his admiration of war, that his feelings are “spared” a recital of its miseries—that “a veil” is drawn over them—a “truce” given to descriptions which only “harrow up the soul,” &c.

Suppose it be *necessary* to "harrow up the soul," in order that the soul be no longer harrowed? Moralists and preachers do not deal after this tender fashion with moral, or even physical consequences, resulting from other evils. Why should they spare these? Why refuse to look their own effeminacy in the face,—their own gaudy and overweening encouragement of what they dare not contemplate in its results? Is a murder in the streets worth attending to,—a single wounded man worth carrying to the hospital,—and are all the murders, and massacres, and fields of wounded, and the madness, the conflagrations, the famines, the miseries of families, and the rickety frames and melancholy bloods of posterity, only fit to have an embroidered handkerchief thrown over them? Must "adies and gentlemen" be called off, that they may not "look that way," the "sight is so shocking?" Does it become us to let others endure, what we cannot bear even to think of?

Even if nothing else were to come of inquiries into the horrors of war, surely they would cry aloud for some better provision against their extremity *after* battle,—for some regulated and certain assistance to the wounded and agonized,—so that we might hear no longer of men left in cold and misery all night, writhing with torture,—of bodies stripped by prowlers, perhaps murderers,—and of frenzied men, the darlings of their friends, dying, two, and even several days after the battle, of famine! The field of Waterloo was not completely cleared of its dead and dying till nearly a week! Surely large companies of men should be organized for the sole purpose of assisting and clearing away the field after battle. They should be steady men, not lightly admitted, nor unpossessed of some knowledge of surgery, and they should be attached to the surgeon's staff. Both sides would respect them for their office, and keep them sacred from violence. Their duties would be too painful and useful to get them disrespected for not joining in the fight—and, possibly, before long,

they would help to do away their own necessity, by detailing what they beheld. Is that the reason why there is no such establishment? The question is asked, not in bitterness, but to suggest a self-interrogation to the instinets of war.

I have not thought proper to put notes to the poem, detailing the horrors which I have touched upon; nor even to quote my authorities, which are unfortunately too numerous, and contain worse horrors still. They are furnished by almost every history of a campaign, in all quarters of the world. Circumstances so painful, in a first attempt to render them public for their own sakes, would, I thought, even meet with less attention in prose than in verse, however less fitted they may appear for it at first sight.² Verse, if it has any enthusiasm, at once demands and conciliates attention; it proposes to say much in little; and it associates with it the idea of something consolatory, or otherwise sustaining. But there is one prose specimen of these details, which I will give, because it made so great an impression on me in my youth, that I never afterwards could help calling it to mind when war was spoken of; and as I had a good deal to say on that subject, having been a public journalist during one of the most interesting periods of modern history, and never having been blinded into an admiration of war by the dazzle of victory, the circumstance may help to show how salutary a record of this kind may be, and what an impression the subject might be brought to make on society. The passage is in a note to one of Mr. Southey's poems,—the "Ode to Horror,"—and is introduced by another frightful record, less horrible, because there is not such agony implied in it, nor is it alive.

"I extract," says Mr. Southey, "the following picture of consummate horror from notes to a poem written in twelve-syllable verse, upon the campaign of 1794 and 1795; it was during the retreat to Deventer. 'We could not proceed a hundred yards without perceiving the dead

bodies of men, women, children, and horses, in every direction. One scene made an impression upon my memory which time will never be able to efface. Near another cart we perceived a stout-looking man and a beautiful young woman, with an infant, about seven months old, at the breast, all three frozen and dead. The mother had most certainly expired in the act of suckling her child; as with one breast exposed she lay upon the drifted snow, the milk to all appearance in a stream drawn from the nipple by the babe, and instantly congealed. The infant seemed as if its lips had but just then been disengaged, and it reposed its little head upon the mother bosom, with an overflow of milk, frozen as it trickled from the mouth. Their countenances were perfectly composed and fresh, resembling those of persons in a sound and tranquil slumber.' "

"The following description," he continues, "of a field of battle is in the words of one who passed over the field of Jemappe, after Dumourier's victory: 'It was on the third day after the victory obtained by General Dumourier over the Austrians, that I rode across the field of battle. The scene lies on a waste common, rendered then more dreary by the desertion of the miserable hovels before occupied by peasants. Everything that resembled a human habitation was desolated, and for the most part they had been burnt or pulled down, to prevent their affording shelter to the posts of the contending armies. The ground was ploughed up by the wheels of the artillery and wagons; everything like herbage was trodden into mire; broken carriages, arms, accoutrements, dead horses and men, were strewed over the heath. *This was the third day after the battle: it was the beginning of November, and for three days a bleak wind and heavy rain had continued incessantly.* There were still remaining alive several hundreds of horses, and of the human victims of that dreadful fight. I can speak with certainty of having seen more than four hundred men *still living*, unsheltered,

without food, and without any human assistance, most of them confined to the spot where they had fallen by broken limbs. The two armies had proceeded, and abandoned these miserable wretches to their fate. Some of the dead persons appeared to have expired in the act of embracing each other. Two young French officers, who were brothers, had crawled under the side of a dead horse, where they had contrived a kind of shelter by means of a cloak: they were both mortally wounded, and groaning for each other. One very fine young man had just strength enough to drag himself out of a hollow partly filled with water, and was laid upon a little hillock, groaning with agony; A GRAPE-SHOT HAD CUT ACROSS THE UPPER PART OF HIS BELLY, AND HE WAS KEEPING IN HIS BOWELS WITH A HANDKERCHIEF AND HAT. He begged of me to end his misery! He complained of dreadful thirst. I filled him the hat of a dead soldier with water, which he nearly drank off at once, and left him to that end of his wretchedness which could not be far distant.'"

"I hope," concludes Mr. Southey, "I have always felt and expressed an honest and Christian abhorrence of wars, and of the systems that produce them; but my ideas of their immediate horrors fell infinitely short of this authentic picture."

Mr. Southey, in his subsequent lives of conquerors, and his other writings, will hardly be thought to have acted up to this "abhorrence of wars, and of the systems that produce them." Nor is he to be blamed for qualifying his view of the subject, equally blameless (surely) as they are to be held who have retained their old views, especially by him who helped to impress them. His friend, Mr. Wordsworth, in the vivacity of his admonitions to hasty complaints of evil, has gone so far as to say that "Carnage is God's daughter," and thereby subjected himself to the scoffs of a late noble wit. He is addressing the Deity himself:

"But thy most dreaded instrument,
In working out a pure intent,
Is man, arrayed for mutual slaughter:
Yea, Carnage is thy daughter."

Mr. Wordsworth is a fine poet and a philosophical thinker in spite of his having here paid a tremendous compliment to a rhyme; (for unquestionably the word "slaughter" provoked him into that imperative "Yea," and its subsequent venturous affiliation;) but the judgment, to say no more of it, is rash. Whatever the Divine Being intends by his permission or use of evil, it becomes us to think the best of it; but not to affirm the appropriation of the particulars to Him under their worst appellation, seeing that He has implanted in us a horror of them, and a wish to do them away. What it is right in Him to do, is one thing; what it is proper in us to affirm that He actually does, is another. And, above all, it is idle to affirm what He intends to do forever, and to have us eternally venerate and abstain from questioning an evil. All good and evil, and vice and virtue themselves, might become confounded in the human mind by a like daring; and humanity sit down under every buffet of misfortune, without attempting to resist it: which, fortunately, is impossible. Plato cut this knotty point better, by regarding evil as a thing senseless and unmalignant, (indeed, no philosopher regards any thing as malignant, or malignant for malignity's sake;) out of which, or notwithstanding it, good is worked, and to be worked, perhaps finally to the abolition of evil. But whether this consummation be possible or not, and even if the dark horrors of evil be necessary towards the enjoyment of the light of good, still the horror must be maintained, where the object is really horrible; otherwise, we but the more idly resist the contrast, if necessary—and, what is worse, endanger the chance of melioration, if possible.

Did war appear to me an inevitable evil, I should be

one of the last men to show it in any other than its holiday clothes. I can appeal to writings before the public, to testify whether I am in the habit of making the worst of anything, or of not making it yield its utmost amount of good. My inclinations, as well as my reason, lie all that way. I am a passionate and grateful lover of all the beauties of the universe, moral and material; and the chief business of my life is to endeavour to give others the like fortunate affection. But, on the same principle, I feel it my duty to look evil in the face, in order to discover if it be capable of amendment; and I do not see why the miseries of war are to be spared this interrogation, simply because they are frightful and enormous. Men get rid of smaller evils which lie in their way—nay, of great ones; and there appears to be no reason why they should not get rid of the greatest, if they will but have the courage. We have abolished inquisitions and the rack, burnings for religion, burnings for witchcraft, hangings for forgery, (a great triumph in a commercial country,) much of the punishment of death in some countries, all of it in others. Why not abolish war? Mr. Wordsworth writes no odes to tell us that the Inquisition was God's daughter; though Lope de Vega, who was one of its officers, might have done so—and Mr. Wordsworth too, had he lived under its dispensation. Lope de Vega, like Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Southey, was a good man, as well as a celebrated poet; and we will concede to his memory what the English poets will, perhaps, not be equally disposed to grant, (for they are severe on the Romish faith,) that even the Inquisition, *like War*, might possibly have had some utility in its evil, were it no other than a hastening of Christianity by its startling contradictions of it. Yet it has gone. The Inquisition, as War may be hereafter, is no more. Daughter if it was of the Supreme Good, it was no immortal daughter. Why should "Carnage" be,—especially as God has put it in our heads to get rid of it?

I am aware of what may be said on these occasions; to "puzzle the will;" and I concede, of course, that mankind may entertain false views of their power to change anything for the better. I concede, that all change may be only in appearance, and not make any real difference in the general amount of good and evil; that evil, to a certain invariable amount, may be necessary to the amount of good, (the overbalance of which, with a most hearty and loving sincerity, I ever acknowledge;) and finally, that all which the wisest of men could utter on any such subject might possibly be nothing but a jargon,—the witless and puny voice of what we take to be a mighty orb, but which, after all, is only a particle in the starry dust of the universe.

On the other hand, all this may be something very different from what we take it to be, setting aside even the opinions which consider mind as everything, and time and space themselves as only modifications of it, or breathing-room in which it exists, weaving the thoughts which it calls life, death and materiality.

But, be his metaphysical opinions what they may, who but some fantastic individual, or ultra-contemplative scholar, ever thinks of subjecting to them his practical notions of bettering his condition! And how soon is it likely that men will leave off endeavouring to secure themselves against the uneasier chances of vicissitude, even if Providence ordains them to do so for no other end than the preservation of vicissitude itself, and not in order to help them out of the husks and thorns of action into the flowers of it, and into the air of heaven? Certain it is, at all events, that the human being is incited to increase his amount of good; and that when he is endeavouring to do so, he is at least not fulfilling the worst part of his necessity. Nobody tells us, when we attempt to put out a fire, and to save the lives of our neighbours, that Conflagration is God's daughter, or Murder God's daughter. On the contrary, these are things which Chris-

tendancy is taught to think ill of, and to wish to put down; and therefore we should put down war, which is murder and conflagration by millions.

To those who tell us that nations would grow cowardly and effeminate without war, we answer, "Try a reasonable condition of peace first, and then prove it. Try a state of things which mankind have never yet attained, because they had no press, and no universal comparison of notes; and consider, in the meanwhile, whether so cheerful, and intelligent, and just a state, seeing fair play between body and mind, and educated into habits of activity, would be likely to uneducate itself into what was neither respected nor customary. Prove, in the meanwhile, that nations are cowardly and effeminate, that have been long unaccustomed to war; that the South Americans are so; or that all our robust countrymen, who do not "go for soldiers," are timid agriculturists and manufacturers, with not a quoit to throw on the green, or a saucy word to give to an insult. Moral courage is in self-respect and the sense of duty; physical courage is a matter of health or organization. Are these predispositions likely to fail in a community of instructed freemen? Doubters of advancement are always arguing from a limited past to an unlimited future; that is to say, from a past of which they know but a point, to a future of which they know nothing. They stand on the bridge "between two eternities," seeing a little bit of it behind them, and nothing at all of what is before, and uttering those words unfit for mortal tongue, "man ever was," and "man ever will be." They might as well say what is beyond the stars. It appears to be a part of the necessity of things, from what we see of the improvements they make, that all human improvement should proceed by the coöperation of human means. But what blinker into the night of next week,—what luckless prophet of the impossibilities of steamboats and steam-carriages,—shall presume to say how far those improvements are to

extend? Let no man faint in the coöperation with which God has honoured him.

As to those superabundances of population which wars and other evils are supposed to be necessary in order to keep down, there are questions which have a right to be put, long before any such necessity is assumed; and till those questions be answered, and the experiments dependent upon them tried, the interrogators have a right to assume that no such necessity exists. I do not enter upon them—for I am not bound to do so; but I have touched upon them in the poem; and the “too rich,” and other disingenuous half-reasoners, know well what they are. All passionate remedies for evil are themselves evil, and tend to reproduce what they remedy. It is high time for the world to show that it has come to man’s estate, and can put down what is wrong without violence. Should the wrong still return, we should have a right to say with the apostle, “Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;” for meanwhile we should “not have done evil that good may come.” That “good” may come! nay, that evil may be perpetuated; for what good, superior to the alternatives denounced, is achieved by this eternal round of war and its causes? Let us do good in a good and kind manner, and trust to the coöperation of Providence for the result. It seems the only real way of attaining to the very best of which our earth is capable; and at the very worst, necessity, like the waters, will find its level, and the equity of things be justified.

I firmly believe that war, or the sending thousands of our fellow-creatures to cut one another to bits, often for what they have no concern in, nor understand, will one day be reckoned far more absurd than if people were to settle an argument over the dinner-table with their knives,—a logic indeed, which was once fashionable in some places during the “good old times.” The world has seen the absurdity of that practice: why should it not come to years of discretion, with respect to violence on a larger

scale? The other day, our own country and the United States agreed to refer a point in dispute to the arbitration of a king of Holland; a compliment (if we are to believe the newspapers) of which his Majesty was justly proud. He struck a medal on the strength of it, which history will show as a set-off against his less creditable attempts to force his opinions upon the Belgians. Why should not every national dispute be referred, in like manner, to a third party? There is reason to suppose, that the judgment would stand a good chance of being impartial; and it would benefit the character of the judge, and dispose him to receive judgments of the same kind; till at length the custom would prevail, like any other custom; and men be astonished at the custom that preceded it. In private life, none but school-boys and the vulgar settle disputes by blows; even duelling is losing its dignity.

Two nations, or most likely two governments, have a dispute; they reason the point backwards and forwards; they cannot determine it; perhaps they do not wish to determine it; so, like two carmen in the street, they fight it out; first, however, dressing themselves up to look fine, and pluming themselves on their absurdity; just as if the two carmen were to go and put on their Sunday clothes, and stick a feather in their hat besides, in order to be as dignified and fantastic as possible. They then "go at it," and cover themselves with mud, blood, and glory. Can any thing be more ridiculous? Yet, apart from the habit of thinking otherwise, and being drummed into the notion by the very toys of infancy, the similitude is not one atom too ludicrous; no, nor a thousandth part enough so. I am aware that a sarcasm is but a sarcasm, and need not imply any argument—never includes all;—but it acquires a more respectable character when so much is done to keep it out of sight,—when so many questions are begged against it by "pride, pomp, and circumstance," and allegations of necessity. Similar allegations may be, and are brought forward, by other nations of the world,

in behalf of customs which we, for our parts, think very ridiculous, and do our utmost to put down; never referring them, as we refer our own, to the mysterious ordinations of Providence; or, if we do, never hesitating to suppose, that Providence, in moving us to interfere, is varying its ordinations. Now, all that I would ask of the advocates of war, is to apply the possible justice of this supposition to their own case, for the purpose of thoroughly investigating the question.

I will conclude these remarks with quotations from three writers of the present day, who may be fairly taken to represent the three distinct classes of the leaders of knowledge, and who will show what is thought of the feasibility of putting an end to war,—the Utilitarian, or those who are all for the tangible and material—the Metaphysical, or those who recognize, in addition, the spiritual and imaginative wants of mankind—and lastly (in no offensive sense), the Men of the World, whose opinion will have the greatest weight of all with the incredulous, and whose speaker is a soldier to boot, and a man who evidently sees fair play to all the weaknesses as well as strengths of our nature.

The first quotation is from the venerable Mr. Bentham, a man who certainly lost sight of no existing or possible phase of society, such as the ordinary disputants on this subject contemplate. I venture to think him not thoroughly philosophical on the point, especially in what he says in reproach of men educated to think differently from himself. But the passage will show the growth of opinion in a practical and highly influential quarter.

"Nothing can be worse," says Mr. Bentham, "than the general feeling on the subject of war. The Church, the State, the ruling few, the subject many, all seem to have combined, in order to patronize vice and crime in their very widest sphere of evil. Dress a man in particular garments, call him by a particular name, and he shall have authority, on divers occasions, to commit every

species of offence, to pillage, to murder, to destroy human felicity, and, for so doing, he shall be rewarded.

“Of all that is pernicious in admiration, the admiration of heroes is the most pernicious; and how delusion should have made us admire what virtue should teach us to hate and leathe, is among the saddest evidences of human weakness and folly. The crimes of heroes seem lost in the vastness of the field they occupy. A lively idea of the mischief they do, of the misery they create, seldom penetrates the mind, through the delusions with which thoughtlessness and falsehood have surrounded their names and deeds. Is it that the magnitude of the evil is too gigantic for entrance? We read of twenty thousand men killed in a battle, with no other feeling than that ‘it was a glorious victory.’ Twenty thousand, or ten thousand, what reck we of their sufferings? The hosts who perished are evidence of the completeness of the triumph; and the completeness of the triumph is the measure of merit, and the glory of the conqueror. Our school-masters and the immoral books they so often put into our hands, have inspired us with an affection for heroes; and the hero is more heroic in proportion to the numbers of the slain—add a cipher, not one iota is added to our disapprobation. Four or two figures give us no more sentiment of pain than one figure, while they add marvellously to the grandeur and splendour of the victor. Let us draw forth one individual from those thousands, or tens of thousands—his leg has been shivered by one ball, his jaw broken by another—he is bathed in his own blood, and that of his fellows,—yet he lives, tortured by thirst, fainting, famishing. He is but one of the twenty thousand—one of the actors and sufferers in the scene of the hero’s glory—and of the twenty thousand there is scarcely one whose suffering or death will not be the centre of a circle of misery. Look again, admirers of that hero! Is not this wretchedness? Because it is repeated ten, ten hundred, ten thousand times, is not this wretchedness?

"The period will assuredly arrive, when better instructed generations will require all the evidence of history to credit, that, in times deeming themselves enlightened, human beings should have been honoured with public approval, in the very proportion of the misery they caused, and the mischiefs they perpetrated. They will call upon all the testimony which incredulity can require, to persuade them that, in past ages, men there were—men, too, deemed worthy of popular recompense—who, for some small pecuniary retribution, hired themselves out to do any deeds of pillage, devastation, and murder, which might be demanded of them. And, still more will it shock their sensibilities to learn, that such men, such men-destroyers, were marked out as the eminent and the illustrious—as the worthy of laurels and monuments—of eloquence and poetry. In that better and happier epoch, the wise and the good will be buried in hurling into oblivion, or dragging forth for exposure to universal ignominy and obloquy, many of the heads we deem *heroic*; while the true fame and the perdurable glories will be gathered around the creators and diffusers of happiness."—*Deontology*.

Our second quotation is from one of the subtlest and most universal thinkers now living—Thomas Carlyle—chiefly known to the public as a German scholar and the friend of Goethe, but deeply respected by other leading intellects of the day, as a man who sees into the utmost recognized possibilities of knowledge. See what he thinks of war, and of the possibility of putting an end to it. We forget whether we got the extract from the *Edinburgh* or the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, having made it sometime back and mislaid the reference; and we take a liberty with him in mentioning his name as the writer, for which his zeal in the cause of mankind will pardon us.³

"The better minds of all countries," observes Mr. Carlyle, "begin to understand each other, and, which follows naturally, to love each other and help each other, by

whom ultimately all countries in all their proceedings are governed.

“Late in man’s history, yet clearly, at length, it becomes manifest to the dullest, that mind is stronger than matter—that mind is the creator and shaper of matter—that not brute force, but only persuasion and faith, is the King of this world. The true poet, who is but an inspired thinker, is still an Orpheus whose lyre tames the savage beasts, and evokes the dead rocks to fashion themselves into palaces and stately inhabited cities. It has been said, and may be repeated, that literature is fast becoming all in all to us—our Church, our Senate, our whole social constitution. The true Pope of Christendom is not that feeble old man in Rome, nor is its autocrat the Napoleon, the Nicholas, with its half million even of obedient bayonets; such autocrat is himself but a more cunningly-devised bayonet and military engine in the hands of a mightier than he. The true autocrat, or Pope, is that man, the real or seeming wisest of the last age; crowned after death; who finds his hierarchy of gifted authors, his clergy of assiduous journalists: whose decretals, written, not on parchment, but on the living souls of men, it were an inversion of the laws of nature to disobey. In these times of ours, all intellect has fused itself into literature; literature—printed thought, is the molten sea and wonder-bearing chaos, in which mind after mind casts forth its opinion, its feeling, to be molten into the general mass, and to be worked there; interest after interest is engulfed in it, or embarked in it; higher, higher it rises round all the edifices of existence; they must all be molten into it, and anew bodied forth from it, or stand unconsumed among its fiery surges. Woe to him whose edifice is not built of true asbest, and on the everlasting rock, but on the false sand and the drift-wood of accident, and the paper and parchment of antiquated habit! For the power or powers exist not on our earth that can say to that sea—roll back, or bid its proud waves be still.

"What form so omnipotent an element will assume—how long it will welter to and fro as a wild democracy, a wilder anarchy—what constitution and organization it will fashion for itself, and for what depends on it in the depths of time, is a subject for prophetic conjecture, wherein brightest hope is not unmingled with fearful apprehensions and awe at the boundless unknown. The more cheering is this one thing, which we do see and know—that its tendency is to a universal European commonweal; that the wisest in all nations will communicate and coöperate; whereby Europe will again have its true Sacred College and Council of Amphictyons; wars will become rarer, less inhuman; and in the course of centuries, such delirious ferocity in nations, as in individuals it already is, may be proscribed and become obsolete forever."

My last and not least conclusive extract, (for it shows the actual hold which these speculations have taken of the minds of practical men—of men out in the world, and even of *soldiers*,) is from a book popular among all classes of readers—the *Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau*, written by Major Sir Francis Head. What he says of one country's educating another, by the natural progress of books and opinion, and of the effect which this is likely to have upon governments even as remote and unwilling as Russia, is particularly worthy of attention.

The author is speaking of some bathers at whom he had been looking and of a Russian Prince, who lets us into some curious information respecting the leading-strings in which grown gentlemen are kept by despotism:—

"For more than half an hour I had been indolently watching this amphibious scene, when the landlord entering my room said, that the Russian Prince G——n, wished to speak to me on some business; and the information was scarcely communicated, when I perceived his business standing at the threshold of my door. With the

attention due to his rank, I instantly begged he would do me the honour to walk in; and, after we had sufficiently bowed to each other, and that I had prevailed on my guest to sit down, I gravely requested him, as I stood before him, to be so good as to state in what way I could have the good fortune to render him any service. The Prince very briefly replied, that he had called upon me, considering that I was the person in the hotel best capable (he politely inclined his head) of informing him by what route it would be most advisable for him to proceed to London, it being his wish to visit my country.

"In order at once to solve this very simple problem, I silently unfolded and spread out upon the table my map of Europe; and each of us, as we leant over it, placing a forefinger on or near Wiesbaden, (our eyes being fixed upon Dover,) we remained in this reflecting attitude for some seconds, until the Prince's finger first solemnly began to trace its route. In doing this, I observed that his Highness's hand kept swerving far into the Netherlands, so, gently pulling it by the thumb towards Paris, I used as much force as I thought decorous to induce it to advance in a straight line; however, finding my efforts ineffectual, I ventured, with respectful astonishment, to ask, 'Why travel by so uninteresting a route?'

"The Prince at once acknowledged that the route I had recommended would, by visiting Paris, afford him the greatest pleasure; but he frankly told me that no Russian, not even a personage of his rank, could enter that capital, without first obtaining a written permission from the Emperor.

"These words were no sooner uttered, than I felt my fluent civility suddenly begin to coagulate; the attention I paid my guest became forced and unnatural. I was no longer at my ease; and though I bowed, strained, and endeavoured to be, if possible, more respectful than ever, yet I really could hardly prevent my lips from muttering aloud, that I had sooner die a homely English peasant

than live to be a Russian prince!—in short, his Highness's words acted upon my mind like thunder upon bear. And, moreover, I could almost have sworn that I was an old lean wolf, contemptuously observing a bald ring rubbed by the collar, from the neck of a sleek, well-fed mastiff dog; however, recovering myself, I managed to give as much information as it was in my humble power to afford; and my noble guest then taking his departure, I returned to my open window, to give vent in solitude (as I gazed upon the horse-path) to my own reflection upon the subject.

“Although the petty rule of my life has been never to trouble myself about what the world calls ‘politics’—(a fine word, by the by, much easier expressed than understood)—yet, I must own, I am always happy when I see a nation enjoying itself, and melancholy when I observe any large body of people suffering pain or imprisonment. But, of all sorts of imprisonment, that of the mind is, to my taste, the most cruel; and, therefore, when I consider over what immense dominions the Emperor of Russia presides, and how he governs, I cannot help sympathizing most sincerely with those innocent sufferers, who have the misfortune to be born his subjects; for if a Russian prince be not freely permitted to go to Paris, in what a melancholy state of slavery and abasement must exist the minds of what we call the lower classes?

“As a sovereign remedy for this lamentable political disorder, many very sensible people in England prescribe, I know, that we ought to have recourse to arms. I must confess, however, it seems to me that one of the greatest political errors England could commit would be to declare, or to join in declaring, war with Russia; in short, that an appeal to brute force would, at this moment, be at once most unscientifically to stop an immense moral engine, which, if left to its work, is quite powerful enough, without bloodshed, to gain for humanity, at no expense at all, its object. The individual who is, I con-

ceive, to overthrow the Emperor of Russia—who is to direct his own legions against himself—who is to do what Napoleon had at the head of his great army failed to effect, is the little child, who, lighted by the single wick of a small lamp, sits at this moment perched above the great steam press of the 'Penny Magazine,' feeding it, from morning till night, with blank papers, which, at almost every pulsation of the engine, comes out stamped on both sides with engravings, and with pages of plain, useful, harmless knowledge, which, by making the lower orders acquainted with foreign lands, foreign productions, various states of society, &c., tend practically to inculcate 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace—good will towards men.' It has already been stated, that what proceeds from this press is now greedily devoured by the people of Europe; indeed, even at Berlin, we know it can hardly be reprinted fast enough.

"This child, then,—'this sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,'—is the only army that an enlightened country like ours should, I humbly think, deign to oppose to one who reigns in darkness—who trembles at daylight, and whose throne rests upon ignorance and despotism. Compare this mild, peaceful, intellectual policy, with the dreadful, savage alternative of going to war, and the difference must surely be evident to every one. In the former case, we calmly enjoy, first of all, the pleasing reflection, that our country is generously imparting to the nations of Europe the blessing she is tranquilly deriving from the purification of civilization to her own mind;—far from wishing to exterminate, we are gradually illuminating the Russian peasant, we are mildly throwing a gleam of light upon the fetters of the Russian prince; and surely every well-disposed person must see, that if we will only have patience, the result of this noble, temperate conduct must produce all that reasonable beings can desire."—*Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau*, p. 164.

By the "Penny Magazine," our author means, of

course, not only that excellent publication, but all cheaply-diffused knowledge—all the tranquil and enlightening deeds of "Captain Pen" in general—of whom it is pleasant to see the gallant Major so useful a servant, the more so from his sympathies with rank and the aristocracy. But "Pen" will make it a matter of necessity, by-and-by, for all ranks to agree with him, in vindication of their own wit and common sense; and when once this necessity is felt, and fastidiousness shall find out that it will be considered "absurd" to lag behind in the career of knowledge and the common good, the cause of the world is secure.

May princes and people alike find it out by the kindest means, and without further violence. May they discover that no one set of human beings, perhaps no single individual, can be thoroughly secure and content, or enabled to work out his case with equal reasonableness, *till all are so*,—a subject for reflection, which contains, we hope, the beneficent reason *why all are restless*. The solution of the problem is coöperation—the means of solving it is the Press. If the Greeks had had a press, we should probably have heard nothing of the inconsiderate question, which demands, why they, with all their philosophy, did not alter the world? They had not the means. They could not command a general hearing. Neither had Christianity come up, to make men think of one another's wants, as well as of their own accomplishments. Modern times possess those means, and inherit that divine incitement. May every man exert himself accordingly, and show himself a worthy inhabitant of this beautiful and most capable world!

CAPTAIN SWORD

AND

CAPTAIN PEN.

I.

HOW CAPTAIN SWORD MARCHED TO WAR.

CAPTAIN SWORD got up one day,
Over the hills to march away,
Over the hills and through the towns;
They heard him coming across the downs,
Stepping in music and thunder sweet,
Which his drums sent before him into the street,
And lo ! 'twas a beautiful sight in the sun ;
For first came his foot, all marching like one,
With tranquil faces, and bristling steel,
And the flag full of honour as though it could feel,
And the officers gentle, the sword that hold
'Gainst the shoulder heavy with trembling gold,
And the massy tread, that in passing is heard,
Though the drums and the music say never a word.

And then came his horse, a clustering sound,
Of shapely potency, forward bound,
Glossy black steeds, and riders tall,
Rank after rank, each looking like all,
Midst moving repose and a threatening charm,
With mortal sharpness at each right arm,
And hues that painters and ladies love,
And ever the small flag blush'd above.

And ever and anon the kettle drums beat
 Hasty power midst order meet;
 And ever and anon the drums and fifes
 Came like motion's voice, and life's;
 Or into the golden grandeurs fell
 Of deeper instruments, mingling well,
 Burdens of beauty for winds to bear;
 And the cymbals kiss'd in the shining air,
 And the trumpets their visible voices rear'd,
 Each looking forth with its tapestried beard,
 Bidding the heavens and earth make way
 For Captain Sword and his battle-array.

He, nevertheless, rode indifferent-eyed,
 As if pomp were a toy to his manly pride,
 Whilst the ladies loved him the more for his scorn,
 And thought him the noblest man ever was born,
 And tears came into the bravest eyes,
 And hearts swell'd after him double their size,
 And all that was weak, and all that was strong,
 Seem'd to think wrong's self in him could not be
 wrong;
 Such love, though with bosom about to be gored,
 Did sympathy get for brave Captain Sword.

So, half that night, as he stopp'd in the town,
 'Twas all one dance going merrily down,
 With lights in windows and love in eyes,
 And a constant feeling of sweet surprise;
 But all the next morning 'twas tears and sighs;
 For the sound of his drums grew less and less,
 Walking like carelessness off from distress;
 And Captain Sword went whistling gay,
 "Over the hills and far away."

II.

HOW CAPTAIN SWORD WON A GREAT VICTORY.

THROUGH fair and through foul went Captain
 Sword,
 Pacer of highway and piercer of ford,
 Steady of face in rain or sun,
 He and his merry men, all as one ;
 Till they came to a place, where in battle-array
 Stood thousands of faces, firm as they,
 Waiting to see which could best maintain
 Bloody argument, lords of pain ;
 And down the throats of their fellow-men
 Thrust the draught never drunk again.

It was a spot of rural peace,
 Ripening with the year's increase,
 And singing in the sun with birds,
 Like a maiden with happy words—
 With happy words which she scarcely hears
 In her own contented ears,
 Such abundance feeleth she
 Of all comfort carelessly,
 Throwing round her, as she goes,
 Sweet half thoughts on lily and rose,
 Nor guesseth what will soon arouse
 All ears—that murder's in the house ;
 And that, in some strange wrong of brain,
 Her father hath her mother slain.

Steady ! steady ! The masses of men
 Wheel, and fall in, and wheel again,
 Softly as circles drawn with pen.

Then a gaze there was, and valour, and fear,
 And the jest that died in the jester's ear,

And preparation, noble to see,
 Of all-accepting mortality;
 Tranquil Necessity gracing Force;
 And the trumpets danced with the stirring horse;
 And lordly voices, here and there,
 Call'd to war through the gentle air;
 When suddenly, with its voice of doom,
 Spoke the cannon 'twixt glare and gloom,
 Making wider the dreadful room:
 On the faces of nations round
 Fell the shadow of that sound.

Death for death! The storm begins;
 Rush the drums in a torrent of dins;
 Crash the muskets, gash the swords;
 Shoes grow red in a thousand fords;
 Now for the flint, and the cartridge bite;
 Darkly gathers the breath of the fight,
 Salt to the palate, and stinging to sight;
 Muskets are pointed they scarce know where;
 No matter: Murder is clattering there.
 Reel the hollows: close up! close up!
 Death feeds thick, and his food is his cup.
 Down go bodies, snap burst eyes;
 Trod on the ground are tender cries;
 Brains are dash'd against plashing ears;
 Hah! no time has battle for tears;
 Cursing helps better—cursing, that goes
 Slipping through friends' blood, athirst for foes'.
 What have soldiers with tears to do?—
 We, who this mad-house must now go through,
 This twenty-fold Bedlam, let loose with knives—
 To murder, and stab, and grow liquid with lives—
 Gasping, staring, treading red mud,
 Till the drunkenness' self makes us steady of
 blood? 4

[Oh! shrink not thou, reader! Thy part's in
 it, too;

Has not thy praise made the thing they go through,
Shocking to read of, but noble to do?]

No time to be "breather of thoughtful breath"
Has the giver and taker of dreadful death.
See where comes the horse-tempest again,
Visible earthquake, bloody of mane!
Part are upon us, with edges of pain;
Part burst, riderless, over the plain,
Crashing their spurs, and twice slaying the slain.⁵
See, by the living God! see those foot
Charging down hill—hot, hurried, and mute!
They loll their tongues out! Ah-hah! pell-mell!
Horses roll in a human hell;
Horse and man they climb one another—
Which is the beast, and which is the brother?⁶
Mangling, stifling, stopping shrieks
With the tread of torn-out cheeks,
Drinking each other's bloody breath—
Here's the fleshliest feast of Death.
An odour, as of a slaughter-house,
The distant raven's dark eye bows.⁷

Victory! victory! Man flies man;
Cannibal patience hath done what it can—
Carved, and been carved, drunk the drinkers down,
And now there is one that hath won the crown;—
One pale visage stands lord of the board—
Joy to the trumpets of Captain Sword!

His trumpets blow strength, his trumpets neigh,
They and his horse, and waft him away;
They and his foot, with a tired proud flow,
Tatter'd escapers and givers of woe.
Open, ye cities! Hats off! hold breath!
To see the man who has been with Death;
To see the man who determineth right
By the virtue-perplexing virtue of might.
Sudden before him have ceased the drums,
And lo! in the air of empire he comes.

All things present, in earth and sky,
Seem to look at his looking eye.

III.

OF THE BALL THAT WAS GIVEN TO CAPTAIN SWORD.

BUT Captain Sword was a man among men,
And he hath become their playmate again :
Boot, nor sword, nor stern look hath he,
But holdeth the hand of a fair ladye,
And floweth the dance a palace within,
Half the night, to a golden din,
Midst lights in windows and love in eyes,
And a constant feeling of sweet surprise ;
And ever the look of Captain Sword
Is the look that's thank'd, and the look that's adored.

There was the country-dance, small of taste ;
And the waltz, that loveth the lady's waist ;
And the galopade, strange agreeable tramp,
Made of a scrape, a hobble, and stamp ;
And the high-stepping minuet, face to face,
Mutual worship of conscious grace ;
And all the shapes in which beauty goes
Weaving motion with blithe repose.

And then a table a feast display'd,
Like a garden of light without a shade, .
All of gold, and flowers, and sweets,
With wines of old church-lands, and sylvan meats,
Food that maketh the blood feel choice ;
Yet all the face of the feast, and the voice,
And heart, still turn'd to the head of the board ;
Forever the look of Captain Sword
Is the look that's thank'd, and the look that's adored.

Well content was Captain Sword ;
 At his feet all wealth was pour'd ;
 On his head all glory set ;
 For his ease all comfort met ;
 And around him seem'd entwined
 All the arms of womankind.

And when he had taken his fill
 Thus, of all that pampereth will,
 In his down he sunk to rest
 Clasp'd in dreams of all its best.

IV.

ON WHAT TOOK PLACE ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE
THE NIGHT AFTER THE VICTORY.

'Tis a wild night out of doors ;
 The wind is mad upon the moors,
 And comes into the rocking town,
 Stabbing all things, up and down,
 And then there is a weeping rain
 Huddling 'gainst the window-pane,
 And good men bless themselves in bed ;
 The mother brings her infant's head
 Closer, with a joy like tears,
 And thinks of angels in her prayers ;
 Then sleeps, with his small hand in hers.

Two loving women, lingering yet
 Ere the fire is out, are met,
 Talking sweetly, time-beguiled,
 One of her bridegroom, one her child,
 The bridegroom he. They have received
 Happy letters, more believed
 For public news, and feel the bliss
 The heavenlier on a night like this.

They think him housed, they think him blest,
 Curtain'd in the core of rest,
 Danger distant, all good near;
 Why hath their "Good night" a tear?

Behold him! By a ditch he lies
 Clutching the wet earth, his eyes
 Beginning to be mad. In vain
 His tongue still thirsts to lick the rain,
 That mock'd but now his homeward tears;
 And ever and anon he rears
 His legs and knees with all their strength,
 And then as strongly thrusts at length.
 Raised, or stretch'd, he cannot bear
 'The wound that girds him, weltering there:
 And "Water!" he cries, with moonward stare.⁸

["I will not read it!" with a start,
 Burning cries some honest heart;
 "I will not read it! Why endure
 Pangs which horror cannot cure?
 Why—Oh why? and rob the brave,
 And the bereaved, of all they crave,
 A little hope to gild the grave?"

Ask'st thou why, thou honest heart?
 'Tis *because* thou dost ask, and *because* thou dost start.
 'Tis because thine own praise and fond outward
 thought
 Have aided the shows which this sorrow has
 wrought.]

A wound unutterable—O God!
 Mingles his being with the sod.

["I'll read no more."—Thou must, thou must:
 In thine own pang doth wisdom trust.]

His nails are in earth, his eyes in air,

And "Water!" he crieth—he may not forbear.
 Brave and good was he, yet now he dreams
 The moon looks cruel; and he blasphemeth.

[“No more! no more!” Nay, this is but one;
 Were the whole tale told, it would not be done
 From wonderful setting to rising sun.
 But God’s good time is at hand—be calm,
 Thou reader! and steep thee in all thy balm
 Of tears or patience, of thought or good will,
 For the field—the field awaiteth us still.]

“Water! water!” all over the field:
 To nothing but Death will that wound-voice yield.
 One, as he crieth, is sitting half bent;
 What holds he so close?—his body is rent.
 Another is mouthless, with eyes on cheek;
 Unto the raven he may not speak.
 One would fain kill him; and one half round
 The place where he writhes, hath up-beaten the
 ground.
 Like a mad horse hath he beaten the ground,
 And the feathers and music that litter it round,
 The gore, and the mud, and the golden sound.
 Come hither, ye cities! ye ball-rooms, take breath!
 See what a floor hath the Dance of Death!⁹

The floor is alive, though the lights are out;
 What are those dark shapes, flitting about?
 Flitting about, yet no ravens they,
 Not foes, yet not friends,—mute creatures of prey;
 Their prey is lucre, their claws a knife,
 Some say they take the beseeching life.
 Horrible pity is theirs for despair,
 And they the love-sacred limbs leave bare.¹⁰
 Love will come to-morrow, and sadness,
 Patient for the fear of madness,
 And shut its eyes for cruelty,
 So many pale beds to see.

Turn away, thou Love, nor weep
 More in covering his last sleep ;
 Thou *hast* him :—blessed is thine eye !
 Friendless Famine has yet to die.¹¹

A shriek !—Great God ! what superhuman
 Peal was that ? Not man, nor woman,
 Nor twenty madmen, crush'd, could wreak
 Their soul in such a ponderous shriek.
 Dumbly, for an instant, stares
 The field ; and creep men's dying hairs.

O friend of man ! O noble creature !
 Patient and brave, and mild by nature,
 Mild by nature, and mute as mild,
 Why brings he to these passes wild,
 Thee, gentle horse, thou shape of beauty ?
 Could he not do his dreadful duty,
 (If duty it be, which seems mad folly)
 Nor link thee to his melancholy ?

Two noble steeds lay side by side,
 One cropp'd the meek grass ere it died ;
 Pang-struck it struck t'other, already torn,
 And out of its bowels that shriek was born.¹²

Now see what crawleth, well as it may,
 Out of the ditch, and looketh that way.
 What horror all black, in the sick moonlight,
 Kneeling, half human, a burthensome sight ;
 Loathly and liquid, as fly from a dish ;
 Speak, Horror ! thou, for it withereth flesh.

“ The grass caught fire ; the wounded were by ;
 Writhing till eve did a remnant lie ;
 Then feebly this coal abateth his cry ;
 But he hopeth ! he hopeth ! joy lighteth his eye,
 For gold he possesseth, and Murder is nigh ! ”¹³

O goodness in horror! O ill not all ill!
 In the worst of the worst may be fierce Hope still.
 To-morrow with dawn will come many a wain,
 And bear away loads of human pain,
 Piles of pale beds for the 'spitals; but some
 Again will awake in home-mornings, and some,
 Dull herds of the war, again follow the drum.
 From others, faint blood shall in families flow,
 With wonder at life, and young oldness in woe,
 Yet hence may the movers of great earth grow.¹⁴
 Now, even now, I hear them at hand,
 Though again Captain Sword is up in the land,
 Marching anew for more fields like these
 In the health of his flag in the morning breeze.

Sneereth the trumpet, and stampeth the drum,
 And again Captain Sword in his pride doth come;
 He passeth the fields where his friends lie lorn,
 Feeding the flowers and the feeding corn,¹⁵
 Where under the sunshine cold they lie,
 And he hasteth a tear from his old gray eye.¹⁶
 Small thinking is his but of work to be done,
 And onward he marcheth, using the sun:
 He slayeth, he wasteth, he spouteth his fires
 On babes at the bosom, and bed-rid sires;¹⁷
 He bursteth pale cities, through smoke and through
 yell,
 And bringeth behind him, hot-blooded, his hell.
 Then the weak door is barr'd, and the soul all
 sore,
 And hand-wringing helplessness paceth the floor,
 And the lover is slain, and the parents are nigh—¹⁸

Oh God! let me breathe, and look up at thy
 sky!
 Good is as hundreds, evil as one;
 Round about goeth the golden sun.

V.

HOW CAPTAIN SWORD, IN CONSEQUENCE OF HIS
GREAT VICTORIES, BECAME INFIRM IN HIS
WITS.

BUT to win at the game, whose moves are death,
It maketh a man draw too proud a breath :
And to see his force taken for reason and right,
It tendeth to unsettle his reason quite.
Never did chief of the line of Sword
Keep his wits whole at that drunken board.
He taketh the size, and the roar, and fate,
Of the field of his action, for soul as great :
He smiteth and stunneth the cheek of mankind,
And saith, " Lo ! I rule both body and mind."

Captain Sword forgot his own soul,
Which of aught save itself, resented control ;
Which whatever his deeds, ordained them still,
Bodiless monarch, enthroned in his will :
He forgot the close thought, and the burning heart,
And pray'rs, and the mild moon hanging apart,
Which lifted the seas with her gentle looks,
And growth, and death, and immortal books,
And the Infinite Mildness, the soul of souls,
Which layeth earth soft 'twixt her silver poles ;
Which ruleth the stars, and saith not a word ;
Whose speed in the hair of no comet is heard ;
Which sendeth the soft sun, day by day,
Mighty, and genial, and just alway,
Owning no difference, doing no wrong,
Loving the orbs and the least bird's song,
The great, sweet, warm angel, with golden rod,
Bright with the smile of the distance of God.

Captain Sword, like a witless thing,
Of all under heaven must needs be a king,

King of kings, and lords of lords,
 Swayer of souls as well as of swords,
 Ruler of speech, and through speech, of thought ;
 And hence to his brain was a madness brought.
 He madden'd in East, he madden'd in West,
 Fiercer for sights of men's unrest,
 Fiercer for talk, amongst awful men,
 Of their new mighty leader, Captain Pen,
 A conqueror strange, who sat in his home
 Like the wizard that plagued the ships of Rome,
 Noiseless, showless, dealing no death,
 But victories, winged, went forth from his breath.

Three thousand miles across the waves ¹⁹
 Did Captain Sword cry, bidding souls be slaves :
 Three thousand miles did the echo return
 With a laugh and a blow made his old cheeks
 burn.

Then he call'd to a wrong-madden'd people, and
 swore ²⁰
 Their name in the map should never be more :
 Dire came the laugh, and smote worse than before.
 Were earthquake a giant, up-thrusting his head
 And o'erlooking the nations, not worse were the
 dread.

Then, lo ! was a wonder, and sadness to see ;
 For with that very people, their leader, stood he,
 Incarnate afresh, like a Cæsar of old ; ²¹
 But because he look'd back, and his heart was
 cold,
 Time, hope, and himself for a tale he sold.
 Oh largest occasion, by man ever lost !
 Oh throne of the world, to the war-dogs tost !

He vanish'd ; and thinly there stood in his place
 The new shape of Sword, with an humbler face, ²²
 Rebuking his brother, and preaching for right,

Yet ay when it came, standing proud on his might,
 And squaring its claims with his old small sight;
 Then struck up his drums, with ensign furl'd,
 And said, "I will walk through a subject world:
 Earth, just as it is, shall forever endure,
 The rich be too rich, and the poor too poor;
 And for this I'll stop knowledge. I'll say to it,
 'Flow

Thus far; but presume no farther to flow:
 For me, as I list, shall the free airs blow.'"

Laugh'd after him loudly that land so fair,²³
 "The king thou sett'st over us, by a free air
 Is swept away, senseless." And old Sword then
 First knew the might of great Captain Pen.
 So strangely it bow'd him, so wilder'd his brain,
 That now he stood, hatless, renouncing his reign;
 Now mutter'd of dust laid in blood; and now
 'Twixt wonder and patience went lifting his brow.
 Then suddenly came he, with gown'd men,
 And said, "Now observe me—I'm Captain Pen:
 I'll lead all your changes—I'll write all your
 books—

I'm every thing—all things—I'm clergymen, cooks,
 Clerks, carpenters, hosiers,—I'm Pitt—I'm Lord
 Grey."

'Twas painful to see his extravagant way;
 But heart ne'er so bold, and hand ne'er so strong,
 What are they, when truth and the wits go wrong?

•

VI.

OF CAPTAIN PEN, AND HOW HE FOUGHT WITH
CAPTAIN SWORD.

Now tidings of Captain Sword and his state
 Were brought to the ears of Pen the Great,
 Who rose and said, "His time is come."
 And he sent him, but not by sound of drum,
 Nor trumpet, nor other hasty breath,
 Hot with questions of life and death,
 But only a letter calm and mild;
 And Captain Sword he read it, and smiled,
 And said, half in scorn, and nothing in fear,
 (Though his wits seem'd restor'd by a danger near,
 For brave was he ever,) "Let Captain Pen
 Bring at his back a million men,
 And I'll talk with his wisdom, and not till then."
 Then replied to his messenger Captain Pen,
 "I'll bring at my back a *world* of men."

Out laugh'd the captains of Captain Sword,
 But their chief look'd vex'd, and said not a word,
 For thought and trouble had touch'd his ears
 Beyond the bullet-like sense of theirs,
 And wherever he went, he was 'ware of a sound
 Now heard in the distance, now gathering round,
 Which irk'd him to know what the issue might be;
 But the soul of the cause of it well guess'd he.

Indestructible souls among men
 Were the souls of the line of Captain Pen;
 Sages, patriots, martyrs mild,
 Going to the stake, as child
 Goeth with his prayer to bed;
 Dungeon-beams, from quenchless head;
 Poets, making earth aware
 Of its *w*orth in good and fair;

And the benders to their intent,
 Of metal and of element;
 Of flame the enlightener, beauteous,
 And steam, that bursteth his iron house;
 And adamantine giants blind,
 That, without master, have no mind.

Heir to these, and all their store,
 Was Pen, the power unknown of yore;
 And as their might still created might,
 And each work'd for him by day and by night,
 In wealth and wondrous means he grew,
 Fit to move the earth anew;
 Till his fame began to speak
 Pause, as when the thunders wake,
 Muttering in the beds of heaven:
 Then, to set the globe more even,
 Water he call'd, and Fire, and Haste,
 Which hath left old Time displaced—
 And Iron, mightiest now for Pen,
 Each of his steps like an army of men—
 (Sword little knew what was leaving him then)
 And out of the witchcraft of their skill,
 A creature he call'd, to wait on his will—
 Half iron, half vapour, a dread to behold—
 Which evermore panted and evermore roll'd,
 And uttered his words a million fold.
 Forth sprang they in air, down raining like dew,
 And men fed upon them, and mighty they grew.

Ears giddy with custom that sound might not
 hear,
 But it woke up the rest, like an earthquake near;
 And that same night of the letter, some strange
 Compulsion of soul brought a sense of change;
 And at midnight the sound grew into a roll
 As the sound of all gath'rings from pole to pole,
 From pole unto pole, and from clime to clime,
 roll of the wheels of the coming of time;—

A sound as of cities, and sound as of swords
Sharpening, and solemn and terrible words,
And laughter as solemn, and thunderous drum-
ming,

A tread as if all the world were coming.
And then was a lull, and soft voices sweet
Call'd into music those terrible feet,
Which rising on wings, lo ! the earth went round
To the burn of their speed with a golden sound ;
With a golden sound, and a swift repose,
Such as the blood in the young heart knows ;
Such as Love knows, when his tumults cease ;
When all is quick, and yet all is at peace.

And when Captain Sword got up next morn,
Lo ! a new-faced world was born ;
For not an anger nor pride would it show,
Nor aught of the loftiness now found low,
Nor would his own men strike a single blow :
Not a blow for their old, unconsidering lord
Would strike the good soldiers of Captain Sword ;
But weaponless all, and wise they stood,
In the level dawn, and calm brotherly good ;
Yet bowed to him they, and kiss'd his hands,
For such were their new good lord's commands,
Lessons rather, and brotherly plea ;
Reverence the past, O brothers, quoth he ;
Reverence the struggle and mystery,
And faces human in their pain ;
Nor his the least that could sustain
Cares of mighty wars, and guide
Calmly where the red deaths ride.

" But how ! what now ? " cried Captain Sword ;
" Not a blow for your gen'ral ? not even a word ?
What ! traitors ? deserters ? "

" Ah no ! " cried they ;
" But the ' game's ' at an end ; the ' wise ' won't
play."

“ And where’s your old spirit ? ”

“ The same, though another ;
Man may be strong without maiming his brother.”

“ But enemies ? ”

“ Enemies ! Whence should they come,
When all interchange what was but known to
some ? ”

“ But famine ? but plague ? worse evils by far.”

“ O last mighty rhet’ric to charm us to war !
Look round—what has earth, now it equably
speeds,
To do with these foul and calamitous needs ?
Now it equably speeds, and thoughtfully glows,
And its heart is open, never to close ? ”

“ Still I can govern,” said Captain Sword ;
“ Fate I respect ; and I stick to my word.”
And in truth so he did ; but the word was one
He had sworn to all vanities under the sun,
To do, for their conq’rors, the least could be done.
Besides, what had *he* with his worn-out story,
To do with the cause he had wrong’d, and the
glory ?

No: Captain Sword a sword was still,
He could not unteach his lordly will ;
He could not attemper his single thought ;
It might not be bent, nor newly wrought :
And so, like the tool of a disused art,
He stood at his wall, and rusted apart.

’Twas only for many-soul’d Captain Pen
To make a world of swordless men.

THE PALFREY.

THE following story is a variation of one of the most amusing of the old French narrative poems that preceded the time of Chaucer, with additions of the writer's invention. The original, which he did not see till it was completed, is to be found in the collection of Messrs. Barbazan and Méon, (*Fabliaux et Contes des Poètes François des 11, 12, 13, 14, et 15^e Siècles, &c.* Edition 1808.) His own originals were the prose abridgment of M. Le Grand (*Fabliaux, &c.*, third edition, volume the fourth,) and its imitation in verse by Messrs. Way and Ellis, inserted in the latter's notes to the select translations from Le Grand by the former of those gentlemen.

The scene of the old story,—the only known production of a poet named Huon le Roi (possibly one of the "Kings of the Minstrels," often spoken of at that period,)—is laid in the province of Champagne; but as almost all the narrative poems under the title of *Lays* (of which this is one) are with good reason supposed to have had their source in the Greater or Lesser Britain—that is to say, either among the Welsh of this island, or their cousins of French Brittany, and as the only other local allusions in the poem itself are to places in England, the author has availed himself of the common property in these effusions claimed for the Anglo-Norman Muse,

"Begirt with British and Armorick knights,"

to indulge in a license universal with the old minstrels, and lay the scene of his version where and when he pleased; to wit, during the reign of Edward the First, and in Kensington, Hendon, and their neighbourhoods,—old names, however new they sound. There is reason to believe, that the woody portions of Kensington, still existing as the Gardens, and in the neighbourhood of Holland House, are part of the ancient forest of Middlesex, which extended from this quarter to the skirts of Hertfordshire: and it is out of regard for these remnants of the old woods, and associations with them still more grateful, that he has placed the scene of his heroine's abode on the site of the existing palace, and the closing scene of the

poem in the hall of the De Veres, Earls of Oxford, who are supposed to have had a mansion at that period in the grounds of the present Holland House, near the part called the Moats.

PART FIRST.

The palfrey goes, the palfrey goes,
Merrily well the palfrey goes;
He carrieth laughters, he carrieth woes,
Yet merrily ever the palfrey goes.

'Tis June, and a bright sun burneth all,
Sir William hath gallop'd from Hendon Hall
To Kensington, where in a thick old wood
(Now its fair Gardens) a mansion stood,
Half like fortress, and half like farm,
A house which had ceas'd to be threaten'd with
harm.

The gates frown'd still, for the dignity's sake,
With porter, portcullis, and bit of a lake;
But ivy caress'd their warm old ease,
And the young rooks chuckled across the trees,
And burning below went the golden bees.
The spot was the same, where on a May morn
The Rose that toppeth the world was born.

Sir William hath gallop'd, and well was bent
His palfrey to second a swift intent;
And yet, having come, he delayeth his knock,
E'en though a sweet maiden counteth the clock
Till she meet his eye from behind the chair,
Where sitteth Sir Guy with his old white hair.
But the youth is not rich; and day by day
Sir Guy groweth cold, and hath less to say,
And daunteth his wit with *haws* and *hums*,
Coughing with grandeur, and twirling his thumbs,
Till visiting turneth to shame and gall,
And Sir William must speak what endangereth
all.

Now for any deed else, in love or in war,
Knight bolder was none than the knight De la
Barre

(So styled by the king, from a traitor tall,
Whom he pitch'd over barriers, armour and all);
Short distance made he betwixt point and hilt;
He was not a man that at tourney and tilt
Sat bowing to every fair friend he could spy,
Or bearing his fame with a fine cold eye;
A hundred sweet eyes might be watching his own;
He thought but of two, and of steeds to be thrown;
And the trumpets no sooner blew mights to mights,
Than crash went his onset and down went knights.

And thus in his love for sweet Anne de Paul,
Though forc'd to some stealths, 'twas honest withal:
He wooed, though the old man ever was by,
With talk such as fixeth a maiden's eye,
With lore and with legends, earnest of heart,
And an art that applied them, sprung out of no art,
Till stealth for his sake seem'd truth's own right,
And at an old casement long clos'd, one night,
Through boughs never dry, in a pathless nook,
Love's breathless delight in his vows she took.
Ah! never thenceforth, by sunniest brook,
Did the glittering cherry-trees beat the look
Of the poor-growing stems in the pathless nook.

But, alas! to plead love unto loving eyes,
And to beg for its leave of the worldly wise,
All humility sweet on the one side lies,
And all on the other that mortifies.

Sir William hath swallow'd a sigh at last,
Big as his heart, and the words have pass'd:
"I love your daughter, Sir Guy," quoth he,
"And though I'm not rich, yet my race may be;
A race with a scutcheon as old as the best,
Though its wealth lies at Acre in holy rest.

Mine uncle, your friend, so blithe and old;
 Hath nobody nigher to leave his gold :
 The king hath been pleas'd to promise my sword
 The picking of some great Frenchman's hoard ;
 And sire, meantime, should not blush for wife ;
 Soft as her hand should fare her life ;
 My rents, though small, can support her state,
 And I'd fight for the rest till I made them great.
 Vouchsafe to endure that I seek her love :
 I know she resembles the blest above ;
 Her face would paint sweeter a monarch's bower,
 Though glory and grace were in every flower :
 But angels on monarchs themselves look down,
 And love is to love both coffer and crown."

Sir William ended, he scarce knew why,
 (But 'twas pity of self, to move pity thereby,)
 With a sad, perchance with an abject sigh,
 And stoop'd and kiss'd the hand of Sir Guy :
 Steady and sharp was the old man's eye.

"Sir William, no doubt, is a bold young
 knight,"
 Quoth he, "and my daughter a beauty bright;
 And a beauty bright and a bold young man
 Have suited, I wot, since the world began.
 But the man that is bold and hath money beside,
 Cometh best arm'd for a beauteous bride.
 The court will be riding this way next week,
 To honour the earl's fat chimney reek ;
 And softly will many a bold bright eye
 Fall on the face no face comes nigh.
 You speak of mirth, and you speak of age,
 Not in a way very civil or sage.
 Your kinsman, the friend whom you call so old,
 But ten years less than myself hath told :
 And I count not this body so ancient still,
 As to warrant green years to talk of my will.
 Let him come if he please (I shall greet the friend)

And show me which way his post-obits tend,
And then we can parley of courtings best;
Till when, I advise you to court his chest."

Sir William he boweth as low as before,
And after him closeth the soft room door,
And he moaneth a moan, and half staggereth he;
He doubteth which way the stairs may be.
But the lower his bow, and the deeper his moan,
The redder the spot in his cheek hath grown,
And he loatheth the kiss to the hard old hand.

"May the devil," thought he, "for his best new
Pluck it, and strike to his soul red-hot! [brand,
Why scorn me, and mock me? and why, like a sot,
Must I stoop to him, low as his own court-plot?
Will any one tell us,—will Nature declare,—
How father so foul can have daughter so fair?
But her mother of angels dreamt in her sorrow,
And hence came this face—this dimpled May-
morrow."

And as he thought thus, from a door there stole
A hand in a tremble, a balm to his soul;
And soft though it trembled, it close wrung his,
And with it a letter;—and gone it is.

Sir William hath dash'd in the forest awhile,
His being seems all a hasty smile:
And there, by green light and the cooing of doves,
He readeth the letter of her he loves,
And kisseth and readeth again and again;
His bridle is dropp'd on his palfrey's mane,
Who turneth an ear, and then, wise beast,
Croppeth the herbage,—a prudent feast:
For Sir William no sooner hath read nine times,
Than he deemeth delay the worst of crimes:
He snatcheth the bridle, and shakes it hard,
And is off for his life on the loud green sward;

He foameth up steep, and he hisseth in stream, oh
And saluteth his uncle like one in a dream.

"Sir William, Sir William, what chase is this?"
Have you slain a fat buck, or stolen a kiss;
And is all the world, on account of his wife,
After poor dripping Sir William's life?"

"Most honour'd of kinsmen," Sir William cried,
"Nought have I stolen, but hope of a bride;
Her father, no Christian like her, but a Jew,
Would make me disburse; which grieveth her too.
You know who she is, but have yet to know,
What a rose in the shade of that rock could grow;
What fulness of beauty on footstalk light;
What a soul for sweet uncle to love at sight.
Ah! Sir, she loveth your own blithe fame,
And dareth, she saith, in your sister's name
Entreat me the loan of some fields of corn,
Which her dowry shall buy on the bridal morn.
I blush, dear uncle; I drop mine eyelids;
Yet who should blush when a lady bids?
'Tis lending me bliss; 'tis lending me life;
And she'll kiss you withal, saith the rosy wife."

"Ah, ha!" quoth Sir Grey, with his twinkling
eyes:

"The lass, I see, is both merry and wise;
I call her to mem'ry, an earnest child,
Now looking straight at you, now laughing wild;
'Tis now—let me see—five long years ago,
And that's a good time for such buds to blow.
Well, dry your outside, and moisten your in;
This wine is a bud of my oldest bin;
And we'll talk of the dowry, and talk of the day,
And see if her bill be good, boy, eh?"

Sir Grey didn't say, You're my sister's son,
I have left you my gold, and your work is done.

He hated to speak of his gold, like death ;
 And he lov'd a good bill as he lov'd his breath ;
 And yet, for all that, Sir Grey, I trow,
 Was a very good man, as corn-dealers go.

So the lover hath seiz'd the new old hand,
 And kiss'd it, as though it had given the land,
 And invok'd on its bounty such bliss from above,
 Thought he, " Of a truth, I *am* mean in love."
 But free was his fervour from any such vice ;
 For when obligation's more fitting than nice,
 We double the glow of our thanks and respect,
 To hide from th' obliger his own defect.

" That palfrey of thine's a good palfrey, Will ;
 He holdeth his head up, and danceth still,
 And trippeth as light by the ostler's side,
 As though just saddled to bear your bride ;
 And yet, by Saint Richard, as drench'd is he
 And as froth'd as though just out of the sea :
 Methinks I hear him just landed free,
 Shaking him and his saddle right thunderously.
 And he starteth at nothing ?"

" No more than the wall."

" And is sure of his footing ?"

" As monarch in hall.

He's a thunder in fight, and a thief on the road,
 So swiftly he speedeth whatever his load !
 Yet round the wolf's den half a day will he hover,
 And carrying a lady, takes heed like a lover."

" And therefore Sir William will part with him
 never ?"

" Nay, uncle, he will ;—forever and ever."

" And what such a jewel may purchase, I pray ?"

" Thanks, thanks, dearest uncle, and not saying

Nay.

Now prythee deny me not grace so small :
 The palfrey in truth is comely withal,
 And you still shall lend him to bear my bride ;

But whom, save our help, should he carry beside?"

"I'm vex'd."

"For pity."

"I'm griev'd."

"Now pray!"

"'Tis cheap," thought the uncle, "this not saying
Nay."

PART SECOND.

The palfrey goes, the palfrey goes,
Merrily ever the palfrey goes;
Nought he carrieth now but woes,
And yet full well the palfrey goes.

SIR GREY and Sir Guy, like proper old boys,
Have met, with a world of coughing and noise;
And after subsiding, judiciously dine,
Serious the venison, and chirping the wine.
They talk of the court, now gathering all
To the sunny plump smoke of Earl-Mount Hall:
And pity their elders laid up on the shelves,
And abuse every soul upon earth but themselves:
Only Sir Grey doth it rather to please,
And Sir Guy out of honest old spite and disease:
For Sir Guy hath a face so round and so red,
The whole of his blood seemeth hanging his head,
While Sir Grey's red face is waggish and thin,
And he peereth with upraised nose and chin.

Nathless Sir Grey excepteth from blame
His nephew Sir Will, and his youthful fame;
And each soundeth t'other, to learn what hold
The youth and the lady may have of his gold.
Alas! of his gold will neither speak,
Tho' the wine it grew strong, and the tongue grew
weak;
And when the sweet maiden herself appears,
With a breath in her bosom, and blush to her ears,

And the large thankful eyes of the look of a bride,
 Sir Grey recollecteth no creature beside :
 He watcheth her in, he watcheth her out ;
 He measureth her ankle, but not with his gout ;
 He chucketh, like chanticleer over a corn,
 And thinks it but forty years since he was born.

“ Why, how now, Sir Grey ? methinks you grow
 young :
 How soon are your own wedding bells to be rung ?
 You stare on my daughter, like one elf-struck.”

“ Alas ! and I am,—the sadder my luck :—
 Albeit, Sir Guy, your own shoulders count
 Years not many more than mine own amount,
 And I trust you don't feign to be too old to wed ? ”

“ Hoh ! hoh ! ” quoth Sir Guy ; “ that was cunningly said.”
 (Yet he felt flatter'd too, did the white old head.)

“ What are years ? ” continued Sir Grey, looking bold ;
 “ There are men never young, and men never old.
 Old and young lips may carol in tune ;
 Green laugheth the oak 'gainst the brown mid
 June.
 Lo ! dapper Sir Kit, with his large young wife ;
 His big-leggéd babes are the pride of his life.”

Sir Guy shook his head.

“ And the stout old lord,
 Whose wife sitteth front him so meek at his board.”

“ Ay, ay,” quoth Sir Guy, “ and stuffeth so fast,
 His eyesight not reaching the lady's repast.”

“ Well, well,” quoth Sir Grey—

“ Ill, ill,” quoth Sir Guy ;

"The children of old men full well I desery;
 They look, by Saint Christendom! old as them-
 selves;
 Are dwarf'd, are half wither'd! they grin like
 elves."

"They may," quoth Sir Grey, "when both parents
 are old,
 (Or when the old parent is wrinkle-soul'd;
 But not when he's hearty and merry as we.
 You grieve me, Sir Guy. Oh! 'tis doleful to see
 How vainly a friend may come here for a bride,
 Though he loveth the daughter, and father be-
 side."

"Your pardon, your pardon, dear friend," crieth
 Guy:
 "What, you? What, Sir Grey with his ever-bright
 eye?
 We talk'd of the old, but who talk'd of Sir Grey?
 But speak ye right soberly? mean what ye say?"

"Ay, truly I do," with a sigh crieth Grey;
 "As truly as souls that for Paradise pray.
 And hark ye, dear friend; you'll miss your sweet
 Anne,
 If she weddeth, I wot, some giddy young man.
 He'll bear her away, and be lov'd alone,
 And wish, and yet grudge, your very tomb-stone.
 Now give her to me, I'll give her my gold,
 And I'll give to yourself my wood and my wold,
 And come and live here, and we'll house together,
 And laugh o'er our cups at the winter weather."

"A bargain! a bargain!" cried old Sir Guy,
 With a stone at his heart, and the land in his eye;
 "Your hand to the bargain, my dear old friend:
 My 'old' did I call thee? My world without end.
 I'll bustle her straight; and to keep all close,

You shall carry her with you, ere creature knows,
 Save Rob, and Sir Rafe, and a few beside,
 For guests and for guards to the travelling bride ;
 And so, ere the chattering court come down,
 Wed her at home in your own snug town."

Now a murrain, I say, on those foul old men !
 I never, myself, shall see fifty again,
 And can pity a proper young-blooded old fellow,
 Whose heart is green, though his cheek be yellow ;
 For Nature, albeit she never doth wrong,
 Yet seemeth in such to keep youth too long :
 And 'tis grievous when such an one seeth his bliss
 In a face which can see but the wrinkles in his.
 Ah ! pray let him think there are dames not young,
 For whom the bells yet might be handsomely rung.
 'Tis true, grey-beards have been, like Jove's of old,
 That have met a young lip, nor been thought too
 bold.

In Norfolk a wondrous old lord hath been seen,
 Who at eighty was not more than forty, I ween ;
 And I myself know a hale elderly man,
 In face and in frolic a very god Pan.
 But marvels like these are full rare, I wis :
 And when elders in general young ladies would
 kiss,
 I exhort the dear souls to fight and to flee,
 Unless they should chance to run against me.

Alas ! I delay as long as I can,
 For who may find words for thy grief, sweet
 Anne ?

'Tis hard when young heart, singing songs of to-
 morrow,

Is suddenly met by the old hag, Sorrow.

She fainteth, she prayeth, she feeleth sore ill ;

She wringeth her hands ; she cannot stand still ;

She tasteth the madness of wonder and will ;—

Nor, sweet though she was, had she yielded at last.

Had Sir Guy not his loathly old plethora cast
In the scale against love and its life-long gains,
And threaten'd her fears for his bursting veins.
"I'll wed him," she wrote to Sir William ;—"yes ;
But nothing on earth—" and here her distress
Broke off, and she wept, and the tears fell hot
On the paper, and made a great starry blot.
Alas ! tears and letter burn under the eye
Of watchful, unmerciful, old Sir Guy ;
And so on a night, when all things round,
Save the trees and the moon, were sleeping sound,
From his casement in shadow he sees his child,
Bent in her, weeping, yet alway mild,
The fairest thing in the moon's fair ray,
Borne like some bundle of theft away ;
Borne by a horde of old thieves away,
The guests and the guards of false Sir Grey.

She pray'd, but she spake out aloud no word ;
She wept, but no breath of self-pity was heard :
Her woe was a sight for no dotards to see ;
And yet not bereft of all balm was she ;
One balm there was left her, one strange but rare,
Nay, one in the shape of a very despair ;
To wit, the palfrey that wont to bear
The knight De la Barre on his daily way
To her, and love, and false Sir Grey.
Him it had borne, her now it bore ;
And weeping sweet, though more and more,
And praying for its master's bliss
(Oh ! no true love will scoff at this,)
She stoop'd and gave its neck a kiss.

PART THIRD.

The palfrey goes, the palfrey goes,
Merrily still the palfrey goes;
He goes a path he never chose,
Yet still full well the palfrey goes.

COULD the sweet moon laugh, its light
Had surely been convuls'd that night,
To see fifteen old horsemen wag
Their beards, to one poor maiden's nag;
Fifteen old beards in chat and cough,
Rumbling to keep the robbers off,
And ever and aye, when lanes grew close,
Following each the other's nose,
And with the silver beam she cast
Tipp'd, like every tree they pass'd.
The owls they seem'd to hoot their folly
With a staring melancholy.

After jealous sort, I wis,
Cull'd Sir Grey these guests of his,
Not a soul so young as he
Gracing all his chivalry:
Six there were of toothless fame,
With each his man, of jaws as tame;
Then his own, the palsiest there;
And last, Sir Guy's, with whitest hair:
And each had snugg'd him for the night
In old flapp'd hat, and cap as white,
In double cloak, and threefold hose,
Besides good drink to warm his toes,
And so they jog it, beard and nose,
And in the midst the palfrey goes;
Oh! ever well the palfrey goes;
He knows within him what he knows,
And so, full well the palfrey goes.

But in his hamlet-hous'd apart;
 How far'd meantime, Sir William's heart?
 Oh, when the sun first went to bed,
 Not richer look'd the sun's own head,
 Nor cast a more all-gladdening eye:
 He seem'd to say, "My heav'n is nigh."
 For he had heard of rare delights
 Between those two old feasting knights,
 And of a pillion, new and fair,
 Ordain'd to go some road as rare;
 With whom? For what sweet rider's art?
 Whose, but the dancer's at his heart,
 The light, the bright, yet balmy she,
 And who shall fetch her home but he?
 Who else be summon'd speedily
 By the kind uncle full of glee
 To fetch away that ecstasy?
 So, ever since that news, his ear,
 Listening with a lofty fear
 Lest it catch one sound too late,
 Stood open, like a palace gate
 That waits the bride of some great king,
 Heard with her trumpets travelling.
 At length a letter. Whose? Sir Guy's,
 The father's own. With reverent eyes,
 With heart, impatient to give thanks,
 And tears that top their glimmering banks,
 He opens, reads, turns pale as death;
 His noble bosom gasps for breath;
 His Anne has left his love for gold,
 But in her kindness manifold
 Extorted from his uncle's board
 Enough to leave him bed and board.
 Ah! words like those were never Anne's;
 Too plainly they the coarse old man's;
 But still the letter; still the fact;
 With pangs on pangs his heart is rack'd.
 Love is an angel, has no pride;
 She'll mourn his love when he has died.

Yet love is truth; so hates deceit;
 He'll pass and scorn her in the street.
 Now will he watch her house at night
 For glimpse of her by some brief light,
 Such as perhaps his own pale face
 May show: and then he'll quit the place.
 Now he will fly her, hate, detest,
 Mock: make a by-word and a jest:
 Then he hates hate; and who so low
 As strike a woman's fame! No, no;
 False love might spite the faithless Anne,
 But true was aye the gentleman.

Thus paceth he, 'twixt calm and mad,
 Till the mid-watch, his chamber sad;
 And then lies down in his day-dress,
 And sleeps for very weariness,
 Catching and starting in his moan,
 And waking with a life-long groan.
 Sometimes he dreams his sorrow makes
 Such weeping wail, that, as he wakes,
 He lifts his pitying hand to try
 His cheek, and wonders it is dry.
 Sometimes his virgin bride and he
 Are hous'd for the first time, and free
 To dwell within each other's eyes;
 And then he wakes with woful cries.
 Sometimes he hears her call for aid;
 Sometimes beholds her bright arrayed,
 But pale, and with her eyes on earth;
 And once he saw her pass in mirth,
 And look at him, nor eye let fall,
 And that was wofull'st dream of all.
 At length he hears, or thinks he hears,—
 (Or dreams he still with waking ears?)
 A tinkle of the house's bell!
 What news can midnight have to tell?
 He listens. No. No sound again.
 The breeze hath stirr'd the window-pane;

Perchance it was the tinkling glass ;
 Perchance 'twas his own brain, alas !
 His own weak brain, which bears the blood
 Pulse at his ears,—a tingling flood,
 Strange mantler in as strange a cup.
 Yet hark again !—he starts, leans up ;
 It seems to fear to wake a mouse,
 That sound ;—then peals, and wakes the house.

But first, to end what I began,
 The journey of sweet houseless Anne.

PART FOURTH.

The palfrey goes, the palfrey goes,
 Merry and well the palfrey goes ;
 You cannot guess till time disclose,
 How perfectly well the palfrey goes.

AH ! dream Sir William what he might,
 Little he dreamt the truth that night.
 Could but some friend have told him all,
 How had he spurr'd from Hendon Hall,
 And dash'd among the doting set,
 Who bore away that soft cheek wet !
 How had the hills by which they go,
 Reëcho'd to his dire "Hallo !"
 Startling the waking farmers' ears
 With thoughts of thieves and murderers,
 And scattering wide those owlsh men,
 While close he clasp'd his dove again.
 But where I left them, safe go they,
 Their drowsy noses droop'd alway
 To meet the beard's attractive nest,
 Push'd upwards from the muffled breast.
 Drowsy they nod, and safe they go ;
 Sir Grey's good steeds the country know,
 And lead the rest full soft and well,

Till snore on snore begins to swell,
 Warm as owl-plumage, toned as bell ;
 True snores, composed of spices fine,
 Supper, fresh air, and old mull'd wine.
 At first they wake with start and fright,
 And sniff and stare with all their might,
 And sit, one moment, bolt upright :
 But soon reverts each nodding crown :
 It droops, it yields, it settles down ;
 Till in one snore, sincere and deep,
 The whole grave train are fast asleep.
 Sir Grey, the youngest, yields the last :
 Besides, he held two bridles fast,
 The lady's palfrey having shown
 Much wish to turn up lanes unknown.
 Even sweet Anne can war not long
 With sleep, the gentle and the strong ;
 And as the fingers of Sir Grey
 By fine degrees give dulcet way,
 And leave the happy beast his will,
 The only creatures waking still
 And free to go where fancy leads,
 Are the twice eight bit-mumbling steeds.
 Some few accordingly turn round,
 Their happy memories homeward bound,
 And soon awake their jolted lords,
 Who bless themselves from bandit hordes,
 And thinking they have only lagg'd,
 Are willingly half jellybagg'd.
 The rest,—the palfrey meek as any,—
 Jog still onward with the many ;
 Passing now by Kilburn rill,
 And now by Hampstead's leaf-stirr'd hill,
 Which lulls them still as they descend
 The sylvan trough of sweet North-end,
 And till they reach thy plot serene
 And bowery granges, Golders-green.

Now Golders-Green had then a road
 (The same as that just re-bestow'd)

Which cross'd the main road, and went straight
 To Finchley, and Sir Grey's own gate;
 And thither (every sleeper still
 Depending on his horse's will,)
 Thither, like sheep, turns every head
 That follows where the sagest led,—
 All but the palfrey's. He, good beast,
 From his new master's clutch releas'd,
 And longing much his old to see,
 His stalls, and all his bounty free
 (For poor Sir William's household ways
 Were nobler than the rich Sir Grey's,)
 Goes neither to the right nor left,
 But straight as honesty from theft,
 Straight as the dainty to the tooth,
 Straight as his lady's love and truth.
 Straight for the point, the best of all,
 Sir William's arms and Hendon Hall.

Not far from where we left them all,
 Those steeds and sires, was Hendon Hall,
 Some twice four hundred yards or so;
 And steeds to stables quickly go.
 The lady wakes with the first start;
 She cries aloud; she cowers at heart;
 And looks around her in affright
 On the wide, lonely, homeless night;
 Then checks, as sharply as she may
 (Not yet aware how blest his way,)
 Her eager friend; and nighly faints,
 And calls on fifty gentle saints,
 And, if she could, would close her eyes,
 For fear of thieves and sorceries,
 Of men all beard and blood, and calls
 Over lone fields, and lighted palls,
 And elves that ever, as you go,
 Skip at your side with mop and mow,
 With gibbering becks and moony stares,
 Forcing your eyes to look on theirs.

And see! the moon forsakes the road;
 She lifts her light to whence it flow'd:
 Has she a good or ill bestow'd,
 That thus her light forsakes the road?
 The owls they hoot with gloomier cry;
 They seem to see a murder nigh:
 And how the palfrey snorts and pulls!
 Now Mary help poor wandering fools!
 The palfrey pulls, and he must go;
 The lady's hand may not say No.
 And go he does; the palfrey goes;
 He carrieth now no longer woes;
 For she, e'en she, now thinks she knows
 Sweet Anne begins to think she knows
 Those gathering huts, those poplar rows,
 That water, falling as it flows,
 This bridge o'er which the palfrey goes,
 This gate, at which he stops, and shows
 His love to it with greeting nose.
 Ah! surely recollects she well
 All she has heard her lover tell
 Of this same gate, and that same bell:
 And she it was, you guess full well,
 That pull'd, and pull'd again that bell;
 And down her love has come pell-mell
 With page, and squire, and all who ran,
 And was the first to find his Anne,—
 Was a most mad and blissful man,
 Clasp'ing his fainting, faithful Anne.

PART FIFTH.

The palfrey goes, the palfrey goes;
 His work is done, you may suppose.
 No:—double burden now he knows,
 Yet well forever the palfrey goes.

THE bells in many a giddy ring
 Run down the wind to greet the King,

Who comes to feast, for service done,
With Earl De Vere at Kensington,
And brings with him his constant grace
Queen Eleanor, that angel's face.

In many-footed order free
First ride his guards, all staid to see ;
In midst of whom the trumpets blow,
Straight as power and glory go ;
And then his lords and knights, each one
A manly splendour in the sun ;
And then his lofty self appears,
Calmer for the shouts he hears,
With his Queen the courteous-eyed,
Like strength and sweetness side by side ;
And thus, his banner steering all,
Rides the King to Earl-Mount Hall.

Meantime, ere yet the sovereign pair
Were threading London's closer air,
An humbler twain, heart link'd as they,
Were hearing larks and scenting hay,
And coming, too, to Earl-Mount Hall
Through many a green lane's briery wall,
Many a brier and many a rose,
And merrily ever the palfrey goes,
Merrily though he carrieth two,
And one hath sometimes great ado
To sit while o'er the ruts he goes,
Nor clasp the other doubly close,
Who cannot choose but turn, and then—
Why, if none see, he clasps again.
“ Ah,” thinks the lady, as she looks
Through tears and smiles with half-rebukes,
“ Ah, *must* my father break his heart ?
For surely now we never part.”

Behind, some furlong off, and 'twixt
Those winding oaks with poplars mix'd,

Come two upon a second steed,
 Male, too, and female ; not indeed
 The female young and fair as t' other :
 She is the page's honour'd mother.
 Much talk they on the road ;—at least
 Much talks the mother ; while the beast
 Pulls at the hedges as he goes,
 Pricking oft his tossing nose ;
 And the page, though listening, sees
 Newts in the brooks and nests in trees.
 Lastly a hound, tongue-lolling, courses
 To and fro 'twixt both the horses,
 Giving now some weasel chase,
 And loving now his master's face,
 And so, with many a turn and run
 Goes twenty furlongs to their one.

This riding double was no crime
 In the first great Edward's time ;
 No brave man thought himself disgrac'd
 By two fair arms about his waist ;
 Nor did the lady blush vermilion,
 Dancing on the lover's pillion.
 Why ? Because all modes and actions
 Bow'd not then to Vulgar Fractions ;
 Nor were tested all resources
 By the power to purchase horses.

Many a steed yet won had he,
 Our lover, in his chivalry ;
 For, in sooth, full half his rents
 Were ransoms gain'd in tournaments ;
 But all, save these, were gone at present.—
 Ah ! the green lane still was pleasant.

Hope was theirs. For one sweet hour
 Did they, last night, in bliss devour
 Each other's questions, answers, eyes,
 Nor ever for divine surprise

Could take a proper breath, much less
 The supper brought in hastiness
 By the glad little gaping page,
 While rose meantime his mother sage
 To wait upon the lady sweet,
 And snore discreetly on the seat
 In the oriel of the room,
 Whence gleam'd her night-cap through the
 gloom.

Then parted they to lie awake
 For transport, spite of all heart-ache:
 For heaven's in any roof that covers,
 Any one same night, two lovers;
 They may be divided still;
 They may want, in all but will;
 But they know that each is there,
 Each just parted, each in prayer;
 Each more close, because apart,
 And every thought clasp'd heart to heart.

Alas! in vain their hearts agree;
 Good must seem good, as well as be;
 And lest a spot should stain his flower
 For blushing in a brideless bower,
 Sir William with the lark must rise,
 And bear,—but whither bear?—his prize:
 Not to Sir Grey's, for that were scorn;
 Not to Sir Guy's, to live forlorn;
 Not to some abbey's jealous care,
 For Heaven would try to wed here there;
 But to a dame that serv'd the Queen,
 His aunt, and no mean dame, I ween,—
 A dame of rank, a dame of honour,
 A dame (may earth lie green upon her!)
 That felt for nature, love, and truth,
 And hated old age pawing youth:
 One that at no time held wrong right,
 Yet somehow took a dear delight,
 By secret measures, sweet and strong,

In giving right a set of wrong,
 To her Sir William brings his Anne
 Three hours before the feast began,
 But first has sent his page to spy
 How day has dawn'd with old Sir Guy.
 The page scarce vanish'd, reappears,
 His eyes wide open as their ears,
 And tells how all the beards are there :
 All ;—every mump of quivering hair,
 Come back with groan, and back with stare,
 To set Sir Guy upon the rack,
 And find the lady *not* come back.

“ Now God bless all their groans and stares,
 And eke their most irreverend hairs ! ”
 Cries the good dame, the Lady Maud,
 Laughing with all her shoulders broad :—
 “ My budget bursteth sure with this !
 This were a crowning galliardise
 For king himself to tell in hall,
 Against his lords' wit groweth small.”
 And rustling in her vestments broad,
 Forth sails the laughing Lady Maud
 To tell the King and tell the Queen ;
 But first she kiss'd sweet Anne between
 The sighing lips and downcast eyes,
 And said, “ Old breaking hearts are lies.”

Three hours have come, three hours have
 gone ;
 King Edward, with his crownet on,
 Sits highest where the feast is set ;
 With wine the sweetest lips are wet ;
 The music makes a heaven above,
 And underneath is talk of love.

The King look'd out from where he sat,
 And cried “ Sir Guy de Paul ! ” Thereat
 The music stopp'd with awe and wonder,

Like discourse when speaks the thunders
 And the feasters, one and all,
 Gazed upon Sir Guy de Paul.

"How chanceth it, Sir Guy de Paul,
 Your daughter graceth not the call
 To the feast at Earl-Mount Hall?
 My friends here boast her like the Queen:
 What maketh such a face unseen?"

"Sir," quoth Sir Guy, "a loyal breast
 Hath brought a man here sore distress'd;
 My daughter, through device, 'tis fear'd,
 Of some false knight, hath disappear'd."

"Hah!" quoth the King, "since when, I
 pray?
 They tell me, 'twas but yesterday
 That she was mark'd, for two long hours,
 Praying behind her window-flowers."

"Alas! sir, 'twas at night.—Forgive
 My failing speech. I scarcely live
 Till I have sought her, high and low,
 And know, what then the King shall know."

"Now God confound all snares, and bring
 Base hearts to sorrow!" cried the King;
 "Myself will aid thee, and full soon.
 Ho! master bard, good Rafe de Boon,
 Pinch thy fair harp, and make it tell
 Of those old thieves who slept so well."

The minstrel bowed with blushing glee;
 His harp into his arms took he,
 And rous'd its pulses to a mood
 Befitting love and hardihood.
 Then, with his ready wit sincere,
 He sang to every tingling ear,
 How fifteen brave old beards, one night,

~~Bore off~~ ~~one~~ lady in a fright;
 With what amazing knees they kept
 Their saddles, and how fiercely slept;
 And how a certain palfrey chose
 To leave them to their proud repose,
 And through the wildering night-time bear
 The lady to her lover's care.
 He ~~named~~ no names, he drew no face,
 Yet not a soul mistook the case;
 Till by degrees, boards, tap'stries, rafters,
 Echoed the King's and feasters' laughter;
 And once again, all Earl-Mount Hall
 Gazed upon Sir Guy de Paul.

But how the laughter raged and scream'd,
 When lo! those fifteen beards all stream'd
 In at the great door of the hall!
 Those very grey-beards, one and all,
 By the King's command in thrall,
 All mounted, and all scar'd withal,
 And scarlet as Sir Guy de Paul!
 By heavens! 'twas "merry in the hall,"
 When every beard but those "wagg'd all."

Out spoke the King with wrathful breath,
 Smiting the noise as still as death;
 "Are these the suitors to destroy
 My projects with new tales of Troy?
 These the bold knights and generous lords
 To wed our heiresses and wards?
 Now, too, while Frenchman and while Scot
 Have cost us double swords, God wot!
 Are these replenishers of nations?
 Begetters of great generations?
 Out with them all! and bring to light
 A fitter and a fairer sight."

Queen Eleanor glanc'd down the hall,
 She pitied old Sir Guy de Paul,

Who, while these deters went their way;
 Knew neither how to go nor stay,
 But sate bent close, his shame to smother,
 Rubbing one hand upon the other.
 A page she sent him, bright and mild,
 Who led him forth, like his own child.

Out went the beards by a side door;
 The great one roll'd apart once more,
 And, as the King had given command,
 In rode a couple, hand in hand,
 Who made the stillness stiller:—he
 A man to grace all jeopardy;
 And all a lovely comfort, she.
 The stalwart youth bestrode a steed,
 A Barbary, the King's own breed;
 The lady grac'd her palfrey still,
 Sweet beast, that ever hath his will,
 And paceth now beside his lord,
 Straight for the King at the high board,
 Till sharp the riders halt, and wait
 The speaking of the crown'd state,—
 The knight with reverential eyes,
 Whose grateful hope no claim implies:
 The lady in a bashful glow,
 Her bosom billowing to and fro,

“Welcome! Sir William de la Barre,”
 The monarch cried; “a right good star
 For ladies' palfreys led astray;
 And welcome his fair flower of May.
 By heavens! I will not have my knights
 Defrauded of their lady rights.
 I give thee, William de la Barre,
 For this thy bride, and that thy scar
 Won from the big-limb'd traitor Pole,
 The day thou dash'dst out half his soul
 And lett'st his ransom free, for ruth
 (For which thou wert a foolish youth,)

All those good meadows, lately his,
 Down by the Brent, where thy hall is,
 And all my rights in that same hall,
 Together with the osieries all
 That skirt the streams by down and dale,
 From Hendon into Perivale.
 And now dismount. And hark ye, there,
 Sir Priest, my chaplain Christopher,
 (See how the honest body dries
 The tears of claret in his eyes!)—
 Come and betroth these friends of mine,
 Till at the good Earl's chapel shrine
 Thy holy magic make them one :
 The King and Queen will see it done.
 But first a royal health to all
 The friends we leave in this fair hall ;
 And may all knights' and ladies' horses
 Take, like the palfrey, vigorous courses ! "

With princely laughter rose the King,
 Rose all, the laughter echoing,
 Rose the proud wassail, rose the shout
 By the trumpets long stretch'd out ;
 You would have thought that roof and all
 Rose in that heart-lifted hall.
 On their knees are two alone ;
 The palfrey and the barb have gone :
 And then arose those two beside,
 And the music from its pride
 Falls into a beauteous prayer,
 Like an angel quitting air ;
 And the King and his soft Queen
 Smile upon those two serene,
 Whom the priest, accosting bland,
 Puts, full willing, hand in hand.
 Ah scarcely even King and Queen
 Did they then perceive, I ween,
 Nor well to after-memory call,
 How they went from out that hall.

What more ? Sir Guy, and then Sir Grey,
 Died each upon a fine spring day ;
 And, in their hatred of things small,
 Left him, now wanting nothing, all :
 (All which, at least, that mighty claw
 Permitted them, yclept the law.)
 The daughter wept, and wept the more
 To think her tears would soon be o'er ;
 Sir William neither wept nor smil'd,
 But grac'd the father for the child,
 And sent, to join the funeral shows,
 Bearing scutcheons, bearing woes,
 The palfrey ; and full well he goes ;
 Oh ! merrily well the palfrey goes ;
 Grief, great as any there, he knows,
 Yet merrily ever the palfrey goes.

L'ENVOY.

To HER, who loves all peaceful glory,
 Therefore laurell'd song and story ;
 Who, as blooming maiden should,
 Married blest, with young and good ;
 And whose zeal for healthy duties
 Set on horseback half our beauties ;
 Hie thee, little book,²¹ and say—
 (Blushing for leave unbegg'd alway ;
 And yet how beg it for one flower
 Cast in the path of Sovereign Power ?)
 Say that thy verse, though small it be,
 Yet mov'd by ancient minstrelsy
 To sing of youth escap'd from age,
 Scenes pleasant, and a Palfrey sage,
 And meditated, morn by morn,
 Among the trees where she was born,
 Dares come, on grateful memory's part,
 Not to Crown'd Head, but to Crown'd Heart.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase !)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold :—
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 “What writest thou ?”—The vision rais’d its head,
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answer’d, “The names of those who love the
 Lord.”

“And is mine one ?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still ; and said, “I pray thee then,
 “Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”

The angel wrote, and vanish’d. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And show’d the names whom love of God had
 bless’d,
 And lo ! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest,

GODIVA.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN HUNTER.

JOHN HUNTER, friend of Leigh Hunt’s verse, and
 lover of all duty,
 Hear how the boldest naked deed was clothed in
 saintliest beauty.

Earl Lefric by his hasty oath must solemnly abide ;

He thought to put a hopeless bar, and finds it
 turn'd aside;
 His lady, to remove the toll that makes the land
 forlorn,
 Will surely ride through Coventry, naked as she
 was born;
 She said—The people will be kind; they love a
 gentle deed;
 They piously will turn from me, nor shame a friend
 in need.

Earl Leofric, half in holy dread, and half in loving
 care,
 Hath bade the people all keep close, in penitence
 and prayer;
 The windows are fast boarded up; nor hath a sound
 been heard
 Since yester-eve, save household dog, or latest
 summer bird;
 Only Saint Mary's bell begins at intervals to go,
 Which is to last till all be past, to let obedience know.

The mass is said; the priest hath bless'd the lady's
 pious will;
 Then down the stairs she comes undress'd, but in a
 mantle still;
 Her ladies are about her close, like mist about a
 star;
 She speaks some little cheerful words, but knows
 not what they are;
 The door is pass'd; the saddle press'd; her body
 feels the air;
 Then down they let, from out its net, her locks of
 piteous hair.

Oh, then how every list'ner feels, the palfrey's foot
 that hears!
 The rudest are awed suddenly, the soft and brave
 in tears;

The poorest that were most in need of what the
 lady did,
 Deem her a blessed creature born to rescue men
 forbid :
 He that had said they could have died for her be-
 loved sake,
 Had rated low the thanks of woe. Death frights
 not old Heart-ache.

Sweet saint! No shameless brow was hers, who
 could not bear to see,
 For thinking of her happier lot, the pine of
 poverty :
 No unaccustom'd deed she did, in scorn of custom's
 self,
 She that but wish'd the daily bread upon the poor
 man's shelf.
 Naked she went, to clothe the naked. New she
 was, and bold,
 Only because she held the laws which Mercy
 preach'd of old.

They say she blush'd to be beheld, e'en of her
 ladies' eyes ;
 Then took her way with downward look, and brief,
 bewilder'd sighs.
 A downward look ; a beating heart ; a sense of the
 new, vast,
 Wide, open, naked world, and yet of every door
 she pass'd ;
 A pray'r, a tear, a constant mind, a listening ear
 that glow'd,
 These we may dare to fancy there, on that religious
 road.

But who shall blind his heart with more ? Who
 dare, with lavish guess,
 Refuse the grace she hoped of us, in her divine
 distress ?

In fancy still she holds her way, forever pacing
on,

The sight unseen, the guiltless Eve, the shame un-
breath'd upon ;

The step, that upon Duty's ear is growing more
and more,

Though yet, alas ! it hath to pass by many a scorner's
door.

JAFFAR

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF SHELLEY.

SHELLEY, take this to thy dear memory ;—
To praise the generous, is to think of thee.

Jaff'ar, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
Jaff'ar was dead, slain by a doom unjust ;
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good and e'en the bad might say,
Ordain'd that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.—
All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer.—He, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And fleeing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief)
Stood forth in Bagdad, daily, in the square
Where once had stood a happy house ; and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaff'ar.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried. The man
 Was brought—was gaz'd upon. The mutes began
 To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave comrade!"
 cried he;
 "From bonds far worse Jaff'ar deliver'd me;
 From wants, from shames, from loveless household
 fears;
 Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
 Restor'd me—lov'd me—put me on a par
 With his great self. How can I pay Jaff'ar?"

Haroun, who felt, that on a soul like this
 The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
 Now deign'd to smile, as one great lord of fate
 Might smile upon another half as great.
 He said, "Let worth grow frenzied, if it will;
 The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
 Go: and since gifts thus move thee, take this gem,
 The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
 And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."

"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took; and hold-
 ing it
 High tow'rd's the heavens, as though to meet his
 star,
 Exclaim'd "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaff'ar!"

THE BITTER GOURD.²⁵

LOKMAN the Wise, therefore the Good (for wise
 Is but sage good, seeing with final eyes),
 Was slave once to a lord, jealous though kind,
 Who, piqued sometimes at the man's master mind,
 Gave him, one day, to see how he would treat
 So strange a grace, a bitter gourd to eat.

With simplest reverence, and no surprise;
 The sage receiv'd what stretch'd the donor's eyes;
 And, piece by piece, as though it had been food
 To feast and gloat on, every morsel chew'd;
 And so stood eating, with his patient beard,
 Till all the nauseous favour disappear'd.

Vex'd, and confounded, and dispos'd to find
 Some ground of scorn, on which to ease his mind,
 "Lokman!" exclaim'd his master,—"In God's
 name,
 Where could the veriest slave get soul so tame?
 Have all my favours been bestow'd amiss?
 Or could not brains like thine have saved thee
 this?"

Calmly stood Lokman still, as duty stands.—
 "Have I receiv'd," he answered, "at thine hands
 Favours so sweet they went to mine heart's root,
 And could I not accept one bitter fruit?"

"O Lokman!" said his lord (and as he spoke,
 For very love his words in softness broke),
 "Take but this favour yet:—be slave no more:—
 Be, as thou art, my friend and counsellor:
 Oh be; nor let me quit thee, self-abhorrd;
 'Tis I that am the slave, and thou the lord."

THE INEVITABLE.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN FORSTER.

FORSTER, whose voice can speak of awe so well,
 And stern disclosures, new and terrible,
 This were a tale, my friend, for thee to tell.

Seek for it then in some old book ; but take
Meantime this version, for the writer's sake.

The royal sage, lord of the Magic Ring,
Solomon, once upon a morn in spring,
By Cedron, in his garden's rosiest walk,
Was pacing with a pleasant guest in talk,
When they beheld, approaching, but with face
Yet undiscern'd, a stranger in the place.

How he came there, what wanted, who could be,
How dare, unusher'd, beard such privacy,
Whether 'twas some great Spirit of the Ring,
And if so, why he should thus daunt the king
(For the ring's master, after one sharp gaze,
Stood waiting, more in trouble than amaze),
All this the courtier would have ask'd ; but fear
Palsied his utterance, as the man drew near.

The stranger seem'd (to judge him by his
dress)
One of mean sort, a dweller with distress,
Or some poor pilgrim ; but the steps he took
Belied it with strange greatness ; and his look
Open'd a page in a tremendous book.

He wore a cowl, from under which there shone,
Full on the guest, and on the guest alone,
A face, not of this earth, half veil'd in gloom
And radiance, but with eyes like lamps of doom,
Which, ever as they came, before them sent
Rebuke, and staggering, and astonishment,
With sense of change, and worse of change to be,
Sore sighing, and extreme anxiety,
And feebleness, and faintness, and moist brow,
The past a scoff, the future crying " Now !"
All that makes wet the pores, and lifts the hair ;

All that makes dying vehemence despair,
Knowing it must be dragg'd it knows not where.

Th' excess of fear and anguish, which had tied
The courtier's tongue, now loos'd it, and he cried,
"O royal master! Sage! Lord of the Ring,
I cannot bear the horror of this thing;
Help with thy mighty art. Wish me, I pray,
On the remotest mountain of Cathay."

Solomon wish'd, and the man vanish'd. Straight
Up comes the terror, with his orbs of fate.

"Solomon," with a lofty voice said he,
"How came that man here, wasting time with thee?
I was to fetch him, ere the close of day,
From the remotest mountain of Cathay."

Solomon said, bowing him to the ground,
"Angel of Death, there will the man be found."

WALLACE AND FAWDON.

THIS ballad was suggested by one of the notes to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Wallace, the great Scottish patriot, had been defeated in a sharp encounter with the English. He was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers; the English pursued him with a bloodhound; and his sole chance of escape from that tremendous investigator was either in baffling the scent altogether, (which was impossible, unless fugitives could take to the water, and continue there for some distance,) or in confusing it by the spilling of blood. For the latter purpose, a captive was sometimes sacrificed; in which case the hound stopped upon the body.

The supernatural part of the story of Fawdon is treated by its first relator, Harry the Minstrel, as a mere legend, that not a very credible one; but as a mere legend it

is very fine, and quite sufficient for poetical purposes; nor should the old poet's philosophy have thought proper to gainsay it. Nevertheless, as the mysteries of the conscience are more awful things than any merely gratuitous terror, (besides leaving optical phenomena quite as real as the latter may find them,) even the supernatural part of the story becomes probable when we consider the agitations which the noble mind of Wallace may have undergone during such trying physical circumstances, and such extremes of moral responsibility. It seems clear, that however necessary the death of Fawdon may have been to his companions, or to Scotland, his slayer regretted it; I have suggested the kind of reason which he would most likely have had for the regret; and upon the whole, it is my opinion, that Wallace actually saw the visions, and that the legend originated in the fact. I do not mean to imply that Fawdon became present, embodied or disembodied, whatever may have been the case with his image. I only say that what the legend reports Wallace to have seen, was actually in the hero's eyes. The remainder of the question I leave to the psychologist.

PART THE FIRST.

WALLACE with his sixteen men

Is on his weary way ;

They have hasting been all night,

And hasting been all day ;

And now, to lose their only hope,

They hear the bloodhound bay.

The bloodhound's bay comes down the wind,

Right upon the road ;

Town and tower are yet to pass,

With not a friend's abode.

Wallace neither turn'd nor spake ;

Closer drew the men ;

Little had they said that day,

But most went cursing then.

Oh! to meet twice sixteen foes,
Coming from English ground,
And leave their bodies on the track,
To cheat King Edward's hound.

Oh! to overtake one wretch
That left them in the fight,
And leave him cloven to the ribs,
To mock the bloody spite.

Suddenly dark Fawdon stopp'd,
As they near'd a town;
He stumbled with a desperate oath,
And cast him fiercely down.

He said, "The leech took all my strength,
My body is unblest;
Come dog, come devil, or English rack,
Here must Fawdon rest."

Fawdon was an Irishman
Had join'd them in the war;
Four orphan children waited him
Down by Eden Scawr.

But Wallace hated Fawdon's ways,
That were both fierce and shy;
And at his words he turn'd, and said,
"That's a traitor's lie.

"No thought is thine of lingering here,
A captive for the hound;
Thine eye is bright; thy lucky flesh
Hath not a single wound;
The moment we depart, the lane
Will see thee from the ground."

Fawdon would not speak nor stir,
Speak as any might;

Scorn'd or sooth'd, he sat and lour'd,
As though in angry spite.

Wallace drew a little back,
And waved his men apart;
And Fawdon half leap'd up and cried,
"Thou wilt not have the heart!"

Wallace with his dreadful sword,
Without further speech,
Clean cut off dark Fawdon's head,
Through its stifled screech:

Through its stifled screech, and through
The arm that fenc'd his brow;
And Fawdon, as he leap'd, fell dead,
And safe is Wallace now.

Safe is Wallace with his men,
And silent is the hound;
And on their way to Castle Gask
They quit the sullen ground.

PART THE SECOND.

WALLACE lies in Castle Gask,
Safely with his men;
Not a soul has come, three days,
Within the warder's ken.

Safely with his men lies Wallace,
Yet he fareth ill;
There is fever in his blood;
His mind may not be still.

It was night, and all were housed,
Talking long and late;

Who is this that blows the horn . . . ;
At the castle-gate ? . . . ;

Who is this that blows a horn . . .
Which none but Wallace hears ?
Loud and louder grows the blast
In his frenzied ears.

He sends by twos, he sends by threes,
He sends them all to learn ;
He stands upon the stairs, and calls,
But none of them return.

Wallace flings him forth down stairs ;
And there the moonlight fell
Across the yard upon a sight,
That makes him seem in hell.

Fawdon's headless trunk he sees,
With an arm in air,
Brandishing his bloody head
By the swinging hair.

Wallace with a stifled screech
Turn'd and fled amain,
Up the stairs, and through the bowers,
With a burning brain :

From a window Wallace leap'd
Fifteen feet to ground,
And never stopp'd till fast within
A nunnery's holy bound.

And then he turn'd, in gasping doubt,
To see the fiend retire,
And saw him not at hand, but saw
Castle Gask on fire.

All on fire was Castle Gask ;
And on its top, endued

With the bulk of half a tower,
Headless Fawdon stood.

Wide he held a burning beam,
And blackly fill'd the light;
His body seem'd, by some black art,
To look at Wallace, heart to heart,
Threatening through the night.

Wallace that day week arose
From a feeble bed;
And gentle though he was before,
Yet now to orphans evermore
He gentlier bow'd his head.

KILSPINDIE.²⁶

KING JAMES to royal Stirling town
Was riding from the chase,
When he was ware of a banish'd man
Return'd without his grace.

The man stood forward from the crowd
In act to make appeal;
Said James, but in no pleasant tone,
"Yonder is my Grey-steel."

He knew him not by his attire,
Which was but poor in plight;
He knew him not by his brown curls,
For they were turned to white;

He knew him not by followers,
For want had made them strange;
He knew him by his honest look,
Which time could never change.

Kilspindie was a Douglas bold,
 Who, when the king was young,
 Had pleas'd him like the grim Grey-steel,
 Of whom sweet verse is sung : 27

Had pleas'd him by his sword that cropp'd
 The knights of their renown,
 And by a foot so fleet and firm,
 No horse could tire it down.

But James hath sworn an angry oath,
 That as he was King crown'd,
 No Douglas evermore should set
 His foot on Scottish ground.

Too bold had been the Douglas race,
 Too haughty and too strong ;
 Only Kilspindie of them all
 Had never done him wrong.

" A boon ! a boon ! " Kilspindie cried ;
 " Pardon that here am I :
 In France I have grown old and sad,
 In Scotland I would die."

Kilspindie knelt, Kilspindie bent,
 His Douglas pride was gone ;
 The King he neither spoke nor look'd,
 But sternly rode straight on.

Kilspindie rose, and pace for pace
 Held on beside the train,
 His cap in hand, his looks in hope,
 His heart in doubt and pain.



Before them lay proud Stirling hill,
 The way grew steep and strong ;
 The King shook bridle suddenly

Kilspindie said within himself,
"He thinks of Auld Lang Syne,
And wishes pleasantly to see
What strength may still be mine."

On rode the court, Kilspindie ran,
His smile grew half distress'd ;
There wasn't a man in that company,
Save one, but wish'd him rest.

Still on they rode, and still ran he,
His breath he scarce could get ;
There wasn't a man in that company,
Save one, with eyes unwet.

The King has enter'd Stirling town,
Nor ever graced him first ;
Kilspindie sat him down, and ask'd
Some water for his thirst.

But they had mark'd the monarch's face,
And how he kept his pride ;
And old Kilspindie in his need
Is water's self denied.

Ten weeks thereafter, sever'd still
From Scotland's dear embrace,
Kilspindie died of broken heart,
Sped by that cruel race.

Ten years thereafter, his last breath
King James as sadly drew ;
And though he died of many thoughts,
Kilspindie cross'd him too.

THE TRUMPETS OF DOOLKARNEIN.

IN Eastern history are two Iskanders, or Alexanders, who are sometimes confounded, and both of whom are called Doolkarnein, or the Two-Horned, in allusion to their subjugation of East and West, horns being an oriental symbol of power.

One of these heroes is Alexander of Macedon, the other a conqueror of more ancient times, who built the marvellous series of ramparts on Mount Caucasus, known in fable as the wall of Gog and Magog, that is to say, of the people of the North. It reached from the Euxine Sea to the Caspian, where its flanks originated the subsequent appellation of the Caspian Gates. See (among other passages in the same work) the article entitled "Jagioug et Magioug," in D'Herbelot's *Bibliothèque Orientale*.

The story of the Trumpets, on which the present poem is founded, is quoted by Major Price, in his *History of the Arabs before the Time of Mahomet*, from the old Italian collection of tales entitled *The Pecorone*, the work of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino.

WITH awful walls, far glooming, that possess'd
The passes 'twixt the snow-fed Caspian fountains,
Doolkarnein, the dread lord of East and West,
Shut up the northern nations in their mountains;
And upon platforms where the oak-trees grew,
Trumpets he set, huge beyond dreams of wonder,
Craftily purpos'd, when his arms withdrew,
To make him thought still hous'd there, like the
thunder:
And it so fell; for when the winds blew right,
They woke their trumpets to their calls of might.

Unseen, but heard, their calls the trumpets blew,
Ringing the granite rocks, their only bearers,
Till the long fear into religion grew,
And never more those heights had human darers.
Dreadful Doolkarnein was an earthly god;

His walls but shadow'd forth his mightier frown-
ing;
Armies of giants at his bidding trod
From realm to realm, king after king discrown-
ing.
When thunder spoke, or when the earthquake
stirr'd,
Then, muttering in accord, his host was heard.

But when the winters marr'd the mountain shelves,
And softer changes came with vernal mornings,
Something had touch'd the trumpets' lofty selves,
And less and less rang forth their sovereign
warnings:
Fewer and feebler; as when silence spreads
In plague-struck tents, where haughty chiefs, left
dying,
Fail by degrees upon their angry beds,
Till, one by one, ceases the last stern sighing.
One by one, thus, their breath the trumpets drew,
Till now no more the imperious music blew.

Is he then dead? Can great Doolkarnein die?
Or can his endless hosts elsewhere be needed?
Were the great breaths that blew his minstrelsy
Phantoms, that faded as himself receded?
Or is he anger'd? Surely he still comes;
This silence ushers the dread visitation;
Sudden will burst the torrent of his drums,
And then will follow bloody desolation.
So did fear dream; though now, with not a sound
To scare good hope, summer had twice crept round.

Then gather'd in a band, with lifted eyes,
The neighbours, and those silent heights as-
cended.
Giant, nor aught blasting their bold emprise,
They met, though twice they halted, breath
suspended;

Once, at a coming like a god's in rage
 With thunderous leaps; but 'twas the piled
 snow, falling;
 And once, when in the woods, an oak, for age,
 Fell dead, the silence with its groan appalling.
 At last they came where still, in dread array,
 As though they still might speak, the trumpets lay.

Unhurt they lay, like caverns above ground,
 The rifted rocks, for hands, about them clinging,
 Their tubes as straight, their mighty mouths as
 round
 And firm, as when the rocks were first set ring-
 ing.
 Fresh from their unimaginable mould
 They might have seem'd, save that the storms
 had stain'd them
 With a rich rust, that now, with gloomy gold
 In the bright sunshine, beauteously engrain'd
 them.
 Breathless the gazers look'd, nigh faint for awe,
 Then leap'd, then laugh'd. What was it now they
 saw?

Myriads of birds. Myriads of birds, that fill'd . . .
 The trumpets all with nests and nestling voices!
 'The great, huge, stormy music had been still'd . . .
 By the soft needs that nurs'd those small, sweet
 noises!
 O thou Doolkarnein, where is now thy wall? . . .
 Where now thy voice divine and all thy forces?
 Great was thy cunning, but its wit was small
 Compar'd with Nature's least and gentlest courses.
 Fears and false creeds may fright the realms
 awhile;
 But Heaven and Earth abide their time, and smile.

being

SONNETS.

I.

QUIET EVENINGS.

TO THOMAS BARNES, ESQ.

WRITTEN FROM HAMPSTEAD.

DEAR Barnes, whose native taste, solid and clear,
The throng of life has strengthen'd without harm,
You know the rural feeling, and the charm
That stillness has for a world-fretted ear :
'Tis now deep whispering all about me here
With thousand tiny husings, like a swarm
Of atom bees, or fairies in alarm,
Or noise of numerous bliss from distant sphere.

This charm our evening hours duly restore,—
Nought heard through all our little, lull'd abode,
Save the crisp fire, or leaf of book turn'd o'er,
Or watch-dog, or the ring of frosty road.
Wants there no other sound then?—yes, one
more,—
The voice of friendly visiting, long owed.

II.

THE NILE.²⁸

It flows through old hushed Ægypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought threading a
dream,

And times and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands,—

Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands
That roamed through the young world, the glory
extreme

Of high Sesostriis, and that southern beam,
The laughing queen that caught the world's great
hands.

Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
As of a world left empty of its throng,
And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on for human sake.

III.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE
CRICKET.²⁹

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,

Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;

Oh sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are
strong

At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—
In doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

DECEMBER 30th, 1816.

IV.

TO HENRY ROBERTSON, JOHN GATTIE,
AND VINCENT NOVELLO.

NOT KEEPING THEIR APPOINTED HOUR.

HARRY, my friend, who full of tasteful glee,
Have music all about you, heart and lips;
And, John, whose voice is like a rill that slips
Over the sunny pebbles breathingly;
And, Vincent, you, who with like mastery
Can chase the notes with fluttering finger-tips,
Like fairies down a hill hurrying their trips,
Or sway the organ with firm royalty;
Why stop ye on the road? The day, 'tis true,
Shows us as in a diamond all things clear,
And makes the hill-surmounting eye rejoice,
Doubling the earthly green, the heavenly blue;
But come, complete the charm of such a sphere,
And give the beauty of the day a voice.

V.

TO MY WIFE.

ON MODELLING MY BUSY.

AH, Marian mine, the face you look on now
 Is not exactly like my wedding day's :
 Sunk is its cheek, deeper-retired its gaze,
 Less white and smooth it's temple-flattened brow.
 Sorrow has been there with his silent plough,
 And strait, stern hand. No matter, if it raise
 Aught that affection fancies, it may praise,
 Or make me worthier of Apollo's bough.
 Loss, after all,—such loss especially,—
 Is transfer, change, but not extinction,—no ;
 Part in our children's apple cheeks I see ;
 And, for the rest, while you look at me so,
 Take care you do not smile it back to me,
 And miss the copied furrows as you go.

VI.

TO KOSCIUSKO,

WHO NEVER FOUGHT EITHER FOR BONAPARTE OR THE
 ALLIES.

'Tis like thy patient valour thus to keep,
 Great Kosciusko, to the rural shade,
 While Freedom's ill-found amulet still is made
 Pretence for old aggression, and a heap
 Of selfish mockeries. There, as in the sweep
 Of stormier fields, thou earnest with thy blade,

Transform'd, not inly alter'd, to the spade,
 Thy never yielding right to a calm sleep.

There came a wanderer, borne from land to land
 Upon a couch, pale, many-wounded, mild,
 His brow with patient pain dulcetly sour.
 Men stoop'd with awful sweetness on his hand,
 And kiss'd it; and collected Virtue smiled,
 To think how sovereign her enduring hour.³⁰

VII.

ON A LOCK OF MILTON'S HAIR.

It lies before me there, and my own breath
 Stirs its thin outer threads, as though beside
 The living head I stood in honour'd pride,
 Talking of lovely things that conquer death.
 Perhaps he press'd it once, or underneath
 Ran his fine fingers, when he leant, blank-eyed,
 And saw, in fancy, Adam and his bride
 With their rich locks, or his own Delphic wreath.

There seems a love in hair, though it be dead.
 It is the gentlest, yet the strongest thread
 Of our frail plant,—a blossom from the tree
 Surviving the proud trunk;—as though it said
 Patience and Gentleness is Power. In me
 Behold affectionate eternity.

VIII. IX. X.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "ION."

I.

I COULD not come to shed a man's rare tears
 With those who honour'd, and who lov'd, thy
 play;
 My heart said "yes," but the sick room said "nay,"
 And the good doctor with his earnest fears.
 Yet I was with thee,—saw thine high compeers,
 Wordsworth and Landor,—saw the piled array,
 The many-visag'd heart, looking one way,
 Come to drink beauteous truth at eyes and ears.

Now said I to myself,—The scenes arise;
 Now comes the sweet of name,³¹ whom great Love
 sunders
 From love itself; now, now he gives the skies
 The heart *they* gave (sweet thought 'gainst bitter
 wonders!)
 And ever and aye, hands, stung with tear-thrill'd
 eyes,
 Snapping the silence, burst in crashing thunders.

II.

Yes, I beheld the old accustom'd sight,
 Pit, boxes, galleries; I was at "the play;"
 I saw uprise the stage's strange floor-day,
 And music tuning as in tune's despite;
 Childhood I saw, glad-faced, that squeezeth tight
 One's hand, while the rapt curtain soars away,—
 And beauty and age, and all that piled array—
 Thousands of souls drawn to one wise delight.

A noble spectacle!—Noble in mirth—
 Nobler in sacred fellowship of tears!

I've often ask'd myself what sight on earth
Is worth the fancying of our fellow spheres;
And this is one—whole hosts in love with worth,
Judging the shapes of their own hopes and fears.

III.

Fine age is ours, and marvellous—setting free
Hopes that were bending into gray despairs,
Winnowing iron like chaff, outspeeding the airs,
Conquering with smoky flag the winds at sea,
Flinging from thund'rous wheels, immeasurably,
Knowledge like daily light: so that man stares,
Planet-struck with his work-day world, nor dares
Repeat the old babble of what "shall never be."

A great good age!—Greatest and best in this,—
That it strikes dumb the old anti-creeds, which
parted

Man from the child—prosperity from the bliss
Of faith in good—and toil of wealth unthwarted
From leisure crown'd with bay, such as thine is,
Talfourd! a lawyer prosperous and young-hearted.

XI. XII. XIII.

THE FISH, THE MAN, AND THE SPIRIT.

TO FISH.

You strange, astonish'd-looking, angle-faced,
Dreary-mouth'd, gaping wretches of the sea,
Gulping salt-water everlastingly,
Cold-blooded, though with red your blood be
graced,
And mute, though dwellers in the roaring waste;
And you, all shapes beside, that fishy be,—

Some round, some flat, some long, all devils on
Legless, unloving, infamously chaste: to receive A

O scaly, slippery, wet, swift, staring wights, and
What is't ye do? what life lead? ~~oh~~, dull goggles?

How do ye vary your vile days and nights? ~~oh~~!!
How pass your Sundays? Are ye still but joggles
In ceaseless wash? Still nought but gapes, and
bites,

And drinks, and stares, diversified with boggles?

A FISH ANSWERS.

Amazing monster! that, for aught I know,
With the first sight of thee didst make our race
Forever stare! O flat and shocking face,
Grimly divided from the breast below!
Thou that on dry land horribly dost go
With a split body and most ridiculous pace,
Prong after prong, disgracer of all grace,
Long-useless-finn'd, hair'd, upright, unwet, slow!

O breather of unbreathable, sword-sharp air,
How canst exist? How bear thyself, thou dry
And dreary sloth. What particle canst share
Of the only blessed life, the watery?
I sometimes see of ye an actual pair
Go by! link'd fin by fin! most odiously.

*The Fish turns into a Man, and then into a Spirit,
and again speaks.*

Indulge thy smiling scorn, if smiling still,
O man! and loathe, but with a sort of love:
For difference must its use by difference prove,
And, in sweet clang, the spheres with music fill.
One of the spirits am I, that at his will
Live in whate'er has life—fish, eagle, dove—

No hate, no pride, beneath nought, nor above,
A visitor of the rounds of God's sweet skill.

Man's life is warm, glad, sad, 'twixt loves and
- - - - - graves,

Boundless in hope, honour'd with pangs austere,
Heaven-gazing; and his angel-wings he craves:—
The fish is swift, small-needing, vague yet clear,
As cold, sweet, silver life, wrapp'd in round waves,
Quickened with touches of transporting fear.

XIV.

THE DEFORMED CHILD.

BY VINCENT LEIGH HUNT.

[Vincent Leigh Hunt, was the youngest son of Leigh Hunt, and inherited a large share of his father's poetical talents. He died when quite young. In a letter to me, Mr. Hunt thus speaks of him: "His whole life was full of sympathy. A Sonnet like this will allow his father to indulge a hope, that wherever any Sonnets of his own may be thought worth collecting, they and it may never be parted."—EDITOR.]

An Angel prisoned in an infant frame
Of mortal sickness and deformity,
Looks patiently from out that languid eye
Matured, and seeming large with pain. The name
Of "happy childhood" mocks his movements tame,
So propp'd with piteous crutch, or forced to lie
Rather than sit, in his frail chair, and try
To taste the pleasure of the unshared game.
He does; and faintly claps his withered hands

To see how brother Willie caught the ball ;
Kind brother Willie, strong, yet gentle all :
'Twas he that placed him where his chair now
 stands
In that warm corner 'gainst the sunny wall—
God, in that brother, gave him more than lands.

BLANK VERSE.

PAGANINI.

A FRAGMENT.

“ * * * * *
So play'd of late to every passing thought
With finest change (might I but half as well
So write !) the pale magician of the bow,
Who brought from Italy the tales, made true,
Of Grecian lyres ; and on his sphery hand,
Loading the air with dumb expectancy,
Suspended, ere it fell, a nation's breath.

He smote,—and clinging to the serious chords
With godlike ravishment, drew forth a breath,
So deep, so strong, so fervid thick with love,
Blissful, yet laden as with twenty prayers,
That Juno yearn'd with no diviner soul
To the first burthen of the lips of Jove.

The exceeding mystery of the loveliness
Sadden'd delight ; and with his mournful look,
Dreary and gaunt, hanging his pallid face
'Twixt his dark flowing locks, he almost seem'd,
To feeble or to melancholy eyes,
One that had parted with his soul for pride,
And in the sable secret liv'd forlorn.

But true and earnest, all too happily
That skill dwelt in him, serious with its joy ;
For noble now he smote the exulting strings,
And bade them march before his stately will ;

And now he lov'd them like a cheek, and laid
Endearment on them, and took pity sweet;
And now he was all mirth, or all for sense
And reason, carving out his thoughts like prose
After his poetry; or else he laid
His own soul prostrate at the feet of love,
And with a full and trembling fervour deep,
In kneeling and close-creeping urgency,
Implor'd some mistress with hot tears; which past,
And after patience had brought right of peace,
He drew, as if from thoughts finer than hope,
Comfort around him in ear-soothing strains
And elegant composure; or he turn'd
To heaven instead of earth, and rais'd a pray'r
So earnest vehement, yet so lowly sad,
Mighty with want and all poor human tears,
That never saint, wrestling with earthly love,
And in mid-age unable to get free,
Tore down from heav'n such pity. Or behold,
In his despair, (for such, from what he spoke
Of grief before it, or of love, twould seem,)
Jump would he into some strange wail uncouth
Of witches' dance, ghastly with whinings thin
And palsied nods—mirth wicked, sad, and weak,
And then with show of skill mechanical,
Marvellous as witchcraft, he would overthrow
That vision with a show'r of notes like hail,
Or sudden mixtures of all difficult things
Never yet heard; flashing the sharp tones now,
In downward leaps like swords; now rising fine
Into some utmost tip of minute sound,
From whence he stepp'd into a higher and higher
On viewless points, till laugh took leave of him:
Or he would fly as if from all the world
To be alone and happy, and you should hear
His instrument become a tree far off,
A nest of birds and sunbeams, sparkling both,
A cottage-bow'r: or he would condescend,
In playful wisdom which knows no contempt,

To bring to laughing memory, plain as sight,
 A farm-yard with its inmates, ox and lamb, .
 The whistle and the whip, with feeding hens
 In household fidget muttering evermore,
 And, rising as in scorn, crown'd Chanticleer,
 Ordaining silence with his sovereign crow.
 Then from one chord of his amazing shell
 Would he fetch out the voice of choirs, and weight
 Of the built organ ; or some twofold strain
 Moving before him in sweet-going yoke,
 Ride like an Eastern conqueror, round whose state
 Some light Morisco leaps with his guitar ;
 And ever and anon o'er these he'd throw
 Jets of small notes like pearl, or like the pelt
 Of lovers' sweetmeats on Italian lutes
 From windows on a feast-day, or the leaps
 Of pebbled water, sprinkled in the sun,
 One chord affecting all :—and when the ear
 Felt there was nothing present but himself
 And silence, and the wonder drew deep sighs,
 Then would his bow lie down again in tears,
 And speak to some one in a pray'r of love,
 Endless, and never from his heart to go :
 Or he would talk as of some secret bliss,
 And at the close of all the wonderment
 (Which himself shar'd) near and more near would
 come

Into the inmost ear, and whisper there
 Breathings so soft, so low, so full of life,
 'Touch'd beyond sense, and only to be borne
 By pauses which made each less bearable,
 That out of pure necessity for relief
 From that heap'd joy, and bliss that laugh'd for
 pain,
 The thunder of th' uprolling house came down,
 And bow'd the breathing sorcerer into smiles.

OUR COTTAGE.

SOME few of us, children and grown, possess
 A cottage, far remov'd. 'Tis in a glade,
 Where the sun harbours; and one side of it
 Listens to bees, another to a brook.
 Lovers, that have just parted for the night,
 Dream of such spots, when they have said their
 pray'rs,—
 Or some tir'd parent, holding by the hand
 A child, and walking tow'rs the setting sun.

No news comes here; no scandal; no routine
 Of morning visit; not a postman's knock,—
 " That double thrust of the long staff of care."
 We are as distant from the world, in spirit
 If not in place, as though in Crusoe's isle,
 And please ourselves with being ignorant
 Ev'n of the country some five miles beyond.
 Our wood's our world, with some few hills and
 dales,
 And many an alley green, with poppies edg'd
 And flowery brakes, where sails the long blue fly,
 Whom we pronounce a fairy; and 'twould go
 Hard with us to be certain he's not one,
 Such willing children are we of the possible.
 Hence all our walks have names; some of the
 Fairies,
 And some of Nymphs, (where the brook makes a
 bath
 , In a green chamber, and the turf's half violets,)
 And some of Grim Old Men that live alone,
 And may not be seen safely. Pan has one
 Down in a beech-dell; and Apollo another,
 Where sunset in the trees makes strawy fires.

You might suppose the place pick'd out of books.

The nightingales, in the cold blooms, are there
Fullest of heart, hushing our open'd windows ;
The cuckoo ripest in the warmed thicks.
Autumn, the princely season, purple-rob'd
And liberal-handed, brings no gloom to us,
But, rich in its own self, gives us rich hope
Of winter-time ; and when the winter comes,
We burn old wood, and read old books that wall
Our biggest room, and take our heartiest walks
On the good, hard, glad, ground ; or when it rains
And the rich dells are mire, make much and long
Of a small bin we have of good old wine ;
And talk of, perhaps entertain, some friend,
Whom, old or young, we gift with the same grace
Of ancient epithet ; for love is time
With us ; youth old as love, and age as young ;
And stars, affections, hopes, roll all alike
Immortal rounds, in heaven when not on earth.
Therefore the very youngest of us all
Do we call old,—“ old Vincent,” or “ old Jule,”
Or “ old Jacintha ;” and they count us young,
And at a very playfellow time of life,
As in good truth we are : witness the nuts
We seek, to pelt with, in thy trampled leaves,
November ; and the merry Christmas ring,
Hot-fac'd and loud with too much fire and food,—
The rare excess, loving the generous gods.
“ Old Mary,” and “ old Percy,” and “ old Henry,”
Also there are, with more beyond their teens ;
But these are reverend youngsters, married now,
And ride no longer to our cottage nest
On that unbridled horse, their father's knee.

Custom itself is an old friend with us ;
Though change we make a friend, too, if it come
To better custom : nay, to bury him,
Provided soul be gone, and it be done
Rev'rently and kindly ; and we then install
His son, or set a new one in his place ;

For all good honest customs, from all lands,
 Find welcome here,—seats built up in old elms
 From France; and evening dances on the green;
 And servants (home's inhabiting strangers) turn'd
 To zealous friends; and gipsy meals, whose smoke
 Warms houseless glades; and the good bout
 Chinese

At pen and ink, in rhyming summer bow'rs,
 Temper'd with pleasant penalties of wine.

* The villagers love us; and on Sabbath-days,
 (Such luck is ours, and round harmonious life)
 In an old, ivied church (which God preserve,
 And make a mark forever of the love
 That by mild acquiescence bears all change
 And keeps all better'd good!) no priest like ours
 Utters such Christian lore, so final sweet,
 So fit for audience in those flowery dells.
 Not a young heart feels strange, nor old misgives:
 You scarcely can help thinking, that the sound
 Must pierce with sweetness to the very graves.,

But mark—not the whole week do we pass thus,—
 No, nor whole day. Heav'n, for ease' sake forbid!
 Half of the day (and half of that might serve,
 Were all the world active and just as we)
 Is mix'd with the great throng, playing its part
 Of toil and pain; we could not relish else
 Our absolute comfort; nay, should almost fear
 Heav'n counted us not worthy to partake
 The common load with its great hopes for all,
 But held us flimsy triflers—gnats i' the sun—
 Made but for play, and so to die, unheav'n'd.
 Oh, hard we work, and carefully we think,
 And much we suffer! but the line being drawn
 'Twixt work and our earth's heav'n, well do we
 draw it,

Sudden, and sharp, and sweet; and in an instant
 Are borne away, like knights to fairy isles,
 And close our gates behind us on the world.,

"And where (cries some one) is this blessed spot?
May I behold it? May I gain admittance?"

Yes, with a thought;—as we do.

"Woe is me!

Then no such place exists!"

None such to us,

Except in thought; but *that*—

"Is true as fiction?"

Ay, true as tears or smiles that fiction makes;
Waking the ready heaven in men's eyes;—
True as effect to cause;—true as the hours
You spend in joy while sitting at a play.
Is there no truth in those? Or was your heart
Happier before you went there? Oh, if rich
In what you deem life's only solid goods,
Think what unjoyous blanks ev'n those would be,
Were fancy's light smitten from out your world,
With all its colourings of your prides, your gains,
Your very toys and tea-cups, nothing left
But what *you* touch, and not what *touches* you.
The wise are often rich in little else,
The rich, if wise, count it their gold of gold.
Say, is it not so, thou who art both rich
In the world's eye, and wise in solitude's,—
Stoneleigh's poetic lord, whose gentle name
No echo granted at the font to mine,
I trust, shall have made ruder. What would'st care,
O Leigh, for all the wooden matter-o'-fact
Of all thine oaks, depriv'd of what thy muse
Can do to wake their old oracular breath,
Or whisper, with their patriarch locks, of heaven?
Lo! Southwood Smith, physician of mankind,
Bringer of light and air to the rich poor
Of the next age:—he, when in real woods
He rests the mildest energy alive,
Scorns not these fancied ones, but hails and loves
A vision of the dawn of his own world.

" Horace Smith, lo ! rare compound, skill'd alike
 In worldly gain and its unworldliest use :
 He prospers in the throng, makes fact his slave,
 Then leads a life with fiction and good deeds.
 Lo ! Bulwer, genius in the thick of fame,
 With smiles of thrones, and echoes from the Rhine,
 He too extends his grounds to Fairy-land,
 And while his neighbours think they see him
 looking
 Hard at themselves, is in Armorica,
 Feasting with lovers in enchanted bowers.
 Lo ! Jeffrey the fine wit, the judge revered,
 The man belov'd, what spirit invokes he
 To make his hasty moments of repose
 Richest and farthest off ?—The Muse of Keats,
 One of the inmost dwellers in the core
 Of the old woods, when Nymphs and Graces
 liv'd,—
 Where still they live, to eyes, like their's, divine.

Fancy's the wealth of wealth, the toiler's hope,
 The poor man's piecer-out ; the art of Nature,
 Painting her landscapes twice ; the spirit of fact,
 As matter is the body ; the pure gift
 Of heav'n to poet and to child ; which he
 Who retains most in manhood, being a man
 In all things fitting else, is most a man ;
 Because he wants no human faculty,
 Nor loses one sweet taste of the sweet world.

A HEAVEN UPON EARTH.

FRAGMENT OF AN UNPUBLISHED PLAY. A HUSBAND IS
CONVERSING WITH HIS WIFE.

FOR there are two heavens, sweet,
Both made of love,—one, inconceivable
Ev'n by the other, so divine it is ;
The other, far on *this* side of the stars,
By men call'd *home*, when some blest pair are met
As we are now ; sometimes in happy talk,
Sometimes in silence (also a sort of talk,
Where friends are match'd) each at its gentle task
Of book, or household need, or meditation,
By summer-moon, or curtain'd fire in frost ;
And by degrees there come,—not always come,
Yet mostly,—other, smaller inmates there,
Cherubic-fac'd, yet growing like those two,
Their pride and playmates, not without meek fear,
Since God sometimes to his own cherubim
Takes those sweet cheeks of earth. And so 'twixt
joy,
And love, and tears, and whatsoever pain
Man fitly shares with man, these two grow old ;
And if indeed blest thoroughly, they die
In the same spot, and nigh the same good hour,
And setting suns look heavenly on their grave.—

REFLECTIONS OF A DEAD BODY.

SCENE.—*A female sitting by a bed-side, anxiously looking at the face of her husband, just dead. The soul within the dead body soliloquizes.*

WHAT change is this ! What joy ! What depth of
rest !

What suddenness of withdrawal from all pain

Into all bliss? into a balm so perfect
 I do not even smile! I tried but now,
 With that breath's end, to speak to the dear face
 That watches me—and lo! all in an instant
 Instead of toil, and a weak, weltering tear,
 I am all peace, all happiness, all power,
 Laid on some throne in space.—Great God! I am
 dead.

(*A pause.*) Dear God! thy love is perfect; thy
 truth known.

(*Another.*) And He,—and they!—How simple
 and strange! How beautiful!
 But I may whisper it not,—even to thought;
 Lest strong imagination, hearing it,
 Speak, and the world be shatter'd.

(*Soul again pauses.*) O balm! O bliss! O exult-
 rating smile
 Unsmiling! O doubt ended! certainty
 Begun! O will, faultless, yet all indulged,
 Encourag'd to be wilful;—to delay
 Even its wings for heav'n; and thus to rest
 Here, here, ev'n here,—'twixt heav'n and earth
 awhile,
 A bed in the morn of endless happiness.

I feel warm drops falling upon my face:
 They reach me through the rapture of this cold—
 —My wife! my love!—'tis for the best thou canst not
 Know how I know thee weeping, and how fond
 A kiss meets thine in these unowning lips.
 Ah, truly was my love what thou didst hope it,
 And more; and so was thine—I read it all—
 And our small feuds were but impatiences
 At seeing the dear truth ill understood.
 Poor sweet! thou blamest now thyself, and heapest
 Memory on memory of imagin'd wrong,
 As I should have done too,—as all who love;
 And yet I cannot pity thee:—so well
 I know the end, and how thou'lt smile hereafter.

She speaks my name at last, as though she fear'd
 The terrible, familiar sound ; and sinks
 In ~~sobs~~ upon my bosom. Hold me fast,
 Hold me fast, sweet, and from the extreme grow
 calm,—
 Me, cruelly unmov'd, and yet how loving !

How wrong I was to quarrel with poor James !
 And how dear Francis mistook me ! That pride,
 How without ground it was ! Those arguments,
 Which I suppos'd so final, oh how foolish !
 Yet gentlest Death will not permit rebuke,
 Ev'n of one's self. They'll know all, as I know,
 When they lie thus.

Colder I grow, and happier.
 Warmness and sense are drawing to a point,
 Ere they depart ;—myself quitting myself.
 The soul gathers its wings upon the edge
 Of the new world, yet how assuredly !
 Oh ! how in balm I change ! actively will'd,
 Yet passive, quite ; and feeling opposites mingle
 In exquisitest peace !—Those fleshly clothes,
 Which late I thought myself, lie more and more
 Apart from this warm, sweet, retreating me,
 Who am as a hand, withdrawing from a glove.

So lay my mother : so my father : so
 My children : yet I pitied them. I wept,
 And fancied them in graves, and call'd them
 “ poor ! ”

O graves ! O tears ! O knowledge, will, and time,
 And fear, and hope ! what petty terms of earth
 Were ye ! yet how I love ye as of earth,
 The planet's household words ; and how postpone,
 Till out of these dear arms, th' immeasurable
 Tongue of the all-possessing smile eternal !
 Ah, not excluding these, nor aught that's past,
 Nor aught that's present, nor that's yet to come,

Well waited for. I would not stir a finger
 Out of this rest, to reassure all anguish;
 Such warrant hath it; such divine conjuncture;
 Such a charm binds it with the needs of bliss.

That was my eldest boy's—that kiss. And that
 The baby with its little unweening mouth;
 And those—and those—Dear hearts! they have all
 come,
 And think me dead—me, who so know I'm living,
 The vitalest creature in this fleshly room.
 I part; and with my spirit's eyes, full open'd,
 Will look upon them.

[Spirit parts from the body, and breathes upon their eyes.]

Patient be those tears,
 Fresh heart-dews; standing on these dear clay-
 moulds
 Of souls made of myself,—made of us both
 In the half-heavenly time. I quit ye but
 To meet again, and will revisit soon
 In many a dream, and many a gentle sigh.

[Spirit looks at the body.]

And was that me?—that hollow-cheek'd pale thing,
 Shatter'd with passions, worn with cares; now placid
 With my divine departure? And must love
 Think of thee painfully? of stifling boards
 'Gainst the free face, and of the irreverent worm?
 To dust with thee, poor corpse! to dust and grass,
 And the glad innocent worm, that does its duty
 As thou dost thine in changing. I thy life,
 Life of thy life, bird of the bird, ah ha!
 Turn my face forth to heav'n—ah ha! ah ah!
 Oh the infinitude and the eternity!
 The dimpled air! the measureless conscious
 heaven!
 The endless possession! the sweet, mad, fawning
 planets

[It speaks with a hurried vehemence of rapture.]

Sleeking, like necks, round the beatitudes of the
 ubiquitous sun-god
 With bee-music of innumerable organ-thunders,
 And the travelling crowds this way, like a life-
 tempest,
 With rapid angelical faces, two in one,
 Ah ah! ah ha! and the stillness beyond the stars—
 My Friend! my Mother!—I mingle through the
 roar. [*Spirit vanishes.*]

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

POLITICS AND POETICS;

OR

THE DESPERATE SITUATION OF A JOURNALIST UNEASILY
SMITTEN WITH THE LOVE OF RHYME.

(WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1811.)

AGAIN I stop;—again the toil refuse!
Away, for pity's sake, distracting Muse,
Nor thus come smiling with thy bridal tricks
Between my studious face, and politics.
Is it for thee to mock the frowns of fate?
Look round, look round, and mark my desperate
state.

Cannot thy gifted eyes a sight behold,
That might have quell'd the Lesbian bard of old,
And made the blood of Dante's self run cold?

Lo, first the table spread with fearful books,
In which, whoe'er can help it, never looks;
Letters to Lords, Remarks, Reflections, Hints,
Lives, snatch'd a moment from the public prints;
Pamphlets to prove, on pain of our undoing,
That rags are wealth, and reformation musing,
Journals, and briefs, and bills, and laws of libel,
And, bloated and blood-red, the placeman's annual
bible.³²

Scarce from the load, as from a heap of dead,
My poor old Homer shows his living head;

Milton, in sullen darkness, yields to fate,
 And Tasso groans beneath the courtly weight;
 Horace alone (the rogue!) his doom has miss'd,
 And lies at ease upon the Pension List.

Round these, in tall imaginary chairs,
 Imps ever grinning, sit my daily Cares;
 Distaste, delays, dislikings to begin,
 Gnawings of pen, and kneadings of the chin.
 Here the Blue Dæmon keeps his constant stir,
 Who makes a man his own barometer;
 y There Nightmare, horrid mass! unfeatur'd heap!
 Prepares to seize me if I fall asleep;
 And there, with hands that grasp one's very soul,
 Frowns Headache, scalper of the studious poll;
 Headache, who lurks at noon about the courts,
 And whets his tomahawk on East's Reports.

Chief of this social game, behind me stands,
 Pale, peevish, periwigg'd, with itching hands,
 A goblin, double-tail'd, and cloak'd in black,
 Who, while I'm gravely thinking, bites my back.³³
 Around his head flits many a harpy shape,
 With jaws of parchment, and long hairs of tape,
 Threatening to pounce, and turn whate'er I write,
 With their own venom, into foul despite.
 Let me but name the court, they swear and curse,
 And din me with hard names; and what is worse,
 'Tis now three times that I have miss'd my purse.³⁴

No wonder poor Torquato³⁵ went distracted,
 On whose galled senses just such pranks were acted;
 When the small tyrant, God knows on what ground,
 With dungeons and with doctors hemm'd him
 round.³⁶

Last, but not least, (methinks I see him now!)
 With stare expectant, and a ragged brow,
 Comes the foul fiend, who—let it rain or shine,

Let it be clear or cloudy, foul or fine,
 Or freezing, thawing, drizzling, hailing, snowing,
 Or mild, or warm, or hot, or bleak and blowing,
 Or damp, or dry, or dull, or sharp, or sloppy,
 Is sure to come,—the Devil, who comes for copy.

* * * * *

Yet see! e'en now thy wondrous charm prevails;
 The shapes are moved; the stricken circle fails;
 With backward grins of malice they retire,
 Scared at thy seraph looks and smiles of fire.
 That instant, as the hindmost shuts the door,
 The bursting sunshine smites the window'd floor;
 Bursts too on every side the sparkling sound
 Of birds abroad; th' elastic spirits bound;
 And the fresh mirth of morning breathes around.
 Away, ye clouds; dark politics, give place;
 Off cares, and wants, and threats, and all the race
 Of foes to freedom and to graceful leisure!—
 To-day is for the Muse, and dancing pleasure.

Oh for a seat in some poetic nook,
 Just hid with trees, and sparkling with a brook,
 Where through the quivering boughs the sunbeams
 shoot
 Their arrowy diamonds upon flower and fruit,
 While stealing airs come whispering o'er the
 stream,
 And lull the fancy to a waking dream!
 There shouldst thou come, O first of my desires,
 What time the noon had spent its fiercer fires,
 And all the bow'r, with checker'd shadows strewn,
 Glow'd with a mellow twilight of its own.
 There shouldst thou come, and there sometimes
 with thee
 Might deign repair the staid Philosophy,
 To taste thy fresh'ning brook, and trim thy groves,
 And tell us what good task true glory loves.

I see it now!—I pierce the fairy glade,

And feel th' enclosing influence of the shade.
 A thousand forms, that sport on summer eves,
 Glance through the light, and whisper in the leaves,
 While every bough seems wedding with a sprite,
 And every air seems hushing the delight,
 And the calm bliss, fix'd on itself awhile,
 Dimples th' unconscious lips into a smile.

* * * * *

In vain.—For now, with looks that doubly burn,
 Shamed of their late defect, my foes return ;
 They know their foil is short, and shorter still
 The bliss that waits upon the Muse's will.
 Back to their seats they rush, and reassume
 Their ghastly rites, and sadden all the room.
 O'er ears and brain the bursting wrath descends,
 Cabals, misstatements, noise of private ends,
 Doubts, hazards, crosses, cloud-compelling vapours,
 With dire necessity to read the papers,
 Judicial slaps that would have stung Saint Paul,
 Costs, pityings, warnings, wits; and worse than all
 (Oh for a dose of Thelwall³⁷ or of poppy)
 The fiend, the punctual fiend, that bawls for copy !
 Full in the midst, like that Gorgonian spell,
 Whose ravening features glar'd collected hell,
 The well-wigg'd pest, his curling horror shakes,
 And a *fourth* snap of threatening vengeance takes !
 At that dread sight the Muse herself turns pale ;
 Freedom and fiction's self no more avail ;
 And lo ! my Bower of Bliss is turned into a jail !

What then ? What then my better genius
 cries :—

Scandals and jails ! All these you may despise.
 Th' enduring soul, that, to keep others free,
 Dares to give up its darling liberty,
 Lives wheresoe'er its countrymen applaud,
 And in their great enlargement walks abroad.
 But toils alone, and struggles hour by hour,
 Against th' insatiate, gold-flush'd Lust of Power,

Can keep the fainting virtue of thy land
 From the rank slaves that gather round his hand,
 Be poor in purse, and Law will soon undo thee,
 Be poor in soul, and self-contempt will rue thee.

I yield, I yield.—Once more I turn to you,
 Harsh politics! and once more bid adieu
 To the soft dreaming of the Muse's bowers,
 Their sun-streak'd fruits and fairy-painted flowers;
 Farewell for gentler times, ye laurell'd shades;
 Farewell, ye sparkling brooks and haunted glades,
 Where the trim shapes that bathe in moonlight eves,
 Glance through the light and whisper in the
 leaves,
 While every bough seems wedding with a sprite,
 And every air seems hushing the delight.

Farewell, farewell, dear Muse, and all thy
 pleasure!
 He conquers ease, who would be crown'd with
 leisure.

POWER AND GENTLENESS.

I've thought, at gentle and ungentle hour,
 Of many an act and giant shape of power;
 Of the old kings with high exacting looks,
 Sceptred and globed; of eagles on their rocks,
 With straining feet, and that fierce mouth and
 drear,
 Answering the strain with downward drag austere;
 Of the rich-headed lion, whose huge frown
 All his great nature, gathering, seems to crown;
 Of towers on hills, with foreheads out of sight
 In clouds, or shown us by the thunder's light,
 Or ghastly prison, that eternally

Holds its blind visage out to the lone sea ;
And of all sunless, subterranean deeps
The creature makes, who listens while he sleeps,
Avarice ; and then of those old earthly cones,
That stride, they say, over heroic bones ;
And those stone heaps Egyptian, whose small doors
Look like low dens under precipitous shores ;
And him, great Memnon, that long sitting by
In seeming idleness, with stony eye,
Sang at the morning's touch, like poetry ;
And then of all the fierce and bitter fruit
Of the proud planting of a tyrannous foot,—
Of bruised rights, and flourishing bad men,
And virtue wasting heavenwards from a den ;
Brute force, and fury ; and the devilish drouth
Of the fool cannon's ever-gaping mouth ;
And the bride-widowing sword ; and the harsh bray
The sneering trumpet sends across the fray ;
And all which lights the people-thinning star
That selfishness invokes,—the horsed war,
Panting along with many a bloody mane.

I've thought of all this pride, and all this pain,
And all the insolent plenitudes of power,
And I declare, by this most quiet hour,
Which holds in different tasks by the fire-light
Me and my friends here, this delightful night,
That Power itself has not one half the might
Of Gentleness. 'Tis want, to all true wealth ;
The uneasy madman's force, to the wise health ;
Blind downward beating, to the eyes that see ;
Noise to persuasion, doubt to certainty ;
The consciousness of strength in enemies,
Who must be strain'd upon, or else they rise ;
The battle to the moon, who all the while,
High out of hearing, passes with her smile ;
The tempest, trampling in his scanty run,
To the whole globe, that basks about the sun ;
Or as all shrieks and clangs, with which a sphere

Undone and fired, could rake the midnight ear,
 Compared with that vast dumbness nature keeps
 Throughout her starry deeps,
 Most old, and mild, and awful, and unbroken,
 Which tells a tale of peace beyond whate'er was
 spoken.

MORGIANA IN ENGLAND.

AIR—The Deil cam fiddling through the town.

OH, one that I know is a knavish lass,
 Though she looks so sweet and simple,
 Her eyes there are none can safely pass,
 And it's wrong to trust her dimple.
 So taking the jade was by Nature made,
 So finish'd in all fine thieving,
 She'll e'en look away what you wanted to say,
 And smile you out of your grieving.

To see her, for instance, go down a dance,
 You'd think you sat securely,
 Although she forewarns by no bold advance,
 And by nothing done over demurely :
 But lord ! she goes with so blithe a repose,
 And comes so shapely about you,
 That ere you're aware, with a glance and an air
 She whisks your heart from out you.

THOUGHTS OF THE AVON,

ON THE 28TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1817.

It is the loveliest day that we have had
This lovely month, sparkling and full of cheer ;
The sun has a sharp eye, yet kind and glad ;
Colours are doubly bright : all things appear
Strong outlined in the spacious atmosphere ;
And through the lofty air the white clouds go,
As on their way to some celestial show

The banks of Avon must look well to-day ;
Autumn is there in all his glory and treasure ;
The river must run bright ; the ripples play
Their crispest tunes to boats that rock at leisure ;
The ladies are abroad with cheeks of pleasure ;
And the rich orchards in their sunniest robes
Are pouting thick with all their winy globes.

And why must I be thinking of the pride
Of distant bowers, as if I had no nest
To sing in here, though by the houses' side ?
As if I could not in a minute rest
In leafy fields, quiet, and self-possessed,
Having, on one side, Hampstead for my looks,
On t'other, London with its wealth of books ?

It is not that I envy autumn there,
Nor the sweet river, though my fields have none ;
Nor yet that in its all-productive air
Was born Humanity's divinest son,
That sprightliest, gravest, wisest, kindest one—
Shakespeare ; nor yet, oh no—that here I miss
Souls not unworthy to be named with his.

No ; but it is, that on this very day,
 And upon Shakespeare's stream, a little lower,
 Where, drunk with Delphic air, it comes away
 Dancing in perfume by the Peary Shore,³⁸
 Was born the lass that I love more and more ;
 A fruit as fine as in the Hesperian store,
 Smooth, roundly smiling, noble to the core ;
 An eye for art : a nature, that of yore
 Mothers and daughters, wives and sisters wore,
 When in the golden age one time they bore ;
 Marian,—who makes my heart and very rhymes
 run o'er.

TO T. L. H.

SIX YEARS OLD, DURING A SICKNESS.

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,
 My little, patient boy ;
 And balmy rest about thee
 Smooths off the day's annoy.
 I sit me down, and think
 Of all thy winning ways ;
 Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
 That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
 Thy thanks to all that aid,
 Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
 Of fancied faults afraid ;
 The little trembling hand
 That wipes thy quiet tears,
 These, these are things that may demand
 Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
 I will not think of now;
 And calmly 'midst my dear ones
 Have wasted with dry brow;
 But when thy fingers press
 And pat my stooping head,
 I cannot bear the gentleness,—
 The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,
 When life and hope were new,
 Kind playmate of thy brother,
 Thy sister, father too;
 My light, where'er I go,
 My bird, when prison-bound,
 My hand in hand companion,—no,
 My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say "He has departed"—
 "His voice"—"his face"—is gone;
 To feel impatient-hearted,
 Yet feel we must bear on;
 Ah, I could not endure
 To whisper of such woe,
 Unless I felt this sleep ensure
 That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed, and sleeping!
 This silence too the while—
 It's very hush and creeping
 Seem whispering us a smile:
 Something divine and dim
 Seems going by one's ear,
 Like parting wings of Seraphim,
 Who say, "We've finished here."

TO J. H.

FOUR YEARS OLD:—A NURSERY SONG.

... . Pien d' amori,
 Pien di canti, e pien di fiori.

FRUGONI.

Full of little loves for ours,
 Full of songs, and full of flowers.

Ah little ranting Johnny,
 Forever blithe and bonny,
 And singing nonny, nonny,
 With hat just thrown upon ye;
 Or whistling like the thrushes
 With voice in silver gushes;
 Or twisting random posies
 With daisies, weeds, and roses;
 And strutting in and out so,
 Or dancing all about so,
 With cock-up nose so lightsome,
 And sidelong eyes so brightsome,
 And cheeks as ripe as apples,
 And head as rough as Dapple's,
 And arms as sunny shining
 As if their veins they'd wine in;
 And mouth that smiles so truly,
 Heav'n seems to have made it newly,
 It breaks into such sweetness
 With merry-lipp'd completeness;—
 Ah Jack, ah Gianni mio,
 As blithe as Laughing Trio,
 —Sir Richard, too, you rattler,
 So christened from the Tatler,—
 My Bacchus in his glory,
 My little Cor-di-fiori,

My tricksome Puck, my Robin,
Who in and out come bobbing,
As full of feints and frolic as
That fibbing rogue Autolycus,
And play the graceless robber on
Your grave-eyed brother Oberon,—
Ah ! Dick, ah Dolce-riso,
How can you, can you be so ?

One cannot turn a minute,
But mischief—there you're in it,
A getting at my books, John,
With mighty bustling looks, John ;
Or poking at the roses,
In midst of which your nose is ;
Or climbing on a table,
No matter how unstable,
And turning up your quaint eye
And half-shut teeth with " Mayn't I ? "
Or else you're off at play, John,
Just as you'd be all day, John,
With hat or not, as happens,
And there you dance, and clap hands,
Or on the grass go rolling,
Or plucking flow'rs, or bowling,
And getting me expenses
With losing balls o'er fences ;
Or, as the constant trade is,
Are fondled by the ladies
With " What a young rogue this is ! "
Reforming him with kisses ;
Till suddenly you cry out,
As if you had an eye out,
So desperately tearful,
The sound is really fearful ;
When lo ! directly after,
It bubbles into laughter.

Ah rogue ! and do you know, John,

Why 'tis we love you so, John ?
 And how it is they let ye
 Do what you like and pet ye,
 Though all who look upon ye,
 Exclaim " Ah, Johnny, Johnny !"
 It is because you please 'em
 Still more, John, than you tease 'em ;
 Because, too, when not present,
 The thought of you is pleasant ;
 Because, though such an elf, John,
 They think that if yourself, John,
 Had something to condemn too ;
 You'd be as kind to them too,
 In short, because you're very
 Good-temper'd, Jack, and merry ;
 And are as quick at giving,
 As easy at receiving ;
 And in the midst of pleasure
 Are certain to find leisure
 To think, my boy of ours,
 And bring us lumps of flowers.

But see, the sun shines brightly ;
 Come, put your hat on rightly,
 And we'll among the bushes,
 And hear your friends the thrushes ;
 And see what flow'rs the weather
 Has render'd fit to gather ;
 And, when we home must jog, you
 Shall ride my back, you rogue you,
 Your hat adorn'd with fine leaves,
 Horse-chestnut, oak, and vine-leaves ;
 And so, with green o'erhead, John,
 Shall whistle home to bed, John,

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM HAZLITT.

*Et modo qua nostri spatiantur in urbe quiritæ,
Et modo villarum proxima rura placent.*

MILTON, *Eleg. 7.*

Enjoying now the range of town at ease,
And now the neighbouring rural villages."

DEAR HAZLITT, whose tact intellectual is such,
That it seems to feel truth, as pure matter of
touch,—

Who in politics, arts, metaphysics, poetics,
To critics in these times, are health to cosmetics,
And, nevertheless,—or I rather should say,
For that very reason,—can relish boy's play,
And turning on all sides, through pleasures and
cares,

Find nothing more precious than laughs and fresh
airs,—

One's life, I conceive, might go prettily down,
In a due easy mixture of country and town ;—
Not after the fashion of most with two houses,
Who gossip, and gape, and just follow their spouses,
And let their abode be wherever it will,
Are the same vacant, house-keeping animals still ;—
But with due sense of each, and of all that it
yields,—

In the town, of the town,—in the fields, of the
fields ;—

In the one, for example, to feel as we go on,
That streets are about us, arts, people, and so on ;
In t'other, to value the stillness, the breeze,
And love to see farms, and to get among trees.

Each his liking, of course,—so that this be the
rule.—

For my part, who went in the city to school,

and whenever I got in a field, let my soul in it :—
—*Spring*, so that like a young horse I could roll
in it,

—My inclinations are much what they were,
And cannot dispense, in the first place, with air ;
But then I would have the most rural of nooks
Just near enough town to make use of its books,
And to walk there, whenever I chose to make
calls,
To look at the ladies, and lounge at the stalls.

To tell you the truth, I could spend very well
Whole mornings in this way 'twixt here and Pall
Mall,

And make my gloves' fingers as black as my hat,
In pulling the books up from this stall and that :—
Then turning home gently through field and o'er
style,

Partly reading a purchase, or rhyming the while,
Take my dinner (to make a long evening) at two,
With a few droppers-in like my Cousin and you,
Who can season the talk with the right-flavour'd
attic,

Too witty, for tattling,—too wise, for dogmatic ;—
Then take down an author, whom one of us men-
tions,

And doat, for a while, on his jokes or inventions ;
Then have Mozart touched, on our bottle's com-
pletion,

Or one of your fav'rite trim ballads Venetian :—
Then up for a walk before tea down a valley,
And so to come back through a leafy-wall'd alley,
In which the sun peeping, as into a chamber,
Looks gold on the leaves, turning some to sheer
amber :

Then tea made by one, who (although my wife she
be,)

If Jove were to drink it, would soon be his Hebe ;
Then silence a little,—a cr—ing twilight,—

Then an egg for your supper, with lettuces white,
And a moon and friend's arm to go home with at
night.

Now this I call passing a few devout hours
Becoming a world that has friendships and flowers ;
That has lips also, made for still more than to chat
to ;

And if it has rain, has a rainbow for that too.

"Lord bless us !" exclaims some old hunks in a
shop,

"What useless young dogs !" — and falls combing a
crop.

"How idle !" another cries — "really a sin !"

And starting up, takes his first customer in.

"At least," cries another, "it's nothing but pleas-
ure ;"

Then longs for the Monday, quite sick of his leisure.

"What toys !" cries the sagehaggard statesman, —
"what stuff !"

Then fillips his ribbon, to shake off the snuff.

"How profane !" cries the preacher, proclaiming
his message ;

Then calls God's creation a vile dirty passage.

"Lips too !" cries a vixen, — and fidgets, and stirs,
And concludes (which is true) that I didn't mean
hers.

TO BARRON FIELD.³⁹

DEAR FIELD, my old friend, who love strait-for-
ward verse,

And will take it, like marriage, for better, for
worse. —

And still warm my heart in these times and this
weather;

I know you'll be glad to see, under my hand,
That I'm still, as the phrase is, alive in the land;
When you hear, that since meeting the bright-eyed
and witty,
I've been asked to an absolute feast in the city!

Yes, Barron, no more of the Nelsons and Jervises:
—Dinner's the place for the hottest of services;
—There's the array, and the ardour to win,
The clashing, and splashing, and crashing, and
din;

With fierce intercepting of convoys of butter,
And phrases and outcries tremendous to utter,
Blood, devils, and drum-sticks,—now cut it—the
jowl there—

Brains, bones, head and shoulders, and into the
sole there!

The veterans too, round you—how obviously
brave!

What wounds and what swellings they bear to
their grave!

Some red as a fever, some pallid as death;
Some balustrade-legg'd, others panting for breath;
Some jaundiced, some jaded, some almost a jelly,
And numbers with horrid contusion of belly.

No wonder the wise look on dinners like these,
As so much sheer warfare with pain and disease.
Indeed, you may see by the gestures and grins
Which some dishes make, how they wait for one's
sins;—

The gape of a cod-fish, and round staring eye,
The claws that threat up from a fierce pigeon
pye,—

Don't they warn us, with signs at which heroes
might shiver,

Of wounds in the midriff, and scars in the liver?

Then horses become bold in so desperate a case,
And with hollow defiance look full in one's face.

This, made, t'other day, a physician declare,
That disease, *bonâ fide*, was part of our fare.
For example, he held that a plate of green fruit
Was not only substance, but colic to boot;
That veal, besides making an exquisite dish,
Was a fine indigestion, and so was salt fish;
That a tongue was most truly a thing to provoke,
Hasty-pudding slow poison, and trifle no joke.
Had you asked him accordingly, what was the fare,
When he dined t'other day with the vicar or

may'r,
He'd have said, "Oh, of course, every thing of the
best,
Gout, headache, and fever, and pain in the chest."
'Twas thus too at table, when helping the meat,
He'd have had you encourage the people to eat,—
As St. Pray, Sir, allow me,—a slice of this gout;
I could get no St. Anthony's fire—it's quite out.
Mr. P. there,—more nightmare? my hand's quite
at leisure?

A glass of slow fever? I'm sure with great pleasure.
My dear Mrs. H., why your plate's always empty!
Now can't a small piece of this agony tempt ye?
And thou leaning over, with spoon and with smile,
Do let me, Miss Betsy,—a little more bile?—
Have I no more persuasion with you too, Miss
Virtue?

A little, I'm sure, of this cough couldn't hurt you."

Now all this is good, and didactic enough
For those who'd make bodies mere cushions to
stuff:

Excess is bad always;—but there's a relation
Of this same Excess, sometimes called Moderation,
Who wonders, and smiles, and concludes you a
glutton,

If helped more than he is to turnips and mutton ;—
 A Southey in soups, who though changing his
 whim,
 Would still have your living take pattern by
 him ;—⁴⁰
 In short, a Procrustes, who'd measure one's dishes,
 As t'other did beds, to his own size or wishes.

Alas, we might ask every person we meet
 To talk just as we do, as well as to eat,—
 Enjoin the same rest to the brisk and tir'd out,
 One repair to all tenements, shatter'd or stout,
 One pay for all earnings, contents for all cases,
 Nay, quarrel with people for difference of faces,
 And turning beside us, with angry surprise,
 Say, " Why an't you like me, Sir,—nose, mouth,
 and eyes ? "

Each his ways, each his wants ; and then taking
 our food,
 'Tis exercise turns it to glad-flowing blood.
 We must shun, it is true, what we find doesn't suit
 With our special digestions,—wine, water, or fruit ;
 But from all kinds of action one thing we may
 learn,—
 That nature'll indulge us, provided we earn.
 We study her fields, and find " books in the brooks ; "
 We range them, ride, walk, and come safe from
 the cooks.

Thus I look upon shoes whiten'd thickly with dust,
 As entitling the bearer to double pie-crust ;
 A mere turnpike ticket's a passport to lamb ;
 But a row up the Thames lands you safely at Ham.

And now, after all, why this subject to you,
 To whom I am bidding a long, long adieu ?
 Why, because not content with two dinners, you
 see,

To take my leave of you, I needs must have three;
 And so have insidiously got you to be a
 True guest of a poet, and dine in idea.

So here, in your old friend the Barmecide's glass,
 Is to you, dear Field, and your new-married lass.
 May a breath from blue heaven your vessel attend,
 As true to the last, as you've been to your friend;
 And may all meet again to grow young in our joys,
 And you and I, Barron, be happy old boys.

TO CHARLES LAMB.

O THOU, whom old Homer would call, were he
 living,
 Home-lover, thought-feeder, abundant-joke-giving;
 Whose charity springs from deep knowledge, nor
 swerves
 Into mere self-reflections, or scornful reserves;
 In short, who were made for two centuries ago,
 When Shakespeare drew men, and to write was to
 know;—

You'll guess why I can't see the snow-covered
 streets,
 Without thinking of you and your visiting feats,
 When you call to remembrance how you and one
 more,⁴¹
 When I wanted it most,⁴² used to knock at my
 door.
 For when the sad winds told us rain would come
 down,
 Or snow upon snow fairly clogged up the town,

"Now mind what I tell you,—the Lambs will be here."

So I poked up the flame, and she got out the tea;
And down we both sat, as prepared as could be;
And there, sure as fate, came the knock of you
two.

Then the lantern, the laugh, and the "Well, how
d'ye do?"

Then your palm tow'rd the fire, and your face
turned to me,

And shawls and great-coats being—where they
should be,—

And due "never saw's" being paid to the weather,
We cherished our knees, and sat sipping together,
And leaving the world to the fogs and the fighters,
Discussed the pretensions of all sorts of writers;
Of Shakespeare's coëvals, all spirits divine;
Of Chapman, whose Homer's a fine rough old
wine;

Of Marvell, wit, patriot, and poet, who knew
How to give, both at once, Charles and Cromwell
their due;

Of Spenser, who wraps you, wherever you are,
In a bow'r of seclusion beneath a sweet star;
Of Richardson too, who afflicts us so long,
We begin to suspect him of nerves over strong;
In short, of all those who give full-measur'd page,
Not forgetting Sir Thomas, my ancestor sage,
Who delighted (so happy were all his digestions)
In puzzling his head with impossible questions.⁴³

But *now*, Charles—you never (so blissful you deem
me)

Come lounging, with twirl of umbrella, to see me.
In vain have we hoped to be set at our ease
By the rains, which you know used to bring Lamb
and pease;

In vain we look out like the children in *Thomas*
And *now* in *your* *image*

'Tis true; I do live in a vale, at my will,
 With sward to my gateway, and trees on the bill:
 My health too gets on; and now autumn is nigh,
 The sun has come back, and there's really blue
 sky,
 But then, the late weather, I think, had its merits,
 And might have induced you to look at one's
 spirits;
 We hadn't much thunder and lightning, I own;
 But the rains might have led you to walk out of
 town;
 And what made us think your desertion still
 stranger,
 The roads were so bad, there was really some
 danger.

HEARING MUSIC.

(Set to music by VINCENT NOVELLO.)

" WHEN lovely sounds about my ears
 Like winds in Eden's tree-tops rise,
 And make me, though my spirit hears,
 For very luxury close my eyes,
 Let none but friends be round about
 Who love the smoothing joy like me,
 That so the charm be felt throughout,
 And all be harmony.

And when we reach the close divine,
 Then let the hand of her I love
 Come with its gentle palm on mine,
 As soft as snow or lighting dove;
 And let, by stealth, that more than friend
 Look sweetness in my opening eyes,
 For only so such dreams should end,
 Or wake in Paradise.

ON HEARING A LITTLE MUSICAL BOX.

Dilettevol' suoni
 Faceano intorno l' aria tintinnare
 D' amonia dolce, e di concenti buoni.
 ARIOSTO.

HALLO !—what ?—where, what can it be
 That strikes up so deliciously ?
 I never in my life—what no !
 That little tin-box playing so ?
 It really seemed as if a sprite
 Had struck among us, swift and light,
 And come from some minuter star
 To treat us with his pearl guitar.

Hark ! it scarcely ends the strain,
 But it gives it o'er again,
 Lovely thing !—and runs along,
 Just as if it knew the song,
 Touching out, smooth, clear and small,
 Harmony, and shake, and all,
 Now upon the treble lingering,
 Dancing now as if 'twere fingering,
 And at last upon the close,
 Coming with serene repose.

O full of sweetness, crispness, ease,
 Compound of lovely smallnesses,
 Accomplished trifle,—tell us what
 To call thee, and disgrace thee not.
 Worlds of fancies come about us,
 Thrill within and glance without us.

Now we think that there must be
 In thee some humanity,
 Such a taste composed and fine
 Smiles along that touch of thine.

Now we call thee heavenly rain,
 For thy fresh, continued strain ;
 Now a hail, that on the ground
 Splits into light leaps of sound ;
 Now the concert, neat and nice,
 Of a pigmy paradise ;
 Sprinkles then from singing fountains ;
 Fairies heard on tops of mountains ;
 Nightingales endued with art,
 Caught in listening to Mozart :
 Stars that make a distant tinkling,
 While their happy eyes are twinkling ;
 Sounds for scattered rills to flow to ;
 Music, for the flowers to blow to.

THE

LOVER OF MUSIC TO HIS PIANO-FORTE.

" Oh friend, whom glad or grave we seek,
 Heav'n-holding shrine !
 I ope thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,
 And peace is mine.
 No fairy casket full of bliss,
 Out-values thee ;
 Love only, waken'd with a kiss,
 More sweet may be.

To thee, when our full hearts o'erflow
 In griefs or joys,
 Unspeakable emotions owe
 A fitting voice :
 Mirth flies to thee, and Love's unrest,
 And Memory dear,
 And Sorrow, with his tighten'd breast,
 Comes for a tear.

" Oh, since few joys of human mould
 Thus wait us still,
 Thrice bless'd be thine, thou gentle fold
 Of peace at will.
 No change, no sullenness, no cheat,
 In thee we find ;
 Thy saddest voice is ever sweet,—
 Thine answer, kind."

A THOUGHT OR TWO ON READING POMFRET'S "CHOICE."

I HAVE been reading Pomfret's "Choice" this
 spring,
 A pretty kind of—sort of—kind of thing,
 Not much a verse, and poem none at all,
 Yet, as they say, extremely natural.
 And yet I know not. There's an art in pies,
 In raising crusts as well as galleries ;
 And he's the poet, more or less, who knows
 The charm that hallows the least truth from prose,
 And dresses it in its mild singing clothes.
 Not oaks alone are trees, nor roses flowers ;
 Much humble wealth makes rich this world of ours
 Nature from some sweet energy throws up
 Alike the pine-mount and the buttercup ;
 And truth she makes so precious, that to paint
 Either, shall shrine an artist like a saint,
 And bring him in his turn the crowds that press
 Round Guido's saints or Titian's goddesses.

Our trivial poet hit upon a theme
 Which all men love, an old, sweet household
 dream :—
 Pray, reader, what is yours ?—I know full well
 What sort of home should grace *my* garden-bell,—

No tall, half-furnish'd, gloomy, shivering house,
 That worst of mountains labouring with a mouse ;
 Nor should I choose to fill a tawdry niche in
 A Grecian temple, opening to a kitchen.
 The frogs in Homer should have had such boxes,
 Or Æsop's frog, whose heart was like the ox's.
 Such puff about high roads, so grand, so small,
 With wings and what not, portico and all,
 And poor drench'd pillars, which it seems a sin
 Not to mat up at night-time, or take in.
 I'd live in none of those. Nor would I have
Veranda'd windows to forestall my grave ;
Veranda'd truly, from the northern heat !
 And cut down to the floor to comfort one's cold
 feet !

My house should be of brick, more wide than
 high,
 With sward up to the path, and elm-trees nigh ;
 A good old country lodge, half hid with blooms
 Of honied green, and quaint with straggling
 rooms,
 A few of which, white-bedded and well swept,
 For friends, whose names endear'd them, should be
 kept.
 The tip-toe traveller, peeping through the boughs
 O'er my low wall, should bless the pleasant house :
 And that my luck might not seem ill-bestow'd,
 A bench and spring should greet him on the road.

My grounds should not be large. I like to go
 To Nature for a range, and prospect too,
 And cannot fancy she'd comprise for me,
 Even in a park, her all-sufficiency.
 A Chiswick or a Chatsworth might, I grant,
 Visit my dreams with an ambitious want ;
 But then I should be forced to know the weight
 Of splendid cares, new to my former state ;
 And these 'twould far more fit me to admire.

Such grounds, however, as I had, should look 41
Like "something" still; have seats, and walks, and
brook;

One spot for flowers, the rest all turf and trees;
For I'd not grow my own bad lettuces.
I'd build a cover'd path too against rain,
Long, peradventure, as my whole domain,
And so be sure of generous exercise,
The youth of age and med'cine of the wise.
And this reminds me, that behind some screen
About my grounds, I'd have a bowling-green;
Such as in wits' and merry women's days
Suckling preferr'd before his walk of bays.
You may still see them, dead as haunts of fairies,
By the old seats of Killigrews and Careys,
Where all, alas! is vanish'd from the ring,
Wits and black eyes, the skittles and the king! 44
Fishing I hate, because I think about it,
Which makes it right that I should do without it.
A dinner, or a death, might not be much,
But cruelty's a rod I dare not touch.
I own I cannot see my right to feel
For my own jaws, and tear a trout's with steel;
To troll him here and there, and spike, and strain,
And let him loose to jerk him back again.
Fancy a preacher at this sort of work,
Not with his trout or gudgeon, but his clerk:
The clerk leaps gaping at a tempting bit,
And, hah! an ear-ache with a knife in it!
That there is pain and evil, is no rule
That I should make it greater, like a fool;
Or rid me of my rust so vile a way,
As long as there's a single manly play.
Nay, fool's a word my pen unjustly writes,
Knowing what hearts and brains have dozed o'er
"bites;"

But the next inference to be drawn might be,
That higher beings made a trout of me,
Which I would rather should not be t e,

Though "Izaak" ⁴⁵ were the saint to tear my face,
 And, stooping from his heaven with rod and line,
 Made the fell sport, with his old dreams divine,
 As pleasant to his taste, as rough to mine.
 Such sophistry, no doubt, saves half the hell,
 But fish would have preferr'd his reasoning well,
 And, if my gills concern'd him, so should I.
 The dog, I grant, is in that "equal sky;"
 But, heav'n be prais'd, he's not my deity.
 All manly games I'd play at,—golf and quoits,
 And cricket, to set lungs and limbs to rights,
 And make me conscious, with a due respect,
 Of muscles one forgets by long neglect.
 With these, or bowls aforesaid, and a ride,
 Books, music, friends, the day would I divide,
 Most with my family, but when alone,
 Absorb'd in some new poem of my own;
 A task which makes my time so richly pass,
 So like a sunshine cast through painted glass,
 (Save where poor Captain Sword crashes the
 panes,)

That, could my friends live too, and were the gains
 Of toiling men but freed from sordid fears,
 Well could I walk this earth a thousand years.

WEALTH AND WOMANHOOD.

HAVE you seen an heiress
 In her jewels mounted,
 Till her wealth and she seem'd one,
 And she might be counted?

Have you seen a bosom
 With one rose betwixt it?
 And did you mark the grateful blush,
 While the bridegroom fix'd it?

SUDDEN FINE WEATHER.

READER ! what soul that loves a verse, can see
The spring return, nor glow like you and me ?
Hear the quick birds, and see the landscape fill,
Nor long to utter his melodious will ?

This, more than ever, leaps into the veins,
When spring has been delay'd by winds and rains,
And coming with a burst, comes like a show,
Blue all above, and basking green below.
And all the people culling the sweet prime :
Then issues forth the bee to clutch the thyme,
And the bee poet rushes into rhyme.

For lo ! no sooner has the cold withdrawn,
Than the bright elm is tufted on the lawn ;
The merry sap has run up in the bowers,
And burst the windows of the buds in flowers ;
With song the bosoms of the birds run o'er,
The cuckoo calls, the swallow's at the door,
And apple-trees at noon, with bees alive,
Burn with the golden chorus of the hive.
Now all these sweets, these sounds, this vernal
blaze,
Is but one joy, express'd a thousand ways :
And honey from the flowers, and song from birds,
Are from the poet's pen his overflowing words.

Ah friends ! methinks it were a pleasant sphere,
If, like the trees, we blossom'd every year ;
If locks grew thick again, and rosy dyes
Return'd in cheeks, and raciness in eyes,
And all around us, vital to the tips,
The human orchard laugh'd with cherry lips !

Lord! what a burst of merriment and play,
Fair dames, were that! and what a first of May!
So natural is the wish, that bards gone by
Have left it, all, in some immortal sigh!

And yet the winter months were not so well:
Who would like changing, as the seasons fell?
Fate every year; and stare, midst ghastly friends,
With falling hairs, and stuck-out fingers' ends?
Besides, this tale of youth that comes again,
Is no more true of apple-trees than men.
The Swedish sage, the Newton of the flow'rs,
Who first found out those worlds of paramours,
Tells us, that every blossom that we see
Boasts in its walls a separate family;
So that a tree is but a sort of stand,
That holds those filial fairies in its hand;
Just as Swift's giant might have held a bevy
Of Lilliputian ladies, or a levee.
It is not he that blooms: it is his race,
Who honour his old arms, and hide his rugged face.

Ye wits and bards then, pray discern your duty,
And learn the *lastingness* of human beauty.
Your finest fruit to some two months may reach:
I've known a cheek at *forty* like a peach.

But see! the weather calls me. Here's a bee
Comes bounding in my room imperiously,
And talking to himself, hastily burns
About mine ear, and so in heat returns.
O little brethren of the fervid soul,
Kissers of flowers, lords of the golden bowl,
Follow to your fields and tufted brooks:
Winter's the time to which the poet looks
For hiving his sweet thoughts, and making honied
books.,

ALTER ET DIEM.

A CHEMICO-POETICAL THOUGHT.

O LOVERS, ye that poorly love, and ye
 That think ye love beyond sobriety,
 Twine me a wreath, if but for only this,—
 I'll *prove* the roses in the poet's kiss.
 Not metaphors alone are lips and roses,
 Whate'er the gallant or the churl supposes:
 Ask what compounds them both, and science tells
 Of marvellous results in crucibles,—
 Of common elements,—say two in five,—
 By which their touch is soft, their bloom's alive;
 So that the lip and leaf do really, both,
 Hold a shrewd cut of the same velvet cloth.
 The maxim holds, where'er the compounds fall,—
 In birds, in brooks, in wall-flowers, and the wall:
 The beauty shares them with her very shawl.

'Tis true, the same things go to harden rocks;
 There's iron in the shade of Julia's locks;
 And when we kiss Jacintha's tears away,
 A briny pity melts in what we say:
 But read these common properties aright;
 And shame in love is quench'd, and wise delight.
 The very coarsest clay, the meanest shard
 That hides the beetle in the public yard,
 Shares with the stars, and all that rolls them on,
 Much more the face we love to look upon;
 And be the drops compounded as they may,
 That bring sweet sorrows from sweet eyes away,
 Where's the mean soul shall honour not the tears
 Shed for a lover's hopes, a mother's fears?
 Rise, truth and love, and vindicate my rhyme!
 The crabbed Scot, that once upon a time
 Asked what a poem prov'd, and just had wit

'To prove himself a fool, by asking it,
E'en he had blood, as Burns or Wallace had,
Or as the lip that makes a painter mad,

A HYMN TO BISHOP ST. VALENTINE.

THE day, the only day returns,
The true *redde letter* day returns,
When summer time in winter burns;
When a February dawn
Is open'd by two sleeves in lawn
Fairer than Aurora's fingers,
And a burst of all bird singers,
And a shower of *billet-doux*,
Tinging cheeks with rosy hues,
And over all a face divine,
Face good-natured, face most fine,
Face most anti-saturnine,
Even thine, yea, even thine,
Saint of sweethearts, Valentine!
See, he's dawning! See, he comes
With the jewels on his thumbs
Glancing us a ruby ray
(For he's sun and all to day)!
See his lily sleeves! and now
See the mitre on his brow!
See his truly pastoral crook,
And beneath his arm his book
(Some sweet tome *De Arte Amandi*):
And his hair, 'twixt saint and *dandy*,
Lovelocks touching either cheek,
And black, though with a silver streak,
As though for age both young and old,
And his look, 'twixt meek and bold,
Bowing round on either side,
Sweetly lipp'd and earnest eyed,

And lifting still, to bless the land,
His very gentlemanly hand.

Hail! oh hail! and thrice again
Hail, thou clerk of sweetest pen!
Connubialest of clergymen!
Exquisite bishop!—not at all
Like Bishop Bonner; no, nor Hall;
That gibing priest; nor Atterbury,
Although he was ingenious, very,
And wrote the verses on the “Fan;”
But then he swore,—unreverend man!
But very like good Bishop Berkeley,
Equally benign and clerkly;
Very like Rundle, Shipley, Hoadley,
And all the genial of the godly;
Like De Sales, and like De Paul;
But most, I really think, of all,
Like Bishop Mant, whose sweet theology
Includeth verse and ornithology,
And like a proper rubric star,
Hath given us a new “Calendar,”
So full of flowers and birdly talking,
’Tis like an Eden bower to walk in.
Such another See is thine,
O thou Bishop Valentine;
Such another, but as big
To that, as Eden to a fig;
For all the world’s thy diocese,
All the towns and all the trees,
And all the barns and villages:
The whole rising generation
Is thy loving congregation:
Enviably indeed thy station;
Tithes cause thee no reprobation,
Dean and chapters no vexation,
Heresy no spoliation.
Begg’d is thy participation;
No one wishes thee translation,

Except for some sweet explanation,
All decree thee consecration !

Beatification !

Canonization !

All cry out, with heart-prostration,
Sweet's thy text-elucidation,
Sweet, oh sweet's thy visitation,
And Paradise thy confirmation,

TO MAY.

MAY, thou month of rosy beauty
Month, when pleasure is a duty ;
Month of maids that milk the kine,
Bosom rich, and breath divine ;
Month of bees, and month of flowers,
Month of blossom-laden bowers ;
Month of little hands with daisies,
Lovers' love, and poets' praises ;
O thou merry month complete,
May, thy very name is sweet !
May was *maid* in olden times,
And is still in Scottish rhymes ;
May's the blooming hawthorn bough ;
May's the month that's laughing now.
I no sooner write the word,
Than it seems as though it heard,
And looks up, and laughs at me,
Like a sweet face, rosily,—
Like an actual colour bright,
Flushing from the paper's white ;
Like a bride that knows her power,
Started in a summer bower.

If the rains that do us wrong
Come to keep the winter long

And deny us thy sweet looks,
 I can love thee, sweet, in books,
 Love thee in the poets' pages,
 Where they keep thee green for ages;
 Love and read thee, as a lover
 Reads his lady's letters over,
 Breathing blessings on the art,
 Which commingles those that part.

There is May in books forever;
 May will part from Spenser never;
 May's in Milton, May's in Prior,
 May's in Chaucer, Thomson, Dyer;
 May's in all the Italian books;
 She has old and modern nooks,
 Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves
 In happy places they call shelves,
 And will rise, and dress your rooms
 With a drapery thick with blooms.

Come, ye rains then, if ye will,
 May's at home, and with me still:
 But come rather, thou, good weather,
 And find us in the fields together.

TO JUNE.

May's a word 'tis sweet to hear,
 Laughter of the budding year;
 Sweet it is to start, and say
 On May-morning, "This is May!"
 But there also breathes a tune—
 Hear it—in the sound of "June."
 June's a month, and June's a name,
 Never yet hath had its fame.

Summer's in the sound of June,
Summer, and a deepen'd tune
Of the bees, and of the birds,—
And of loitering lovers' words,—
And the brooks that, as they go,
Seem to think aloud, yet low;
And the voice of early heat,
Where the mirth-spun insects meet;
And the very colour's tone
Russet now, and fervid grown;
All a voice, as if it spoke
Of the brown wood's cottage smoke,
And the sun, and bright green oak.
O come quickly, show thee soon,
Come at once with all thy noon,
Manly, joyous, gipsy June.

May, the jade, with her fresh cheek
And the love the bards bespeak,
May, by coming first in sight,
Half defrauds thee of thy right;
For her best is shared by thee
With a wealthier potency,
So that thou dost bring us in
A sort of May-time masculine,
Fit for action or for rest,
As the luxury seems the best,
Bearding now the morning breeze,
Or in love with paths of trees,
Or dispos'd, full length, to lie
With a hand-enshaded eye
On thy warm and golden slopes,
Basker in the butter-cups,
Listening with nice distant ears
To the shepherd's clapping shears,
Or the next field's laughing play
In the happy wars of hay,
While its perfume breathes all over,
Or the bean comes fine, or clover.

O could I walk round the earth,
 With a heart to share my mirth,
 With a look to love me ever,
 Thoughtful much, but sullen never,
 I could be content to see
 June and no variety,
 Loitering here, and living there,
 With a book and frugal fare,
 With a finer gipsy time,
 And a cuckoo in the clime,
 Work at morn, and mirth at noon,
 And sleep beneath the sacred moon.

CHRISTMAS.

A SONG FOR THE YOUNG AND THE WISE.

CHRISTMAS comes ! He comes, he comes,
 Usher'd with a rain of plums ;
 Hollies in the windows greet him ;
 Schools come driving post to meet him ;
 Gifts precede him, bells proclaim him,
 Every mouth delights to name him ;
 Wet and cold, and wind, and dark.
 Make him but the warmer mark ;
 And yet he comes not one-embodied,
 Universal 's the blithe godhead,
 And in every festal house
 Presence hath ubiquitous.
 Curtains, those snug room-enfolders,
 Hang upon his million-shoulders,
 And he has a million eyes
 Of fire, and eats a million pies,
 And is very merry and wise ;
 Very wise and very merry,
 And loves a kiss beneath the berry.

Then full many a shape hath he,
All in said ubiquity :
Now is he a green array,
And now an " eve," and now a " day ; "
Now he's town gone *out* of town,
And now a feast in civic gown,
And now the pantomime and clown
With a crack upon the crown,
And all sorts of tumbles down ;
And then he's music in the night,
And the money gotten by't :
He's a man that can't write verses,
Bringing some to ope your purses ;
He's a turkey, he's a goose,
He's oranges unfit for use ;
He's a kiss that loves to grow
Underneath the mistletoe ;
And he's forfeits, cards, and wassails,
And a king and queen with vassals,
All the " quizzes " of the time
Drawn and quarter'd with a rhyme ;
And then, for their revival's sake,
Lo ! he's an enormous cake,
With a sugar on the top
Seen before in many a shop,
Where the boys could gaze forever,
They think the cake so very clever.
Then, some morning, in the lurch
Leaving romps, he goes to church,
Looking very grave and thankful,
After which he's just as prankful,
Now a saint, and now a sinner,
But, above all, he's a dinner ;
He's a dinner, where you see
Everybody's family ;
Beef, and pudding, and mince-pies,
And little boys with laughing eyes,
Whom their seniors ask arch questions,
Feigning fears of indigestions

(As if they, forsooth, the old ones, : : : 77
 Hadn't, privately, tenfold ones) : 77
 He's a dinner and a fire,
 Heap'd beyond your hearts' desire—
 Heap'd with log, and bak'd with coals,
 Till it roasts your very souls,
 And your cheek the fire outstares,
 And you all push back your chairs,
 And the mirth becomes too great,
 And you all sit up too late,
 Nodding all with too much head,
 And so go off to too much bed.

O plethora of beef and bliss !
 Monkish feaster, sly of kiss !
 Southern soul in body Dutch !
 Glorious time of great Too-Much !
 Too much heat, and too much noise,
 Too much babblement of boys ;
 Too much eating, too much drinking,
 Too much ev'rything but thinking ;
 Solely bent to laugh and stuff,
 And trample upon base Enough.
 Oh, right is thy instinctive praise
 Of the wealth of Nature's ways !
 Right thy most unthrifty glee,
 And pious thy mince-piety !
 For, behold ! great Nature's self
 Builds her no abstemious shelf,
 But provides (her love is such
 For *all*) her own great, good Too-Much,—
 Too much grass, and too much tree,
 Too much air, and land, and sea,
 Too much seed of fruit and flower,
 And fish, an unimagin'd dower !
 (In whose single roe shall be
 Life enough to stock the sea—
 Endless ichthyophagy !)
 Ev'ry instant through the day

Worlds of life are thrown away ;
 Worlds of life, and worlds of pleasure,
 Not for lavishment of treasure,
 But because she's so immensely
 Rich, and loves us so intensely,
 She would have us, once for all,
 Wake at her benignant call,
 And all grow wise, and all lay down
 Strife, and jealousy, and frown,
 And, like the sons of one great mother,
 Share, and be blest, with one another.

RONDEAU.

JENNY kiss'd me when we met,
 Jumping from the chair she sat in ;
 Time, you thief, who love to get
 Sweets into your list, put that in :
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
 Say that health and wealth have miss'd me,
 Say I'm growing old, but add,
 Jenny kiss'd me.

ALBUMS.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF RUTHA QUILLINAN.

An Album ! This ! Why, 'tis for aught I see,
 Sheer wit, and verse, and downright poetry ;
 A priceless book incipient ; a treasure
 Of growing pearl ; a hoard for pride and pleasure ;
 A golden begging-box, which pretty Miss
 Goes round with, like a gipsy as she is,

From bard to bard, to stock her father's shelf,
Perhaps for cunning dowry to herself.

Albums are records, kept by gentle dames;
To show us that their friends can write their
names;
That Miss can draw, or brother John can write
"Sweet lines," or that they know a Mr. White.
The lady comes, with lowly grace upon her,
" 'Twill be so kind," and "do her book such
honour;"
We bow, smile, deprecate, protest, read o'er
The names to see what has been done before,
Wish to say something wonderful, but can't,
And write, with modest glory, "William Grant."
Johnson succeeds, and Thompson, Jones, and
Clarke,
And Cox with an original remark
Out of the Speaker;—then come John's "sweet
lines,"
Fanny's "sweet airs," and Jenny's "sweet de-
signs:"
Then Hobbs, Cobbs, Dobbs, Lord Strut, and Lady
Brisk,
And, with a flourish underneath him, Fisk.

Alas! why sit I here, committing jokes
On social pleasures and good-humour'd folks,
That see far better with their trusting eyes,
Than all the blinkings of the would-be wise?
Albums are, after all, pleasant inventions,
Make friends more friendly, grace one's good in-
tentions,
Brighten dull names, give great ones kinder looks,
Nay, now and then produce right curious books,
And make the scoffer (as it now does me)
Blush to look round on deathless company.

LOVE-LETTERS MADE OF FLOWERS.

ON A PRINT OF ONE OF THEM IN A BOOK.

AN exquisite invention this,
 Worthy of Love's most honied kiss,
 This art of writing *billet-doux*
 In buds, and odours, and bright hues !
 In saying all one feels and thinks
 In clever daffodils and pinks ;
 In puns of tulips ; and in phrases,
 Charming for their truth, of daisies ;
 Uttering, as well as silence may,
 The sweetest words the sweetest way.
 How fit too for the lady's bosom !
 The place where *billet-doux* repose 'em.

What delight, in some sweet spot
 Combining *love* with *garden* plot,
 At once to cultivate one's flowers
 And one's epistolary powers !
 Growing one's own choice words and fancies
 In orange tubs, and beds of pansies ;
 One's sighs, and passionate declarations
 In odorous rhetoric of carnations ;
 Seeing how far one's stocks will reach ;
 Taking due care one's flowers of speech
 To guard from blight as well as bathos,
 And watering, every day, one's pathos !

A letter comes, just gather'd. We
 Dote on its tender brilliancy ;
 Inhale its delicate expressions
 Of balm and pea, and its confessions
 Made with as sweet a *Maiden's Blush*
 As ever morn bedew'd on bush,
 (Tis in reply to one of ours,
 Made of the most convincing flowers,)

170 SONGS AND CHORUS OF THE FLOWERS.

Then after we have kiss'd its wit
And heart, in water putting it,
(To keep its remarks fresh,) go round
Our little eloquent plot of ground,
And with enchanted hands compose
Our answer, all of lily and rose,
Of tuberose and of violet,
And *Little Darling* (*Mignonette*)
Of *Look at me* and *Call me to you*
(Words, that while they greet, go through you),
Of *Thoughts*, of *Flames*, *Forget-me-not*,
Bridewort,—in short, the whole blest lot
Of vouchers for a life-long kiss,
And literally, breathing bliss.

SONGS AND CHORUS OF THE FLOWERS.

ROSES.

We are blushing *Roses*,
Bending with our fulness,
'Midst our close-capp'd sister buds,
Warming the green coolness.

Whatsoever of beauty
Yearns and yet reposes,
Blush, and bosom, and sweet breath,
Took a shape in roses.

Hold one of us lightly,—
See from what a slender
Stalk we bow'r in heavy blooms,
And roundness rich and tender.

Know you not our only
Rival flow'r—the human?
Loveliest weight on lightest foot,
Joy-abundant woman?

LILIES.

We are Lilies fair
The flower of virgin light ;
Nature held us forth, and said,
" Lo ! my thoughts of white."

Ever since then, angels
Hold us in their hands ;
You may see them where they take
In pictures their sweet stands.

Like the garden's angels
Also do we seem,
And not the less for being crown'd
With a golden dream.

Could you see around us
The enamour'd air,
You would see it pale with bliss
To hold a thing so fair.

VIOLETS.

We are violets blue,
For our sweetness found
Careless in the mossy shades,
Looking on the ground.
Love's dropp'd eyelids and a kiss,—
Such our breath and blueness is.

Io, the mild shape
Hidden by Jove's fears,
Found us first i' the sward, when she
For hunger stoop'd in tears.
" Wheresoe'er her lip she sets,"
Jove said, " be breaths call'd Violets."

SWEET-BRIAR.

Wild-rose, Sweet-briar, Eglantine,
 All these pretty names are mine;
 And scent in every leaf is mine,
 And a leaf for all is mine,
 And the scent—Oh, that's divine!
 Happy-sweet and pungent-fine,
 Pure as dew, and pick'd as wine.

As the rose in gardens dress'd
 Is the lady self-possess'd,
 I'm the lass in simple vest,
 The country lass whose blood's the best.
 Were the beams that thread the briar
 In the morn with golden fire
 Scented too, they'd smell like me,
 All Elysian pungency.

POPPIES.

We are slumberous poppies,
 Lords of Lethe downs,
 Some awake, and some asleep,
 Sleeping in our crowns.
 What perchance our dreams may know,
 Let our serious beauty show.

Central depth of purple,
 Leaves more bright than rose,
 Who shall tell what brightest thought
 Out of darkest grows?
 Who, through what funereal pain
 Souls to love and peace attain?

Visions aye are on us,
 Unto eyes of power,
 Pluto's alway setting sun,
 And Proserpine's bower:

There, like bees, the pale souls come
For our drink with drowsy hum.

Taste, ye mortals, also;
Milky-hearted, we;
Taste, but with a reverent care;
Active-patient be.
Too much gladness brings to gloom
Those who on the gods presume.⁴⁶

SONGS OF THE FLOWERS.

We are the sweet Flowers,
Born of sunny showers,
Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty saith:
Utterance mute and bright
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure, by our simple breath:
All who see us, love us;
We befit all places;
Unto sorrow we give smiles; and unto graces,
graces.

Mark our ways, how noiseless
All, and sweetly voiceless,
Though the March winds pipe to make our passage
clear;
Not a whisper tells
Where our small seed dwells,
Nor is known the moment green, when our tips
appear.
We thread the earth in silence,
In silence build our bowers,
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh atop,
sweet Flowers!

The dear lumpish baby,
 Humming with the May-bee,
 Hails us with his bright stare, stumbling 'through
 the grass ;
 The honey-dropping moon,
 On a night in June,
 Kisses our pale pathway leaves, that felt the bride-
 groom pass.
 Age, the wither'd clinger,
 On us mutely gazes,
 And wraps the thought of his last bed in his child-
 hood's daisies.

See, and scorn all duller
 Taste, how heav'n loves colour,
 How great Nature, clearly, joys in red and green ;
 What sweet thoughts she thinks
 Of violets and pinks,
 And a thousand flashing hues, made solely to be
 seen ;
 See her whitest lilies
 Chill the silver showers,
 And what a red mouth has her rose, the woman of
 the flowers !

Uselessness divinest
 Of a use the finest
 Painteth us, the teachers of the end of use ;
 Travellers weary-eyed
 Bless us far and wide ;
 Unto sick and prison'd thoughts we give sudden
 truce ;
 Not a poor town window
 Loves its sickliest planting,
 But its wall speaks loftier truth than Babylon's
 whole vaunting.

Sage are yet the uses
 Mix'd with our sweet juices

Whether man or may-fly profit of the balm ;
As fair fingers heal'd
Knights from the olden field,
We hold cups of mightiest force to give the wildest
calm.
E'en the terror Poison
Hath its plea for blooming ;
Life it gives to reverent lips, though death to the
presuming.

And oh ! our sweet soul-taker,
That thief the honey-maker,
What a house hath he, by the thymy glen !
In his talking rooms
How the feasting fumes,
Till his gold cups overflow to the mouths of men !
The butterflies come aping
Those fine thieves of ours,
And flutter round our rifled tops, like tickled
flowers with flowers.

See those tops, how beauteous !
What fair service duteous
Round some idol waits, as on their lord the Nine ?
Elfin court 'twould seem ;
And taught perchance that dream,
Which the old Greek mountain dreamt upon nights
divine.
To expound such wonder
Human speech avails not ;
Yet there dies no poorest weed, that such a glory
exhales not.

Think of all these treasures,
Matchless works and pleasures,
Every one a marvel, more than thought can say ;
Then think in what bright show'rs

Think of the mossy forests
 By the bee-birds haunted,
 And all those Amazonian plains, lone lying,
 enchanted.

Trees themselves are ours;
 Fruits are born of flowers;
 Peach and roughest nut were blossoms in the spring;
 The lusty bee knows well
 The news, and comes pell-mell,
 And dances in the bloomy thicks with darksome
 antheming.
 Beneath the very burthen
 Of planet-pressing ocean
 We wash our smiling cheeks in peace, a thought
 for meek devotion.

Tears of Phœbus,—missings
 Of Cytherea's kissings,
 Have in us been found, and wise men find them
 still;
 Drooping grace unfurls
 Still Hyacinthus' curls,
 And Narcissus loves himself in the selfish rill;
 Thy red lip, Adonis,
 Still is wet with morning;
 And the step that bled for thee, the rosy briar
 adorning.

Oh, true things are fables,
 Fit for sagest tables,
 And the flowers are true things, yet no fables they;
 Fables were not more
 Bright, nor lov'd of yore,
 Yet they grew not, like the flow'rs, by every old
 pathway.
 Grossest hand can test us;
 Fools may prize us never;
 Yet we rise, and rise, and rise, marvels sweet for-
 ever.

Who shall say that flowers
Dress not heav'n's own bowers?
Who its love, without them, can fancy,—or sweet
floor?
Who shall even dare
To say we sprang not there,
And came not down that Love might bring one
piece of heav'n the more?
Oh pray believe that angels
From those blue dominions
Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt their
golden pinions.,

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have
never
Been dead indeed,—as we shall know forever.
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths,—angels, that *are* to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air,—
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings,

BODRYDDAN.

TO THE MEMORY OF B. Y. AND A. M. D.

OUR fairest dreams are made of truths,
 Nymphs are sweet women, angels youths,
 And Eden was an earthly bower:
 Not that the heavens are false;—oh no!
 But that the sweetest thoughts that grow
 In earth, must have an earthly flower:
 Blest, if they know how sweet they are,
 And that earth also is a star.

I met a lady by the sea,
 A heart long known, a face desir'd;
 Who led me with sweet breathful glee
 To one that sat retir'd;—
 That sat retir'd in reverend chair,
 That younger lady's pride and care,
 Fading heav'nward beauteously
 In a long-drawn life of love,
 With smiles below and thoughts above:
 And round her play'd that fairy she,
 Like Impulse by Tranquillity.

And truly might they, in times old,
 Have deem'd her one of fairy mould
 Keeping some ancestral queen
 Deathless, in a bow'r serene;
 For oft she might be noticed walking
 Where the seas at night were talking;
 Or extracting with deep look
 Power from out some learned book;
 Or with pencil or with pen
 Charming the rapt thoughts of men:
 And her eyes! they were so bright,
 They seemed to dance with elfin light,

Playmates of pearly smiles, and yet
 So often and so sadly wet,
 That Pity wonder'd to conceive,
 How lady so belov'd could grieve.
 And oft would both those ladies rare,
 Like enchantments out of air,
 In a sudden show'r descend
 Of balm on want, or flow'rs on friend ;
 No matter how remote the place,
 For fairies laugh at time and space.
 From their hearts the gifts were given,
 As the light leaps out of heaven.

Their very house was fairy :—none
 Might find it without favour won
 For some great zeal, like errant-knight,
 Or want and sorrow's holy right ;
 And then they reach'd it by long rounds
 Of lanes between thick pastoral grounds
 Nest-like, and alleys of old trees,
 Until at last, in lawny ease,
 Down by a garden and its fountains,
 In the ken of mild blue mountains,
 Rose, as if exempt from death,
 Its many-centuried household breath.
 The stone-cut arms above the door
 Were such as earliest chieftains bore,
 Of simple gear, long laid aside ;
 And low it was, and warm and wide,—
 A home to love, from sire to son,
 By white-grown servants waited on.
 Hear a door opening breath'd of bowers
 Of ladies, who lead lives of flowers ;
 There, walls were books ; and the sweet witch,
 Painting, had there the rooms made rich
 With knights, and dames, and loving eyes
 Of heav'n-gone kindred, sweet and wise ;
 Of bishops, gentle as their lawn,
 And sires, whose talk was one May-dawn.

Last, on the rock, a crone's old grace
Look'd forth, like some enchanted face
That never slept, but in the night
Dinted the air with thoughtful might
Of sudden tongue which seem'd to say,
"The stars are firm, and hold their way."

Behold me now, like knight indeed,
Whose balmed wound had ceas'd to bleed,
Behold me in this green domain
Leading a palfrey by the rein,
On which the fairy lady sat
In magic talk, which men call "chat,"
Over mead, up hill, down dale,
While the sweet thoughts never fail,
Bright as what we pluck'd 'twixt whiles,
The mountain-ash's thick red smiles;
And aye she laugh'd, and talk'd, and rode,
And to blest eyes her visions show'd
Of nook, and tow'r, and mountain rare,
Like bosom, making mild the air;
And seats, endear'd by friend and sire,
Facing sunset's thoughtful fire.
And then, to make romances true,
Before this lady open flew
A garden gate; and lo! right in,
Where horse's foot had never been,
Rode she! The gard'ner with a stare
To see her threat his lilies fair,
Uncapp'd his bent old silver hair,
And seem'd to say, "My lady good
Makes all things right in her sweet mood."

O land of Druid and of Bard,
Worthy of bearded Time's regard,
Quick-blooded, light-voiced, lyric Wales,
Proud with mountains, rich with vales,
And of such valour that in th
Was born a third of chivalry,

(And is to come again, they say,
 Blowing its trumpets into day,
 With sudden earthquake from the ground,
 And in the midst, great Arthur crown'd,)
 I used to think of thee and thine
 As one of an old faded line
 Living in his hills apart,
 Whose pride I knew, but not his heart:—
 But now that I have seen thy face,
 Thy fields, and ever youthful race,
 And women's lips of rosiest word
 (So rich they open), and have heard
 The harp still leaping in thy halls,
 Quenchless as the waterfalls,
 I know thee full of pulse as strong
 As the sea's more ancient song,
 And of a sympathy as wide;
 And all this truth, and more beside,
 I should have known, had I but seen,
 O Flint, thy little shore; and been
 Where Truth and Dream walk, hand-in-hand,
 Bodryddan's living Fairy-land.

TO THE QUEEN.

AN OFFERING OF GRATITUDE ON HER MAJESTY'S
BIRTHDAY.

THE lark dwells lowly, Madam,—on the ground,—
 And yet his song within the heavens is found;
 The basest heel may wound him ere he rise,
 But soar he must, for love exalts his eyes.
 Though poor, his heart must loftily be spent,
 And he sings free, crown'd with the firmament.

A poet thus (if love and later fame
 May warrant him to wear that sacred name)

Hoped, in some pause of birthday pomp and power,
His carol might have reach'd the Sovereign's
bower;

Voice of a heart twice touch'd; once in its need;
Once by a kind word, exquisite indeed:
But Care, ungrateful to a host that long
Had borne him kindly, came and marr'd his song,
Marr'd it, and stopp'd, and in his envious soul
Dreamt it had ceas'd outright, and perish'd whole.
Dull god! to know not, after all he knew,
What the best gods, Patience and Love, can do.
The song was lamed, was lated, yet the bird
High by the lady's bower has still been heard,
Thanking that balm in need, and that delightful
word.

Blest be the queen! Blest when the sun goes
down;

When rises, blest. May Love line soft her crown.
May music's self not more harmonious be,
Than the mild manhood by her side and she.
May she be young forever—ride, dance, sing,
'Twixt cares of state carelessly carolling,
And set all fashions healthy, blithe, and wise,
From whence good mothers and glad offspring rise.
May everybody love her. May she be
As brave as will, yet soft as charity;
And on her coins be never laurel seen,
But only those fair peaceful locks serene,
Beneath whose waving grace first mingle now
The ripe Guelph cheek and good straight Coburgh
brow,

Pleasure and reason! May she, every day,
See some new good winning its gentle way
By means of mild and unforbidden men!
And when the sword hath bow'd beneath the pen,
May her own line a patriarch scene unfold
As far surpassing what these days behold
E'en in the thunderous gods, iron and steam,
As they the sceptic's doubt, or wild man's dream!

~~And to this end—oh! to this Christian end,~~
~~And the sure coming of its next great friend,~~
 May her own soul, this instant, while I sing,
 Be smiling, as beneath some angel's wing,
 O'er the dear life in life, the small, sweet, new,
 Unselfish self, the filial self of two,
 Bliss of her future eyes, her pillow'd gaze,
 On whom a mother's heart thinks close, and prays.

Your beadsman, Madam, thus, "in spite of sor-
 row,
 Bids at your window, like the lark, good morrow,

TO THE INFANT PRINCESS ROYAL.

WELCOME, bud beside the rose,
 On whose stem our safety grows ;
 Welcome, little Saxon Guelph ;
 Welcome for thine own small self ;
 Welcome for thy father, mother,
 Proud the one and safe the other ;
 Welcome to three kingdoms ; nay,
 Such is thy potential day,
 Welcome, little mighty birth,
 To our human star the earth.

Some have wish'd thee boy ; and some
 Gladly wait till boy shall come,
 Counting it a genial sign
 When a lady leads the line.
 What imports it, girl or boy ?
 England's old historic joy
 Well might be content to see
 Queens alone come after thee,—
 Twenty visions of thy mother
 Following sceptred, each the other,

Linking with their roses white
 Ages of unborn delight.
 What imports it who shall lead,
 So that the good line succeed ?
 So that love and peace feel sure
 Of old hate's discomfiture ?
 Thee appearing by the rose
 Safety comes, and peril goes ;
 Thee appearing, earth's new spring
 Fears no winter's " griesly king ;"
 Hope anew leaps up, and dances
 In the hearts of human chances :
 France, the brave, but too quick-blooded,
 Wisely has her threat re-studied ;
 England now, as safe as she
 From the strifes that need not be,
 And the realms thus hush'd and still,
 Earth with fragrant thought may fill,
 Growing harvests of all good,
 Day by day, as planet should,
 Till it clap its hands, and cry,
 Hail, matur'd humanity !
 Earth has outgrown want and war ;
 Earth is now no childish star.

But behold, where thou dost lie,
 Heeding nought, remote or nigh !
 Nought of all the news we sing
 Dost thou know, sweet ignorant thing ;
 Nought of planet's love, nor people's ;
 Nor dost hear the giddy steeples
 Carolling of thee and thine,
 As if heav'n had rain'd them wine ;
 Nor dost care for all the pains
 Of ushers and of chamberlains,
 Nor the doctor's learned looks,
 Nor the very bishop's books,
 Nor the lace that wraps thy chin,
 No, nor for thy rank, a pin.

E'en thy father's loving hand
 Nowise dost thou understand,
 When he makes thee feebly grasp
 His finger with a tiny clasp;
 Nor dost know thy very mother's
 Balmy bosom from another's,
 Though thy small blind lips pursue it,
 Nor the arms that draw thee to it,
 Nor the eyes, that, while they fold thee.
 Never can enough behold thee.
 Mother true and good has she,
 Little strong one, been to thee,
 Nor with listless in-door ways
 Weaken'd thee for future days;
 But has done her strenuous duty
 To thy brain and to thy beauty,
 Till thou cam'st, a blossom bright,
 Worth the kiss of air and light;
 To thy healthy self, a pleasure;
 To the world, a balm and treasure.

THREE VISIONS.

OCCASIONED BY THE BIRTH AND CHRISTENING OF THE
 PRINCE OF WALES.

O LOVE of thanks for gentle deeds,
 O sympathy with lowly needs,
 O claims of care, and balms of song,
 I fear'd ye meant to do me wrong,
 And let me fade with stifled heart,
 Ere time and I had leave to part;
 But waking lately in the morn,
 Just as a golden day was born,
 Lo the dull clouds, by sickness wrought,
 Began to break on heights of thought,

And fresh from out the Muse's sky . . .
 Three visions of a Queen had I ;
 Three in auspicious link benign ;
 One dear, one gorgeous, one divine !
 The first—(and let no spirit dare
 That vision with my soul to share,
 But such as know that angels spread
 Their wings above a mother's bed)---
 The first disclos'd her where she lay
 In pillow'd ease, that blessed day,
 Which just had made her pale with joy
 Of the wish'd-for, princely boy,
 Come to complete, and stamp with man,
 The line which gentler grace began.
 See, how they smooth her brows to rest,
 Faint, meek, yet proud, and wholly blest ;
 And how she may not speak the while
 But only sigh, and only smile,
 And press his pressing hand who vies
 In bliss with her beloved eyes.

Vanish'd that still and sacred room ;
 And round me, like a pomp in bloom,
 Was a proud chapel, heavenly bright
 With lucid glooms of painted light
 Hushing the thought with holy story,
 And flags that hung asleep in glory,
 And scutcheons of emblazon bold,
 The flowers of trees of memories old.
 And living human flowers were there,
 New colouring the angelic air ;
 Young beauties mix'd with warriors grey,
 And choristers in lily array,
 And princes, and the genial king
 With the wise companioning,
 And the mild manhood, by whose side
 Walks daily forth his two years' bride,
 And she herself, the rose of all,
 Who wears the world's first coronal,—

- She, lately in that bower of bliss,
 How simple and how still to this !
 Forever and anon there roll'd
 The gusty organ manifold,
 Like a golden gate of heaven
 On its hinges angel-driven
 To let through a storm and weight
 Of its throne's consenting's state ;
 Till the dreadful grace withdrew
 Into breath serene as dew,
 Comforting the ascending hymn
 With notes of softest seraphim.
 Then was call on Jesus mild ;
 And in the midst that new-born child
 Was laid within the lap of faith,
 While his prayer the churchman saith,
 And gifted with two loving names—
 One the heir of warlike fames,
 And one befitting sage new line
 Against the world grow more benign.

Like a bubble, children-blown,
 Then was all that splendour flown ;
 And in a window by the light
 Of the gentle moon at night,
 Talking with her love apart
 And her own o'erflowing heart,
 That queen and mother did I see
 Too happy for tranquillity ;
 Too generous-happy to endure
 The thought of all the woful poor
 Who that same night laid down their heads
 In mockeries of starving beds,
 In cold, in wet, disease, despair,
 In madness that will say no prayer ;
 With wailing infants, some ; and some
 By whom the little clay lies dumb ;
 And some, whom feeble love's excess,
 Through terror, tempts to murderousness.

And at that thought the big drops fell
 In pity for her people's woes ;
 And this glad mother and great queen
 Weeping for the poor was seen,
 And vowing in her princely will
 That they should thrive and bless her still.

And of these three fair sights of mine,
 That was the vision most divine.

LINES

ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCESS ALICE.

THOUGH the laurel's courtly bough
 Boast again its poet now,
 One with verse, too, calm and stately,
 Fit to sing of greatness greatly,
 Granted yet be one last rhyme
 To the muse that sang meantime,
 If for nought but to make known
 That she sang for love alone ;
 That she sang from out a heart
 Used to play no sordid part ;
 That howe'er a hope might rise,
 Strange to her unprosperous eyes,
 Ere the cloud came in between
 All sweet harvests and their queen,
 Still the faith was not the fee
 Nor gratitude expectancy.
 Oh ! the soul that never thought
 Meanly, when a throne it fought,
 Was it not as far above
 All that's mean, with one to love ?

Welcome then, fair new delight,
 Welcome to thy father's sight,
 Welcome to thy sister, brother,
 And thy sweet strong-hearted mother,
 (Faithful to all duties she
 That could prosper them and thee ;)
 Welcome, playmate of them all,
 Future grace of bower and hall,
 Queen perchance of some great land
 Whose kisses wait thy little hand.
 Thou art come in right good time,
 With the sweetest of the prime ;
 With the green trees and the flowers,
 Orchard blooms and sunny showers,
 And the cuckoo and the bee,
 And lark's angelic ecstasy,
 And the bird that speaks delight
 Into the close ear of night.

What a world, were human kind
 All of one instructed mind !
 What a world to rule, to please,
 To share 'twixt enterprise and ease !
 Graceful manners flowing round
 From the court's enchanted ground,
 Comfort keeping all secure,
 None too rich, and none too poor.

Thee, meantime, fair child of one
 Fit to see that golden sun,
 Thee may no worse lot befall
 Than a long life. April all ;
 Fuller, much, of hopes than fears,
 Kind in smiles and kind in tears,
 Graceful, cheerful, ever new,
 Heaven and earth both kept in view,
 While the poor look up and bless
 Thy celestial bounteousness.
 And, when all thy days are done,

And sadness views thy setting sun,
 Mayst thou greet thy mother's eyes,
 And endless May in Paradise.

RIGHT AND MIGHT.

ON BEING ASKED WHETHER I THOUGHT THAT
 MIGHT WAS RIGHT.

Thus far I do :—that Right of Might
 Springs but from something *per se* right,—
 Some health, strength, knowledge. To beat might,
 You must fight might with righter right.

But suppose might an infant smite,
 Would you call that a right of might ?
 Yes ; of the madman's teeth to bite.
 'Tis you, O world, must set that right
 With the great Might of Love and Light.

DOCTOR BAN;

OR,

QUESTION FOR QUESTION.

Terror's and wrath's brave champion, Doctor Ban,
 Scorning us holders to the loving plan,
 Asks if we "take God for a gentleman?"

The scandal of the question match who can !
 God's not, we own, to be defined by man ;
 But why must he resemble Doctor Ban ?

DREAM WITHIN DREAM;

OR,

A DREAM IN HEAVEN;

OR,

EVIL MINIMIZED.

WHAT evil would be, could it be, the Blest
 Are sometimes fain to know. They sink to rest,
 Dream for a moment's space of care and strife,
 Wake, stare, and smile, and *that* is human Life.⁴⁷

ODE TO THE SUN.

THE main object of this poem is to impress the beautiful and animating fact, that the greatest visible agent in our universe, the Sun, is also one of the most beneficent; and thus to lead to the inference, that spiritual greatness and goodness are in like proportion, and its Maker beneficence itself, through whatever apparent inconsistencies he may work. The Sun is at once the greatest Might and Right that we behold.

A secondary intention of the poem is to admonish the carelessness with which people in general regard the divinest wonders of the creation, in consequence of being used to their society—this great and glorious mystery, the Sun, not excepted. "Familiarity," it is said, "breeds contempt." To which somebody emphatically added—"With the contemptible." I am far from meaning to say that all who behold the Sun with too little thought are contemptible. Habit does strange things, even with the most reflecting. But of this I am sure, that in proportion as anybody wishes to prove himself worthy of his famil-

ininded of their greatness, especially as reverence should not diminish delight; for a heavenly "Father" can no more desire the admiration of him to be oppressive to us, than an earthly one; else fatherliness would be unfatherly, and sunshine itself a gloom.

When the Florentines crowded to some lectures of Galileo, because they were on a comet which had just made its appearance, the philosopher was bold enough to rebuke them for showing such a childish desire to hear him on this particular subject, when they were in the habit of neglecting the marvels of creation which daily presented themselves to their eyes.

Presence divine! Great lord of this our sphere!
Bringer of light, and life, and joy, and beauty,—

God midst a million gods, that far and near
Hold each his orbs in rounds of rapturous duty; 48

Oh never may I, while I lift this brow,
Believe in any god *less* like a god than thou.

Thou art the mightiest of all things we see,
And thou, the mightiest, art amongst the kindest;

The planets, dreadfully and easily,
About thee, as in sacred sport, thou windest;
And thine illustrious hands, for all that power,
Light soft on the babe's cheek, and nurse the budding flower.

They say that in thine orb is movement dire,
Tempest and flame, as on a million oceans:
Well may it be, thou heart of heavenly fire;
Such looks and smiles befit a god's emotions;
We know thee gentle in the midst of all,
By those smooth orbs in heaven, this sweet fruit on the wall.

I feel thee here, myself, soft on my hand;
Around me is thy mute, celestial presence;

Reverence and awe would make me fear to stand
 Within thy beam, were not all Good its essence :
 Were not all Good its essence, and from thence
 All good, glad heart deriv'd, and child-like con-
 fidence.

I know that there is Fear, and Grief, and Pain,
 Strange foes, though stranger guardian friends,
 of Pleasure :

I know that poor men lose, and rich men gain,
 Though oft th' unseen adjusts the seeming
 measure :

I know that Guile may teach, while Truth must
 bow,
 Or bear contempt and shame on his benignant
 brow.

But while thou sit'st, mightier than all, O Sun,
 And e'en when sharpest felt, still throned in
 kindness,

I see that greatest and that best are one,
 And that all else works tow'rd's it, though in
 blindness.

Evil I see, and Fear, and Grief, and Pain,
 Work under Good their lord, embodied in thy
 reign.

I see the molten gold darkly refine
 O'er the great sea of human joy and sorrow ;
 I hear the deep voice of a grief divine
 Calling sweet notes to some diviner morrow ;
 And though I know not how the two may
 part,
 I feel thy rays, O Sun, write it upon my heart.

Upon my heart thou writest it, as thou,
 Heart of these worlds, art writ on by a greater :
 Beam'd on with love from some still mightier
 brow,

Perhaps by that which waits some new re-
 lator ;
 Some amaz'd man, who sees new splendours
 driven
 Thick round a Sun of suns, and fears he looks at
 heaven.⁴⁹

'Tis easy for vain man, Time's growing child,
 To dare pronounce on thy material seeming :
 Heav'n, for its own good ends, is mute and mild
 To many a wrong of man's presumptuous
 dreaming.
 Matter, or mind, of either what knows he ?
 Or how with more than both thine orb divine may
 be ?

Art thou a god indeed ? or thyself heaven ?
 And do we taste thee here in light and
 flowers ?
 Art thou the first sweet place, where hearts, made
 even,
 Sing tender songs in earth-remembering
 bowers ?
 Enough, my soul. Enough through thee, O Sun,
 To learn the sure good song,—Greatest and Best
 are one.

Enough for man to work, to hope, to love,
 Copying thy zeal untir'd, thy smile unscorn-
 ing :
 Glad to see gods thick as the stars above,
 Bright with the God of gods' eternal morning ;
 Round about whom perchance endless they go,
 Ripening their earths to heavens, as love and wis-
 dom grow. „

TRANSLATIONS.

REAPPEARANCE OF ACHILLES ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE AFTER HIS LONG ABSENCE.

FROM HOMER.

Αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
Θεσπεσίῳ ἀλαλήτῳ ὑφ' Ἑκτορος ἀνδροφονοιοῖο
Φευγοντες, κ. τ. λ.

ILIAD, lib. 18, v. 148.

AND now the Greeks, with war-cries full of doom,
Flying from underneath the slaughterer Hector,
Had reached their ships and the Hellespont; nor
yet

Had they been able from the press to drag
Achilles' friend of friends, the dead Patroclus;
For men and horse, and Hector, Priam's son,
Followed him up, like the fierce strength of fire.

Thrice did great Hector drag him by the feet
Backward, and loudly shouted to the Trojans;
And thrice did the Ajaces, springy-strength'd,
Trust him away; yet still he kept his ground,
Sure of his strength; and now and then rushed on
Into the thick, and now and then stood still,
Shouting great shouts;—and not an inch gave he.

Find all their efforts vain to drive away
A starved and fiery lion from a carcase;
So found the two great-helmed chiefs, to scare
Hector, the son of Priam, from the dead.

And now he would have dragged him off, and
gained

Unspeakable praise, had not wind-footed Iris,
Bearing a secret message from Heaven's queen,
Come sweeping from Olympus' top to bid
Achilles arm him. Close to him she shot,
And thus accosted him in winged words:—

“Up, thou most overwhelming of mankind,
Pelides:—There's a dreadful roar of men
For thy friend's body at the ships, and thou
Must rescue him. They slay each other there,
Some in their rage to rescue the dead corpse,
And some to drag it to the windy towers
Of Ilium; the illustrious Hector most.
Already does he think to fix aloft
The head on spikes, cut from the gentle neck.
Up then, nor keep thee longer:—blush to think
What shame it will be to thee, should Patroclus
Be pastime for the teeth of howling dogs,
Or one irreverent thing come to the dead.”
To her the conquering-footed chief divine:—
“What god has sent thee to me, goddess Iris?”

And Iris the wind-footed thus replied:—
“Juno, the glorious bed-fellow of Jove;
Nor knows it he, the lofty-throned, nor any one
Of all that live about the snowy Olympus.”

And her again addressed the swift of foot:—
“But how am I to go into the press?
They are all armed; and my dear mother bade me
Wait, till I saw her with these eyes return

With beautiful arms from Vulcan ; for I know not
 What other glorious armour I could wear,
 Except the shield of Telamonian Ajax ;
 And he, I trust, crowds with the foremost, wasting
 About him with his spear for dead Patroclus."

And him again wind-footed Iris thus :—

" We know full well, that others have their arms ;
 But do thou, nevertheless, just as thou art,
 Go to the trench, and stand there, and be seen ;
 That from the fight the Trojans may hold back,
 Awe-stricken, and the Greeks have time to breathe."

" So saying, the rapid Iris disappeared."

But up Achilles rose, the loved of heaven ;
 And on his powerful shoulders Pallas cast
 Her bordered ægis ; and about his head
 She put the glory of a golden mist,
 From which there burnt a fiery-flaming light.
 And as when smoke goes heavenward from a town
 In some far island, which its foes besiege,
 Who all day long with dreadful martialness
 Have poured from their own town ;—soon as the
 sun

Has set, thick lifted fires are visible,
 Which, rushing upward, make a light in the sky,
 And let the neighbours know, who may perhaps
 Bring help across the sea ; so from the head
 Of great Achilles went up an effulgence.

Upon the trench he stood, without the wall,
 But mixed not with the Greeks, for he revered
 His mother's word ; and thus so, standing there,
 He shouted ; and Minerva, to his shout,
 Added a dreadful cry ; and there arose
 Among the Trojans an unspeakable tumult.
 And as the clear voice of a trumpet, blown
 Against a town by spirit-withering foes,
 So sprung the clear voice of Æacides.

And when they heard the brazen voice, their minds
 Were all awakened ; and the proud-maned horses
 Ran with the chariots round, for they foresaw
 Calamity ; and the charioteers were smitten,
 When they beheld the ever-active fire
 Upon the dreadful head of the great-minded one,
 Burning ; for bright-eyed Pallas made it burn.
 Thrice o'er the trench divine Achilles shouted ;
 And thrice the Trojans and their great allies
 Rolled back ; and twelve of all their noblest men
 Then perished, crushed by their own arms and
 chariots.

But from the throng the Greeks dragged forth
 Patroclus
 Fondly, and bore him off upon his bier ;
 And his old comrades came about him, weeping.
 Achilles joined them, pouring forth warm tears,
 When he beheld his true companion stretched
 Out on his funeral bed, torn with the spear ;
 For 'twas himself that sent him to the fight
 With horse and chariot, nor received him more.

PRIAM, IN ANGUISH AT THE LOSS OF HECTOR,
 AND GETTING READY TO GO AND RANSOM
 THE BODY, VENTS HIS TEMPER ON HIS SUB-
 JECTS AND CHILDREN.

FROM THE SAME.

Εἰρήετε, λωβητηρες, ελεγχεις' ου νυ και 'υμιν
 Οικοι ενεστι γοος, 'οτι μ' ηλθετε κηθησονταις

ILLAD, lib. 24, v. 239.

“OFF, with a plague, you scandalous multitude,
 Convicted knaves, have you not groans enough

At home, that thus you come oppressing me ?
Or am I mocked, because Saturnian Jove
Has smitten me, and taken my best boy ?
But ye shall feel, yourselves ; for ye will be
Much easier for the Greeks to rage among
Now he is gone ; but I, before I see
That time, and Troy laid waste and trampled on,
Shall have gone down into the darksome house."

So saying, with his stick he drove them off,
And they went out, the old man urged them so.
And he called out in anger to his sons,
To Helenus, and Paris, god-like Agathon,
And Pammon, and Antiphonus, and Polites,
Loud in the tumult, and Deiphobus,
Hippothous, and the admirable Dius ;—
These nine he gave his orders to, in anger :—

" Be quicker, do, and help me, evil children,
Down-looking set ! Would ye had all been killed,
Instead of Hector, at the ships. Oh me !
Curs'd creature that I am ! I had ` brave sons,
Here in wide Troy, and now I cannot say
That one is left me,—Mestor, like a god,
And Troilus, my fine-hearted charioteer,
And Hector, who, for mortal, was a god,
For he seemed born, not of a mortal man,
But of a god ; yet Mars has swept them all ;
And none but these convicted knaves are left me,
Liars and danciers, excellent time-beaters,
Notorious pilferers of lambs and goats !
Why don't ye get the chariot ready, and set
The things upon it here, that we may go ? "

He said ; and the young men took his rebuke
With awe, and brought the rolling chariot forth.



PRIAM AT THE FEET OF ACHILLES.

FROM THE SAME.

‘Ως ἀρα φωνήσας ἀπεβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὀλύμπου
 ‘Ερμείας Πριάμος δ’ ἐξίππων αἰγρο χεμαῖζε

ILLIAD, lib. 24, v. 468.

So saying, Mercury vanished up to heaven.
 And Priam then alighted from the chariot,
 Leaving Idæus with it, who remained
 Holding the mules and horses; and the old man
 Went straight in-doors, where the beloved of Jove,
 Achilles sat, and found him there within.
 The household sat apart; and two alone,
 The hero Automedon, and Alcimus,
 A branch of Mars, stood by him. They had been
 At meals, and had not yet removed the board.
 Great Priam came, without their seeing him,
 And kneeling down, he grasped Achilles' knees,
 And kissed those terrible hands, man-slaughtering,
 Which had deprived him of so many sons.
 And as a man, who is pressed heavily
 For having slain another, flies away
 To foreign lands, and comes into the house
 Of some great man, and is beheld with wonder;
 So did Achilles wonder, to see Priam;
 And the rest wondered, looking at each other.
 But Priam, praying to him, spoke these words:—

“God-like Achilles, think of thine own father,
 Who is, as I am, at the weary door
 Of age: and though the neighbouring chiefs may
 vex him,
 d he has none to keep his evils off,

Yet, when he hears that thou art still alive,
He gladdens inwardly ; and daily hopes
To see his dear son coming back from Troy.
But I, forbidden creature ! I had once
Brave sons in Troy, and now I cannot say
That one is left me. Fifty children had I,
When the Greeks came ; nineteen were of one
womb ;

The rest my women bore me in my house.
The knees of many of these fierce Mars has loos-
ened ;

And he who had no peer, Troy's prop and theirs,
Him hast thou killed now, fighting for his country,
Hector ; and for his sake am I come here
To ransom him, bringing a countless ransom.
But, thou, Achilles, fear the gods, and think
Of thine own father, and have mercy on me ;
For I am much more wretched, and have borne
What never mortal bore, I think, on earth,
To lift unto my mouth the hand of him
Who slew my boys."

He spoke ; and there arose
Sharp longing in Achilles for his father ;
And taking Priam by the hand, he gently
Put him away ; for both shed tears to think
Of other times ; the one, most bitter ones
For Hector, and with wilful wretchedness
Lay right before Achilles ; and the other,
For his own father now, and now his friend ;
And the whole house might hear them as they
moaned.

But when divine Achilles had refreshed
His soul with tears, and sharp desire had left
His heart and limbs, he got up from his throne,
And raised the old man by the hand, and took
Pity on his grey head and his grey chin.

MERCURY GOING TO THE CAVE OF CALYPSO.

FROM THE SAME.

‘Ως εφ’ατ’ οὐδ’ ἀκίθησε διακτορος Ἀργεῖφοντος·
 Ἀντικ’ ἐπειθ’ ὑπο ποσσὶν εἰσησάτο καλά πεδύλα,
 Ἀμβροσία, χρυσεῖα·

ODYSSE. lib. 5, v. 43.

HE said ; and straight the herald Argicide
 Beneath his feet the feathery sandals tied,
 Immortal, golden, that his flight could bear
 O'er seas and lands, like waftage of the air ;
 His rod, too, that can close the eyes of men
 In balmy sleep, and open them again,
 He took, and holding it in hand, went flying ;
 Till from Pieria's top the sea descrying,
 Down to it sheer he dropp'd, and scoured away
 Like the wild gull, that fishing o'er the bay
 Flaps on, with pinions dipping in the brine ;
 So went on the far sea the shape divine.

And now arriving at the isle, he springs
 Oblique, and landing with subsided wings,
 Walks to the cavern 'twixt the tall green rocks,
 Where dwelt the Goddess with the lovely locks.
 He paus'd ; and there came on him, as he stood,
 A smell of citron and of cedar wood,
 That threw a perfume all about the isle ;
 And she within sat spinning all the while,
 And sang a lovely song, that made him hark and
 smile.

A sylvan nook it was, grown round with trees,

1. White
 2. On
 3. So
 4. High
 5. And

Aug. 1911

It is!
His voice
sides
best
much

Praz. What no!
And so you are come at last! A seat here, Eunoe,
And set a cushion.

Eun. There is one.

Praz. Sit down!

Gor. Oh, what a thing's a spirit! Do you know
I've scarcely got alive to you, Praxinoe,
There's such a crowd, such heaps of four-horse
chariots,

And creaking shoes, and military cloaks,
And then you live such an immense way off.

Praz. Why 'twas his shabby doing; he would
take

This hole that he calls house, at the world's end.
'Twas all to spite me, and to part us two.

Gor. Don't talk so of your husband, there's a
dear,
Before the little one; see how he looks at you.

Praz. There, cheer up, child; cheer up, Zopy-
rion, sweet;

I don't mean your papa.

Gor. (*aside.*) He understands though,
By the Adorable! (*aloud.*) No, nice papa!

Praz. Well, this papa (*softly, let us talk softly*)
Going to buy rouge and saltpetre for us,
Comes bringing salt! The great big simpleton!

Gor. And there's my money-waster Dioclides;
He gave for five old dog's hair fleeces, yesterday,
Ten drachmas!—for mere dirt! Trash upon
trash!

But come, put on your button-vest and cloak,
And let us go and see the spectacle
Of great King Ptolemy;—the Queen, they say,
Has made it a fine thing.

Praz. Ay, luck has luck.
Tell me then all you've seen and heard of it,
For I've seen nothing.

~~Puss~~ Some water, Eunoe; and then, my fine
~~young~~ ~~one~~,
 To take your rest again! Puss loves good lying.

Come, move, girl, move! some water,—water first.
 Look how she brings it! Now then;—hold, hold,
 careless;

Not quite so fast, you're wetting all my gown!
 There, that'll do. Now please the Gods I'm
 washed.

The key of the great chest; where's that? go fetch
 it.

Gor. Praxinoe, that plaited vest of yours
 Becomes you mightily. What did it cost you?

Prax. Oh don't remind me, Gorgo;—more than
 one

Or two good minas,—besides time and trouble.

Gor. And yet you seemed to have forgotten it.

Prax. Ah, ha; that's true;—that's very good.—

(*To Eunoe.*) Here, fetch me

My cloak and hood; and help them on now, prop-
 erly.

(*To the little boy.*) Child, child, you cannot go; the
 horse will bite it,—

The horrid woman's coming!—Well then, well,

Cry, if you will; but you must not get lamed.

Come, Gorgo. Phrygia, take the child and play
 with him;

And call the dog in doors, and lock the gate.

[*They go out.*]

Powers, what a crowd! how shall we get along!

Why, they're like ants? countless! immeasurable!

Well, Ptolemy, you've done fine things, that's cer-
 tain,

Since the Gods took your father. No one now-a-
 days

Does harm to travellers, as they used to do

After the Egyptian fashion, lying in wait,—

Masters of nothing but detestable tricks,

And all alike, a set of cheats and brawlers.—

Gorgo, my sweetest friend, what will become of us?
Here are the king's horse-guards! Pray, my good
man,

Don't tread upon me so. See the bay horse!
Look, how it rears! It's like a great mad dog!
How you stand, Eunoe!—It will throw him cer-
tainly.

How lucky that I left the child at home!

Gor. Courage, Praxinoe;—we're behind them
now;

They're gone into the court-yard.

Prax. And I'm well again.

I never could abide from infancy

A horse and a cold snake.

Gor. (addressing an old woman.) From court,
mother?

Old Wom. Yes, children.

Gor. Is it easy to get in, pray?

Old Wom. (passing briskly.) The Greeks got
into Troy. Every thing's done,

By trying, sweetest.

Gor. How she bustles off!

Why the old woman's quite oracular,

But women must know every thing,—even how
Jupiter

Took to wife Juno. See, Praxinoe,

How the gate's crowded!

Prax. Frightfully indeed!

Give me your hand, dear Gorgo; and do you,

Hold fast of Eutycheis's, Eunoe;

Don't let her go; don't stir an inch; and so

We'll all squeeze in together. Stick close, Eunoe.

Oh me! oh me! my veil's torn right in two!

Do take care, my good man, and mind my cloak.

Man. 'Twas not my fault;—but I'll take care.

Prax. What heaps!

They drive like pigs.

Man. Courage, my girl. All's safe.

Prax. Blessings upon you, Sir, now and forever,

For taking care of us.—A good, kind soul !
 How Eunoe squeezes us ! Do, child, make way
 For your own self. There,—now we're all got in,
 As the man said when he turned the key on his bride.

Gor. Praxinoe, do look here ;—what lovely tap-
 estry ;
 How fine and graceful ! One would think the Gods
 did it.

Prax. Holy Minerva ! How those artists work !
 How they do paint their pictures to the life !
 The figures stand so like, and move so like !
 They're quite alive ! not worked !—Well, certainly
 Man's a wise thing. And look how wonderful,
 He lies there on his silver couch, all budding
 With the young down about his face ;—Adonis,
 Charming Adonis, charming ev'n in Acheron !

2d Man. Do hold your tongues there,—chatter,
 chatter, chatter :
 The turtles stun one with their yawning gabble.⁵¹

Gor. Hey day, whence comes the man ! What
 is't to you,
 If we do chatter ? Rule where you've a right.
 You don't rule Syracusans ; and for that,
 Our people are from Corinth, like Bellerophon.
 Our tongue's Peloponnesiac ; and we hope
 It's lawful for the Dorians to speak Doric !

Prax. We've but one master, by the Honey-
 sweet !⁵²
 And don't fear you, nor all your empty blows.

Gor. Hush, hush, Praxinoe ;—there's the Gre-
 cian girl,
 A most accomplished creature, going to sing
 About Adonis ; she that sings so well
 The song of Sperchis ; she'll sing something fine,
 I warrant :—see, how sweetly she prepares !

THE SONG.

O lady, who dost take delight
 In Golgos and the Erycian height,

And in the Italian dell,
 Venus, ever amiable ;
 Lo, the long-expected Hours,
 Slowest of the blessed powers,
 Yet who bring us something ever,
 Ceasing their soft danc'ing never,
 Bring thee back thy beauteous one
 From perennial Acheron.
 Thou, they say, from earth hast given
 Berenice place in heaven,
 Dropping to her woman's heart
 Ambrosia ; and for this kind part,
 Berenice's daughter,—she
 That's Helen-like,—Arsinoe,
 O thou many-named and shrined,
 Is to thy Adonis kind.
 He has all the fruits that now
 Hang upon the timely bough :
 He has green young garden-plots,
 Basketed in silver pots ;
 Syrian scents in alabaster ;
 And whate'er a curious taster
 Could desire, that woman make
 With oil or honey, of meal cake ;
 And all shapes of beast or bird,
 In the woods by huntsman stirred ;
 And a bower to shade his state
 Heaped with dill, an amber weight ;
 And about him, Cupids flying,
 Like young nightingales, that trying
 Their new wings, go half afraid,
 Here and there within the shade.
 See the gold ! The ebony see !
 And the eagles in ivory,
 Bearing the young Trojan up
 To be filler of Jove's cup ;
 And the tapestry's purple heap,
 Softer than the feel of sleep ;—
 Artists, contradict who can,

Samian or Milesian.
 But another couch there is
 For Adonis, close to his ;
 Venus has it and with joy
 Clasps again her blooming boy
 With a kiss that feels no fret,
 For his lips are downy yet.
 Happy with her love be she,
 But to-morrow morn will we
 With our locks and garments flowing,
 And our bosoms gently showing,
 Come and take him, in a throng,
 To the sea-shore with this song :—

Go, belov'd Adonis, go
 Year by year thus to and fro ;
 Only privileged demigod ;
 There was no such open road
 For Atrides ; nor the great
 Ajax, chief infuriate ;
 Nor for Hector, noblest once
 Of his mother's twenty sons ;
 Nor Patroclus, nor the boy
 That returned from taken Troy ;
 Nor those older buried bones,
 Lapiths and Deucalions ;
 Nor Pelopians, and their boldest ;
 Nor Pelasgians, Greece's oldest.
 Bless us then, Adonis dear ;
 And bring us joy another year ;
 Dearly hast thou come again,
 And dearly shalt be welcomed then.

Gor. Praxinoe, what a blessed thing it is !
 What a wise creature ! what a fine sweet voice !
 'Tis time to go though ; for there's Dioclide's
 Has not yet had his dinner ; and you'd best
 Not come before him when he wants it much.
 Farewell, Adonis dear ; and come again.,

THE INFANT HERCULES AND THE SERPENTS.

FROM THE SAME.

JUNO, jealous of the child which Jupiter has had by Alcmena, sends two dreadful serpents to devour the boy. The serpents come upon him, while he and his half-brother Iphiclus, the son of Amphitryon, are sleeping together. Iphiclus, the child of the mortal father, is terrified: Hercules, the infant demi-god, seizes and destroys them, as if they were living playthings. His mother consults the prophet Tiresias on the occasion, and is told of her son's future renown.

YOUNG Hercules had now beheld the light
Only ten months, when once upon a night,
Alcmena, having wash'd, and given the breast
To both her heavy boys, laid them to rest.
Their cradle was a noble shield of brass,
Won by her lord from slaughtered Pterelas.
Gently she laid them down, and gently laid
Her hand on both their heads, and yearn'd, and
said,
"Sleep, sleep, my boys, a light and pleasant sleep;
My little souls, my twins, my guard and keep!
Sleep happy, and wake happy!" And she kept
Rocking the mighty buckler, and they slept.

At midnight, when the Bear went down, and
broad
Orion's shoulder lit the starry road,
There came, careering through the opening halls,
On livid spires, two dreadful animals—
Serpents; whom Juno, threatening as she drove,
Had sent there to devour the boy of Jove.
Orbing their blood-fed bellies in and out,
They tower'd along; and as they look'd about,

An evil fire out of their eyes came lamping;
A heavy poison dropt about their champing.

And now they have arriv'd, and think to fall
To their dread meal, when lo! (for Jove sees all)
The house is lit, as with the morning's break,
And the dear children of Alcmena wake.
The younger one, as soon as he beheld
The evil creatures coming on the shield,
And saw their loathsome teeth, began to cry
And shriek, and kick away the clothes, and try
All his poor little instincts of escape;
The other, grappling, seized them by the nape
Of either poisonous neck, for all their twists,
And held, like iron, in his little fists.
Buckled and bound he held them, struggling wild;
And so they wound about the boy, the child,
The long-begetting boy, the suckling dear,
That never teased his nurses with a tear.

Tir'd out at length, they trail their spires and
gasp,
Lock'd in that young indissoluble *grasp*.

Alcmena heard the noise, and "Wake," she cried,
"Amphitryon, wake; for terror holds me tied!
Up; stay not for the sandals: hark! the child,
The youngest—how he shrieks! The babe is wild:
And see, the walls and windows! 'Tis as light
As if 'twere day, and yet 'tis surely night.
There's something dreadful in the house; there is
Indeed, dear husband!" He arose at this;
And seiz'd his noble sword, which overhead
Was always hanging at the cedar-bed:
The hilt he grasp'd in one hand, and the sheath
In t'other; and drew forth the blade of death.

All in an instant, like a stroke of doom,
Returning midnight smote upon the room.

Amphitryon call'd ; and woke from heavy sleep
 His household, who lay breathing hard and deep ;
 " Bring lights here from the hearth ! lights, lights ;
 and guard
 The doorways ; rise, ye ready labourers hard ! "

He said ; and lights came pouring in, and all
 The busy house was up, in bower and hall ;
 But when they saw the little suckler, how
 He grasp'd the monsters, and with earnest brow
 Kept beating them together, plaything-wise,
 They shriek'd aloud ; but he with laughing eyes,
 Soon as he saw Amphitryon, leap'd and sprung
 Childlike, and at his feet the dead disturbers flung.

Then did Alcmena to her bosom take
 Her feebler boy, who could not cease to shake.
 The other son Amphitryon took and laid
 Beneath a fleece ; and so return'd to bed.

Soon as the cock, with his thrice-echoing cheer,
 Told that the gladness of the day was near,
 Alcmena sent for old, truth-uttering
 Tiresias ; and she told him all this thing,
 And bade him say what she might think and do ;
 " Nor do thou fear," said she, " to let me know,
 Although the mighty gods should meditate
 Aught ill ; for man can never fly from Fate.
 And thus thou seest " (and here her smiling eyes
 Look'd through a blush) " how well I teach the
 wise."

So spoke the queen. Then he with glad old
 tone ;
 " Be of good heart, thou blessed bearing one,
 True blood of Perseus ; for by my sweet sight,
 Which once divided these poor lids with light,
 Many Greek women, as they sit and weave
 The gentle thread across their knees at eve,

Shall sing of thee and thy beloved name;
 Thou shalt be blest by every Argive dame:
 For unto this thy son it shall be given,
 With his broad heart to win his way to heaven;
 Twelve labours shall he work; and all accurst
 And brutal things o'erthrow, brute men the worst;
 And in Trachinia shall the funeral pyre
 Purge his mortalities away with fire;
 And he shall mount amid the stars, and be
 Acknowledg'd kin to those who envied thee,
 And sent these den-born shapes to crush his des-
 tiny."

GREEK PRETENDERS TO PHILOSOPHY DESCRIBED.

FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

(The original is in similar compound words.)

LOFTY-brow-flourishers,
 Nose-in-beard-wallowers,
 Bag-and-beard-nourishers,
 Dish-and-all-swallowers;
 Old-cloak-investitors,
 Barefoot-lookfashioners,
 Night-private-feasteaters,
 Craft-lucubrationers;
 Youth-cheaters, word-catchers, vainglorysophers,
 Such are such seekers of virtue, philosophers.

CUPID SWALLOWED

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE SAME.

TOTHER day as I was twining
 Roses, for a crown to dine in,
 What, of all things, 'midst the heap
 Should I light on, fast asleep,
 But the little desperate elf,
 The tiny traitor, Love himself !
 By the wings I pinch'd him up
 Like a bee, and in a cup
 Of my wine I plung'd and sank him,
 And what d'ye think I did ?—I drank him.
 'Faith, I thought him dead. Not he !
 There he lives with tenfold glee ;
 And now this moment with his wings
 I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

CATULLUS'S RETURN HOME

TO THE PENINSULA OF SIRMIO.

O BEST of all the scatter'd spots that lie
 In sea or lake,—apple of landscape's eye,—
 How gladly do I drop within thy nest,
 With what a sight of full contented rest,
 Scarce able to believe my journey o'er,
 And that these eyes behold thee safe once more !
 Oh, where's the luxury like the smile at heart,
 When the mind, breathing, lays its load apart,—
 When we come home again, tir'd out, and spread
 The loosen'd limbs o'er all the wish'd-for bed !
 This, this alone is worth an age of toil.

Hail, lovely Sirmio ! Hail, paternal soil !
Joy, my bright waters, joy ; your master's come !
Laugh, every dimple on the cheek of home !

EPITAPH ON EROTION.

FROM MARTIAL.

UNDERNEATH this greedy stone
Lies little sweet Erotion ;
Whom the Fates, with hearts as cold,
Nipp'd away at six years old.
Thou, whoever thou may'st be,
That hast this small field after me,
Let the yearly rites be paid
To her little slender shade ;
So shall no disease or jar
Hurt thy house, or chill thy Lar ;
But this tomb here be alone,
The only melancholy stone.

THE JOVIAL PRIEST'S CONFESSION.

THERE is already an imitation by Mr. Huddesford of the following reverend piece of wit ; and one of the passages in it beats any thing in the present version. It is the beginning of the last stanza,—

Mysterious and prophetic truths
I never could unfold 'em,
Without a flagon of good wine,
And a slice of cold ham.

The translation here offered to the reader is intended to be a more literal picture of the original, and to retain more of its intermixture of a grave and churchman—li¹

style. The original is preserved in the *Recesses* of the learned Camden, who says, in his pleasant way, that "Walter de Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford, who, in the time of King Henry the Second, filled England with his merriments, confessed his love to good liquor in this manner" :—

I DEVISE to end my days—in a tavern drinking ;
 May some Christian hold for me—the glass when I
 am shrinking ;
 That the Cherubim may cry—when they see me
 sinking,
 God be merciful to a soul—of this gentleman's way
 of thinking.

A glass of wine amazingly—enlighteneth one's in-
 ternals ;
 'Tis wings bedewed with nectar—that fly up to
 supernals ;
 Bottles cracked in taverns—have much the sweeter
 kernels,
 Than the sups allowed to us—in the college jour-
 nals.

Every one by nature hath—a mould which he was
 cast in ;
 I happen to be one of those—who never could write,
 fasting ;
 By a single little boy—I should be surpass'd in
 Writing so : I'd just as lief—be buried, tomb'd and
 grass'd in.

Every one by nature hath—a gift too, a dotation :
 I, when I make verses,—do get the inspiration
 Of the very best of wine—that comes into the
 nation :
 It maketh sermons to abound—for edification.

Just as liquor floweth good—floweth forth my lay
 so ;

But I must moreover eat—or I could not say so ;
 Nought it availeth inwardly—should I write all day
 so ;
 But with God's grace after meat—I beat Ovidius
 Naso.

Neither is there given to me—prophetic animation,
 Unless when I have eat and drank—yea, ev'n to
 saturation ;
 Then in my upper story—bath Bacchus domina-
 tion,
 And Pœbus rusheth into me, and beggareth all
 relation.

SONG OF FAIRIES ROBBING AN ORCHARD.

FROM SOME LATIN VERSES IN THE OLD ENGLISH DRAMA
 OF "AMYNTAS, OR THE IMPOSSIBLE DOWRY."

WE the Fairies, blithe and antic,
 Of dimensions not gigantic,
 Though the moonshine mostly keep us,
 Oft in orchards frisk and peep us.

Stolen sweets are always sweeter,
 Stolen kisses much completer,
 Stolen looks are nice in chapels,
 Stolen, stolen be your apples.

When to bed the world are bobbing,
 Then 's the time for orchard robbing ;
 Yet the fruit were scarce worth peeling
 Were it not for stealing, stealing.

PLATO'S ARCHETYPAL MAN.

ACCORDING TO THE IDEA OF IT ENTERTAINED
BY ARISTOTLE.

FROM THE LATIN OF MILTON.

SAY, guardian goddesses of woods,
Aspects felt in solitudes,
And Memory, at whose blessed knee
The Nine, which thy dear daughters be,
Learnt of the majestic past ;
And thou, that in some antre vast
Leaning afar off dost lie,
Otiose Eternity,
Keeping the tablets and decrees
Of Jove, and the ephemerides
Of the gods, and calendars
Of the ever festal stars ;
Say, who was he, the sunless shade,
After whose pattern man was made ;
He first, the full of ages, born
With the old pale polar morn,
Sole, yet all ; first visible thought,
After which the Deity wrought ?
Twin-birth with Pallas, not remain
Doth he in Jove's o'ershadow'd brain,
But though of wide communion,
Dwells apart, like one alone,
And fills the wondering embrace
(Doubt it not) of size and place.
Whether, companion of the stars,
With their tenfold round he errs ;
Or inhabits with his lone
Nature in the neighbouring moon ;
Or sits with body-waiting souls,
Dozing by the Lethæan pools :—

Or whether, haply, placed afar
 In some blank region of our star,
 He stalks, an unsubstantial heap,
 Humanity's giant archetype ;
 Where a loftier bulk he rears
 Than Atlas, grappler of the stars,
 And through their shadow-touch'd abodes
 Brings a terror to the gods.
 Not the seer of him had sight,
 Who found in darkness depths of light ;⁵³
 His travell'd eyeballs saw him not
 In all his mighty gulphs of thought :—
 Him the farthest-footed god,
 Pleiad Mercury, never showed
 To any poet's wisest sight
 In the silence of the night :—
 News of him the Assyrian priest⁵⁴
 Found not in his sacred list,
 Though he traced back old king Nine,
 And Belus, elder name divine,
 And Osiris, endless famed.
 Not the glory, triple-named,
 Thrice great Hermes, though his eyes
 Read the shapes of all the skies,
 Left him in his sacred verse
 Reveal'd to Nature's worshippers.

O Plato ! and was this a dream
 Of thine in bowery Academe ?
 Wert thou the golden tongue to tell
 First of this high miracle,
 And charm him to thy schools below ?
 O call thy poets back, if so :⁵⁵
 Back to the state thine exiles call,
 Thou greatest fabler of them all ;
 Or follow through the self-same gate,
 Thou, the founder of the state.

PAULO AND FRANCESCA

FROM DANTE.

IN THE TRIPLE RHYME OF THE ORIGINAL.

In the fifth circle of his imaginary Hell, (through which he is conducted by the spirit of Virgil,) Dante sees the souls of Paris and Helen, of Semiramis, Cleopatra, Tristan, and other personages, real and fabulous, who had given way to carnal passions. Among them he observes those of two lovers, whose tragical end had afflicted the house of his friend and patron, Guido Novello da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna. He asks permission to speak with them; and out of excess of pity at the recital of their story, falls like a man struck dead.

This is the beautiful and affecting passage in Dante, on which the author of the present volume, when a young man, ventured to found the *Story of Rimini*. He introduces it in the volume for the purpose of enriching his *Stories in Verse*, for even a translation cannot hinder it from doing that. Stories are told in many ways in going from mouth to mouth; and the reader will be good enough to consider the *Story of Rimini* as a detail of the particulars of a domestic event, given by a young man out of the interest which he has taken in what he has heard, but with no thought of competing in point of effect, or in any other point, with the wonderful summary, in the shape of which he first heard it.

To recur to an illustration of another sort, he will add, from his *Autobiography*, that the "design" of his poem is "altogether different in its pretensions." It is "a picture, by an immature hand, of sunny luxuriance overclouded; not of a cloud, no less brief than beautiful, crossing the gulfs of Tartarus. Those who, after having seen lightning, will tolerate no other effect of light, have a right to say so, and may have the highest critical reason on their side; but those who will do otherwise have perhaps more; for they can enjoy lightning, and a bask in the sunshine too."

SCARCE had I learnt the names of all that press
Of knights and dames, than I beheld a sight
Nigh reft my wits for very tenderness,

"O guide!" I said, "fain would I, if I might,
Have speech with yonder pair, that hand in hand
Seem borne before the dreadful wind so light."

"Wait," said my guide, "until thou seest their
band
Sweep round. Then beg them, by that love, to
stay;
And they will come, and hover where we stand."

Anon the whirlwind flung them round that
way;
And then I cried, "Oh, if I ask nought ill,
Poor weary souls, have speech with me, I pray."

As doves, that leave some bevy circling still,
Set firm their open wings, and through the air
Sweep homewards, wafted by their pure good
will;

So broke from Dido's flock that gentle pair,
Cleaving, to where we stood, the air malign;
Such strength to bring them had a loving prayer.

The female spoke. "O living soul benign!"
She said, "thus, in this lost air, visiting
Us, who with blood stain'd the sweet earth divine;

"Had we a friend in heaven's eternal King,
We would beseech him keep thy conscience clear,
Since to our anguish thou dost pity bring.

"Of what it pleaseth thee to speak and hear,
To that we also, till this lull be o'er
That falleth now, will speak and will give ear.

"The place where I was born is on the shore,
Where Po brings all his rivers to depart
In peace, and fuse them with the ocean floor.

"Love, that soon kindleth in a gentle heart;
Seiz'd him thou look'st on for the form and face;
Whose end still haunts me like a rankling dart."

"Love, which by love will be denied no grace,
Gave me a transport in my turn so true,
That lo! 'tis with me, even in this place."

"Love brought us to one grave. The hand that
slew,
Is doom'd to mourn us in the pit of Cain."
Such were the words that told me of those two.

Downcast I stood, looking so full of pain
To think how hard and sad a case it was,
That my guide ask'd what held me in that vein.

His voice arous'd me; and I said, "Alas!
All their sweet thoughts then, all the steps that
led
To love, but brought them to this dolorous pass."

Then turning my sad eyes to theirs, I said,
"Francesca, see—these human cheeks are wet—
Truer and sadder tears were never shed.

"But tell me. At the time when sighs were
sweet,
What made thee strive no longer?—hurried thee
To the last step where bliss and sorrow meet?"

"There is no greater sorrow," answer'd she,
"And this thy teacher here knoweth full well,
Than calling to mind joy in misery.

"But since thy wish be great to hear us tell
How we lost all but love, tell it I will,
As well as tears will let me. It befell,

"One day, we read how Lancelot gazed his fill
At her he lov'd, and what his lady said.
We were alone, thinking of nothing ill.

"Oft were our eyes suspended as we read,
And in our cheeks the colour went and came;
Yet one sole passage struck resistance dead.

"'Twas where the lover, moth-like in his flame,
Drawn by her sweet smile, kiss'd it. O then, he
Whose lot and mine are now for aye the same,

"All in a tremble, on the mouth kiss'd me.
The book did all. Our hearts within us burn'd
Through that alone. That day no more read we."

While thus one spoke, the other spirit mourn'd
With wail so woful, that at his remorse
I felt as though I should have died. I turn'd

Stone-stiff; and to the ground, fell like a corse,

UGOLINO AND HIS CHILDREN.

FROM THE SAME.

In the ninth, or frozen circle of his Hell, Dante is shown the embodied spirits of traitors. Among them is Count Ugolino, who betrayed Pisa to the Florentines, horribly feeding on the skull of Archbishop Ruggieri, who was said to have shut up the Count with his four children in a tower, and starved them all to death. Dante interrogates Ugolino, and is told his dreadful story.

QUITTING the traitor Bocca's barking soul,⁵⁶
We saw two more, so iced up in one hole,
That the one's visage capp'd the other's head;
And as a famish'd man devoureth bread,

So rent the top one's teeth the skull below,
 'Twixt nape and brain. Tydeus, as stories show,
 Thus to the brain of Menalippus ate;⁵⁷
 "O thou!" I cried, "showing such bestial hate,
 To him thou tearest, read us whence it rose;
 That, if thy cause be juster than thy foe's,
 The world, when I return, knowing the truth,
 May of thy story have the greater ruth."

His mouth he lifted from his dreadful fare,
 That sinner, wiping it with the gray hair
 Whose roots he had laid waste; and thus he
 said:—

"A desperate thing thou askest; what I dread
 Even to think of. Yet, to sow a seed
 Of infamy to him on whom I feed,
 Tell it I will:—ay, and thine eyes shall see
 Mine own weep all the while for misery.
 Who thou mayst be, I know not; nor can dream
 How thou cam'st hither; but thy tongue doth
 seem

To show thee, of a surety, Florentine.
 Know then, that I was once Count Ugoline,
 And this man was Ruggieri, the archpriest.
 Still thou mayst wonder at my raging feast;
 For though his snares be known, and how his key
 He turn'd upon my trust, and murder'd me,
 Yet what the murder was, of what strange sort
 And cruel, few have had the true report.

Hear then, and judge.—In the tower, called
 since then

The Tower of Famine, I had lain and seen
 Full many a moon fade through the narrow bars,
 When, in a dream one night, mine evil stars
 Show'd me the future with its dreadful face.
 Methought this man led a great lordly chase
 Against a wolf and cubs, across the height
 Which barreth Lucca from the Pisan's sight.

Lean were the hounds, high-bred, and sharp for
 wolf blood;

And foremost in the press Gualandi rode,
 Lanfranchi, and Sismondi.⁵⁸ Soon were seen
 The father and his sons, those wolves I mean,
 Limping; and by the hounds all crush'd and torn :
 And as the cry awoke me in the morn,
 I heard my children, while they dozed in bed
 (For they were with me), wail, and ask for bread.
 Full cruel, if it move thee not, thou art,
 To think what thoughts then rush'd into my heart.
 What wouldst thou weep at, weeping not at this ?—
 All had now waked, and something seem'd amiss,
 For 'twas the time they used to bring us bread.
 And from our dreams had grown a horrid dread.
 I listen'd ; and a key, down stairs, I heard
 Lock up the dreadful turret. Not a word
 I spoke, but look'd my children in the face :
 No tear I shed, so firmly did I brace
 My soul ; but *they* did ; and my Anselm said,
 ' Father, you look so !—Wont they bring us bread ?'
 E'en then I wept not, nor did answer word
 All day, nor the next night. And now was stirr'd,
 Upon the world without, another day ;
 And of its light there came a little ray,
 Which mingled with the gloom of our sad jail ;
 And looking to my children's bed, full pale,
 In four small faces mine own face I saw.
 Oh, then both hands for misery did I gnaw ;
 And they, thinking I did it, being mad
 For food, said, ' Father, we should be less sad
 If you would feed on us. Children, they say,
 Are their own father's flesh. Starve not to-day.'
 Thenceforth they saw me shake not, hand nor foot.
 That day, and next, we all continued mute.
 O thou hard Earth ! why opened'st thou not ?—
 Next day (it was the fourth in our sad lot)
 My Gaddo stretch'd him at my feet, and cried,
 ' Dear father, wont you help me ?' and he died.

And surely as thou seest me here undone;
 I saw my whole four children, one by one,
 Between the fifth day and the sixth, all die.
 I became blind; and in my misery
 Went groping for them, as I knelt and crawl'd
 About the room; and for three days I call'd
 Upon their names, as though they could speak too,
 Till famine did what grief had fail'd to do."

Having spoke thus, he seiz'd with fiery eyes
 That wretch again, his feast and sacrifice,
 And fasten'd on the skull, over a groan,
 With teeth as strong as mastiff's on a bone.

Ah, Pisa! thou that shame and scandal be
 To the sweet land that speaks the tongue of Si,⁵⁹
 Since Florence spareth thy vile neck the yoke,
 Would that the very isles would rise, and choke
 Thy river, and drown every soul within
 Thy loathsome walls. What if this Ugolin
 Did play the traitor, and give up (for so
 The rumour runs) thy castles to the foe,
 Thou hadst no right to put to rack like this
 His children. Childhood innocency is.
 But that same innocence, and that man's name,
 Have damn'd thee, Pisa, to a Theban fame.⁶⁰

This most affecting of all Dante's stories has been told beautifully (as I have remarked elsewhere) by Chaucer; "but he had not the heart to finish it." He refers for the conclusion to his original, the "grete poete of Itaille;" adding, that Dante will not fail his readers a single word—that is to say, not an atom of the cruelty.

Our great gentle-hearted countryman, who tells Fortune that it was

"Grete cruelle
 Such birdes for to put in such a cage,"

touch of pathos in the behaviour of one of the
 in, which Dante does not seem to have thought of:

"These, day by day, this child began to cry,
Till in his father's barme (lap) adown he lay;
And said, 'Farewell, father, I muste die,'
And kissed his father, and died the same day."

*Appendix to the Author's "Stories from the
Italian Poets," (in prose,) vol. i. p. 407.*

It will be a relief perhaps, to the reader, and would have been a comfort to Chaucer to know, what history has since discovered,—namely, that the story of Ugolino is very doubtful.

PETRARCH'S CONTEMPLATIONS OF DEATH

IN THE BOWER OF LAURA.

CLEAR, fresh, and dulcet streams,
Which the fair shape who seems
To me sole woman, haunted at noontide;
Fair bough, so gently fit,
(I sigh to think of it,)
Which lent a pillar to her lovely side;
And turf, and flowers bright-eyed,
O'er which her folded gown
Flow'd like an angel's down;
And you, O holy air and hush'd,
Where first my heart at her sweet glances gush'd;
Give ear, give ear with one consenting,
To my last words, my last, and my lamenting.

If 'tis my fate below,
And heaven will have it so,
That love must close these dying eyes in tears,
May my poor dust be laid
In middle of your shade,
While my soul naked mounts to its own spheres.
The thought would calm my fears,

When taking, out of breath,
 The doubtful step of death;
 For never could my spirit find
 A stiller port after the stormy wind;
 Nor in more calm, abstracted bourne,
 Slip from my travaill'd flesh, and from my bones
 outworn.

Perhaps, some future hour,
 To her accustomed bower
 Might come the untamed, and yet the gentle she;
 And where she saw me first,
 Might turn with eyes athirst
 And kinder joy to look again for me;
 Then, oh the charity!
 Seeing amidst the stones
 The earth that held my bones,
 A sigh for very love at last
 Might ask of Heaven to pardon me the past:
 And Heaven itself could not say nay,
 As with her gentle veil she wiped the tears away.

How well I call to mind,
 When from those boughs the wind
 Shook down upon her bosom flower on flower;
 And there she sat, meek-eyed,
 In midst of all that pride,
 Sprinkled and blushing through an amorous
 shower.
 Some to her hair paid dower,
 And seem'd to dress the curls
 Queenlike, with gold and pearls;
 Some, snowing, on her drapery stopp'd,
 Some on the earth, some on the water dropp'd;
 While others, fluttering from above,
 Seem'd wheeling round in pomp, and saying, "Here
 reigns Love,"
 How often then I said,
 Inward, and fill'd with dread,

"Doubtless this creature came from paradise!"
 For at her look the while,
 Her voice, and her sweet smile,
 And heavenly air, truth parted from mine eyes;
 So that, with long-drawn sighs,
 I said; as far from men,
 "How came I here, and when!"
 I had forgotten; and alas!
 Fancied myself in heaven, not where I was;
 And from that time till this, I bear
 Such love for the green bower, I cannot rest
 elsewhere.

FRIENDS AND FOES.

FROM ARIOSTO.

ARIOSTO does not write in the intense manner of Dante. He was a poet of other times and opinions; much inferior to Dante, yet still a great poet of his kind, true to nature, more universal in his sympathies, giving wonderful verisimilitude to the wildest fictions, and full of a charming ease as well as force, though enjoyment sometimes makes him diffuse, and even a little weak and languid. This defect is not unobservable in the episodes before us, as far as style is concerned; though otherwise, and often in the style also, they are full of spirit of the most various kind, both grave and gay.

The episode of *Medoro and Cloridano*, (the Friends here so mixed up with Foes,) is a variation of that of *Nisus and Euryalus* in Virgil, with beautiful additions. It is a story of friendship and gratitude, and shows the poet's hearty belief in those virtues. The episode of *Angelica and Medoro*, into which it runs, is a story of love, or rather of girlish passion, and equally shows his truth to the less sentimental impulses of nature, especially where he contrasts his heroine's dotage on the boy with her previous indifference to lovers of a grander sort, who doted on herself. But coquet and mere girl as she was, albeit a queen, this simple reference to a fact in the history and constitution of human nature, has rendered her marriage with the

young Moor a favourite with all readers; and the lovely combined names of "Angelica and Medoro," have become almost synonymous with a "true lover's knot." Indeed the passion, however obviously intended for such by the poet, is not without a true motive of the heart in the first instance.

The circumstances described in these passages, take place during the supposed siege of Paris by the Saracens, in the time of Charlemagne. The Saracen and Christian forces are assembled under the city walls, and the former have just sustained a defeat.

ALL night, the Saracens, in their batter'd stations,
Feeling but ill secure, and sore distress'd,
Gave way to tears, and groans, and lamentations;
Only as hush'd as might be, and suppress'd;
Some for the loss of friends and of relations
Left on the field; others for want of rest,
Who had been wounded and were far from home;
But most for dread of what was yet to come.

Among the rest two Moorish youths were there,
Born of a lowly stock in Ptolemais,
Whose story teems with evidence so rare
Of tried affection, it must here find place.
Their names Medoro and Cloridano were.
They had shown Dardinel⁶¹ the same true face,
Whatever fortune waited on his lance,
And now had cross'd the sea with him to France.

The one, a hunter, used to every sky,
Was of the rougher make, but prompt and fleet:
Medoro had a cheek of rosy dye,
Fair, and delightful for its youth complete:
Of all that came to that great chivalry,
None had a face more lively or more sweet.
Black eyes he had, and sunny curls of hair;
He seem'd an angel, newly from the air.

These two, with others, where the ramparts lay,
Were keeping watch to guard against surprise,

What time the Night, in middle of its way,
Wonders at heaven with its drowsy eyes.
Medoro there, in all he had to say,
Could not but talk, with sadness and with sighs,
Of Dardinel his lord ; nay, feel remorse,
Though guiltless, for his yet unburied corse.

“ O Cloridan,” he said, “ I try in vain
To bear the thought ; nor ought I, if I could.
Think of a man like that, left on the plain
For wolves and crows ! he, too, that was so good
To my poor self ! How can he thus remain,
And I stand here, sparing my wretched blood,
Which, for his sake, might twenty times o’erflow,
And yet not pay him half the debt I owe ?

“ I will go forth,—I will,—and seek him yet,
That he may want not a grave’s covering ;
And God will grant, perhaps, that I may get
E’en to the sleeping camp of the French king.
Do thou remain ; for if my name is set
For death in heav’n, thou mayst relate the thing ;
So that if fate cut short the glorious part,
The world may know ’twas not for want of heart.”

Struck with amaze was Cloridan to see
Such heart, such love, such duty in a youth ;
And labour’d (for he lov’d him tenderly)
To turn a thought so dangerous to them both ;
But no—a sorrow of that high degree
Is no such thing to comfort or to soothe.
Medoro was dispos’d, either to die,
Or give his lord a grave wherein to lie.

Seeing that nothing bent him or could move,
Cloridan cried, “ My road then shall be thine :—
I too will join in such a work of love ;
I too would clasp a death-bed so divine.
Life—pleasure—glory—what would it behoove,

Remaining without thee, Medoro mine,
Such death with thee would better far become me,
Than die for grief, shouldst thou be taken from me."

Thus both resolv'd, they put into their place
The next on guard, and slip from the redoubt.
They cross the ditch, and in a little space
Enter our quarters, looking round about.
So little dream we of a Moorish face,
Our camp is hush'd, and every fire gone out.
'Twixt heaps of arms and carriages they creep,
Up to the very eyes in wine and sleep.

Cloridan stopp'd awhile, and said, "Look here!
Occasions are not things to let go by.
Some of the race who cost our lord so dear,
Surely, Medoro, by this arm must die.
Do thou meanwhile keep watch, all eye and ear,
Lest any one should come :—I'll push on, I,
And lead the way, and make through bed and board
An ample passage for thee with my sword."

He said ; and enter'd without more ado
The tent where Alpheus lay, a learned Mars,
Who had but lately come to court, and knew
Physic, and magic, and a world of stars.
This was a cast they had not help'd him to :
Indeed their flatteries had been all a farce ;
For he had found, that after a long life
He was to die, poor man, beside his wife :

And now the cautious Saracen has put
His sword, as true as lancet, in his weason.
Four mouths close by are equally well shut,
Before they can find time to ask the reason.
Their names are not in Turpin ;⁶² and I cut
Their lives as short, not to be out of season.
Next Palidon died, a man of snug resources,
Who made up his bed between two horses.

They then arriv'd, where, pillowing his head
 Upon a barrel, lay unhappy Grill.
 Much vow'd had he, and much believ'd indeed,
 'That he, that blessed night, would sleep his fill.
 The reckless Moor beheads him on his bed,
 And wastes his blood and wine at the same spill :
 For he held quarts; and in his dreams that very
 Moment had fill'd, but found his glass miscarry.

Near Grill, a German and a Greek there lay,
 Andropono and Conrad, who had pass'd
 Much of the night *al fresco*, in drink and play ;
 A single stroke a-piece made it their last.
 Happy, if they had thought to play away
 Till daylight on their board his eye had cast !
 But fate determines all these matters still,
 Let us arrange them for her as we will.

Like as a lion in a fold of sheep,
 Whom desperate hunger has made gaunt and
 spare,
 Kills, bleeds, devours, and mangles in a heap
 The feeble flock collected meekly there ;
 So the fierce Pagan bleeds us in our sleep,
 And lays about, and butchers every where :
 And now Medoro joins the dreadful sport,
 But scorns to strike among the meaner sort.⁶³

Upon a duke he came, La Brett, who slept
 Fast in his lady's arms, embrac'd and fix'd ;
 So close they were, so fondly had they kept,
 That not the air itself could get betwixt.
 O'er both their necks at once the falchion swept.
 O happy death ! O cup too sweetly mix'd !
 For as their bosoms and affections were,
 E'en so, I trust, their souls went clasp'd in air.

Ardalic and Malindo next are slain,
 Princes whose race the Flemish sceptre wield :

They had been just made knights by Charlemagne,
 And had the lilies⁶⁴ added to their shield,
 Because, the hardest day of the campaign,
 He saw them both turn blood-red in the field.
 Lands, too, he said, he'd give; and would have
 done it,
 Had not Medoro put his veto on it.

The wily sword was reaching now the ring
 Of the pavilions of the Peers,—the fence
 Of the more high pavilion of the King.
 They were his guard by turns. The Saracens
 Here make a halt, and think it fit to bring
 Their slaughter to a close, and get them hence;
 Since it appears impossible to make
 So wide a circuit, and find none awake.

They might have got much booty if they chose,
 But now to get clean off is their great good.
 Cloridan leads as heretofore, and goes
 Picking the safest way out that he could.
 At last they come, where, amidst shields and bows,
 And swords, and spears, in one great plash of blood,
 Lie poor and rich, the monarch and the slave,
 And men and horses, heap'd without a grave.

The horrible mixture of the bodies there,
 (For all the field was reeking round about)
 Would have made vain their melancholy care
 Till day-time, which 'twas best to do without,
 Had not the Moon, at poor Medoro's prayer,
 Put from a darksome cloud her bright horn out.
 Medoro to the beam devoutly rais'd
 His head, and thus petition'd as he gazed:—

“O holy queen, who by our ancestors
 Justly wert worshipp'd by a triple name;
 Who show'st in heav'n, and earth, and hell, thy
 powers

And beautiful face; another and the same;
 And who in forests, thy old favourite bowers,
 Art the great huntress, following the game;
 Show me, I pray thee, where my sovereign lies,
 Who while he lived found favour in thine eyes." 65

At this, whether 'twas chance or faith, the moon
 Parted the cloud, and issued with a stoop,
 Fair, as when first she kiss'd Endymion,
 And to his arms gave herself naked up.
 The city, at that light, burst forth and shone,
 And both the camps, and all the plain and slope,
 And the two hills that rose on either quarter,
 Far from the walls, Montlery and Montmartre.

Most brilliantly of all the lustre shower'd
 Where lay the son of great Almontes, dead.
 Medoro, weeping, went to his dear lord,
 Whom by his shield he knew, of white and red.
 The bitter tears bathed all his face, and pour'd
 From either eye, like founts along their bed.
 So sweet his ways, so sweet his sorrows were,
 They might have stopt the very winds to hear.

But low he wept, and scarcely audible;
 Not that he cared what a surprise might cost,
 From any dread of dying; for he still
 Felt a contempt for life, and wish'd it lost;
 But from the fear, lest ere he could fulfil
 His pious business there, it might be crost.
 Rais'd on their shoulders is the crown'd load;
 And shared between them thus, they take their road.

With the dear weight they make what speed they
 may,
 Like an escaping mother to a birth;
 And now comes he, the lord of life and day,
 To take the stars from heav'n, the shade from
 earth;

When the young Scottish prince,⁶⁶ who never lay
 Sleeping, when things were to be done of worth,
 After continuing the pursuit all night
 Came to the field with the first morning light.

And with him came, about him and behind,
 A troop of knights, whom they could see from far,
 All met upon the road, in the same mind
 To search the field for precious spoils of war.
 "Brother," said Cloridan, "we must needs, I find,
 Lay down our load, and try how fleet we are.
 It would be hardly wise to have it said,
 We lost two living bodies for a dead."

And off he shook his burden, with that word,
 Fancying Medoro would do just the same;
 But the poor boy, who better lov'd his lord,
 Took on his shoulders all the weight that came.
 The other ran, as if with one accord,
 Not guessing what had made his fellow lame.
 Had he, he would have dared, not merely one,
 But heaps of deaths, rather than fled alone.

The knights, who were determin'd that those
 two
 Should either yield them prisoners or die,
 Dispers'd themselves, and without more ado
 Seiz'd every pass which they might issue by.
 The chief himself rode on before, and drew
 Nearer and nearer with a steadfast eye;
 For seeing them betray such marks of fear,
 'Twas plain that in those two no friends were
 near.

There was an old forest there in those days,
 Thick with o'ershadowing trees and underwood,
 Which, like a labyrinth, ran into a maze
 Of narrow paths, and made a solitude.
 The fliers reckoned on its friendly ways,

For giving them close covert while pursued :—
 But he that loves these chants of mine in rhyme,
 May choose to hear the rest another time.⁶⁷

NONE knows the heart in which he may confide,
 As long as he sits high on Fortune's wheel ;
 For friends of all sorts then are by his side,
 Who show him all the self-same face of zeal :
 But let the goddess roll him from his pride,
 The flattering set are off upon their heel ;
 And he who lov'd him in his heart alone
 Stands firm, and will, even when life is gone.

If eyes could see the heart as well as face,
 Many a great man at court who tramples others,
 And many an humble one in little grace,
 Would change their destiny for one another's ;
 This would mount up into the highest place—
 That go and help the scullions and their mothers.
 But turn we to Medoro, good and true,
 Who lov'd his lord, whatever fate could do.

The unhappy youth, now in the thickest way
 Of all the wood, would fain have hidden close ;
 But the dead weight that on his shoulders lay,
 Hampers his path, whichever side he goes.
 Strange to the country too, he goes astray,
 And turns and tramples 'midst the brakes and
 boughs.
 Meanwhile his friend, less burden'd for the race,
 Has got in safety to a distant place.

Cloridan came to where he heard no more
 The hue and cry that sent him like a dart ;
 But when he turn'd about and miss'd Medor,⁶⁸
 He seem'd to have deserted his own heart.
 " Great God !" he cried ; " not to see this before !

How could I be so mad? How could I part
 With thee, Medoro, and come driving hers,
 And never dream I left thee, how or where?

So saying, he returns with bitter sighs
 Into the tangled wood, by the same path,
 And keeps it narrowly with yearning eyes,
 And treads with zeal the track of his own death.
 And all the while, horses he hears, and cries,
 And threatening voices that take short his breath:
 And last of all he hears, and now can see,
 Medoro, press'd about with cavalry.

They are a hundred, and all round him. He,
 While the chief cries to take him prisoner,
 Turns like a wheel, and faces valiantly
 All that would seize him, leaping here and there,
 Now to an elm, an oak, or other tree,
 Nor ever parts he with his burden dear,
 See!—he has laid it on the ground at last,
 The better to control and keep it fast.

Like as a bear, whom men in mountains start
 In her old stony den, and dare, and goad,
 Stands o'er her children with uncertain heart,
 And roars for rage and sorrow in one mood:
 Anger incites her, and her natural part,
 To use her nails, and bathe her lips in blood;
 Love melts her, and for all her angry roar,
 Holds back her eyes to look on those she bore:

Cloridan knows not how to give his aid,
 And yet he must, and die-too:—that he knows:
 But ere he changes from alive to dead,
 He casts about to settle a few foes:
 He takes an arrow,—one of his best made,—
 And works so well in secret that it goes

The horsemen in confusion turn about,
To see by what strange hand their fellow died,
When a new shaft's in middle of the rout,
And the man tumbles by his fellow's side.
He was just wondering, and calling out,
And asking questions, fuming as he cried ;
The arrow comes, and dashes to his throat,
And cuts him short in middle of his note.

' Zerbin, the leader of the troop, could hold
His rage no longer at this new surprise,
But darting on the boy, with eyes that roll'd,
" You shall repent this insolence," he cries ;
Then twisting with his hand those locks of gold,
He drags him back, to see him as he dies ;
But when he sets his eyes on that sweet face,
He could not do it, 'twas so hard a case.

The youth betook him to his prayers, and said,
" For God's sake, sir, be not so merciless
As to prevent my burying the dead :
'Tis a king's body that's in this distress :
Think not I ask from any other dread ;
Life could give me but little happiness.
All the life now which I desire to have,
Is just enough to give my lord a grave.

" If you've a Theban heart, and birds of prey
Must have their food before your rage can cool,
Feast them on me ; only do let me lay
His limbs in earth, that has been used to rule."
So spake the young Medoro, in a way
To turn a rock, it was so beautiful.
As for the prince, so deeply was he mov'd,
That all at once he pardon'd and he lov'd.

A ruffian, at this juncture, of the band,
Little restrain'd by what restrain'd the rest,
Thrust with his lance across the suppliant's hand,

~~THE PRINCE'S HIS MOTHER'S AND MEDORO'S~~
The act,—in one too under his command,—
Displeas'd the princely chief, and much distress'd ;
The more so, as the poor boy dropp'd his head,
And fell so pale that all believ'd him dead.

Such was his grief, and such was his disdain,
That crying out, " The blood be on his head ! "
He turn'd in wrath, to give the thrust again ;
But the false villain, ere the words were said,
Put spurs into his horse and fled amain,
Stooping his rascal shoulders, as he fled.
Cloridan, when he sees Medoro fall,
Leaps from the wood, and comes defying all ;

And casts away his bow, and almost mad,
Goes slashing round among his enemies,
Rather for death, than any hope he had
Of cutting his revenge to its fit size.
His blood soon colour'd many a dripping blade,
And he perceives with pleasure that he dies ;
And so his strength being fairly at an end,
He lets himself fall down beside his friend.

The troop then follow'd where their chief had
gone,
Pursuing his stern chase among the trees,
And leave the two companions there alone,
One surely dead, the other scarcely less.
Long time Medoro lay without a groan,
Losing his blood in such large quantities,
That life would surely have gone out at last,
Had not a helping hand been coming past.

ANGELICA AND MEDORO.

THE SEQUEL OF THE PRECEDING STORY.

THERE came by chance a damsel passing there,
 Cloak'd like a peasant, to eschew surprise,
 But of a royal presence, and so fair,
 As well behov'd her keep grave maiden eyes.
 'Tis so long since I told you news of her,
 Perhaps you know her not in this disguise.
 This, you must know then, was Angelica,
 Proud daughter of the Khan of great Cathay.

You know the magic ring, and her distress ?
 Well, when she had recover'd this same ring,
 It so increased her pride and haughtiness,
 She seem'd too high for any living thing.⁶⁹
 She goes alone, desiring nothing less
 Than a companion, even though a king :
 She even scorns to recollect the flame
 Of one Orlando, or his very name.

But, above all, she hates to recollect
 That she had taken to Rinaldo so ;⁷⁰
 She thinks it the last want of self-respect,
 Pure degradation, to have look'd so low.
 "Such arrogance," said Cupid, "must be check'd."
 The little God betook him with his bow,
 To where Medoro lay, and standing by,
 Held the shaft ready with a lurking eye.

Now when the princess saw the youth all pale,
 And found him grieving with his bitter wound,
 Not for what one so young might well bewail,
 But that his king should not be laid in ground,
 She felt a something, strange and gentle, steal
 Into her heart by some new way it found,

Which touch'd its hardness, and turn'd all to A
 grace;
 And more so, when he told her all his case.

And calling to her mind the little arts
 Of healing, which she learnt in India,
 (For 'twas a study valued in those parts,
 Even for those who were in sovereign sway,
 And yet so easy, too, that like the heart's,
 'Twas more inherited than learnt, they say,)
 She cast about, with herbs and balmy juices,
 To save so fair a life for all its uses.

And thinking of an herb that caught her eye
 As she was coming, in a pleasant plain,
 (Whether 'twas panacea, dittany,
 Or some such herb accounted sovereign
 For staunching blood quickly and tenderly,
 And winning out all spasm and bad pain,)
 She found it not far off, and gathering some,
 Return'd with it to save Medoro's bloom.

In coming back she met upon the way
 A shepherd, who was riding through the wood
 To find a heifer that had gone astray,
 And been two days about the solitude.
 She took him with her where Medoro lay,
 Now feebler than he was, with loss of blood:
 So much he lost, and drew so hard a breath,
 That he was now fast fading to his death.

Angelica got off her horse in haste,
 And made the shepherd get as fast from his;
 She ground the herbs with stones, and then
 express'd
 With her white hands the balmy milkiness,
 Then dropp'd it in the wound, and bath'd his
 breast,
 His sides, and spine, and all that was amiss:

And of such virtue was it, that at length . . .
The blood was stopp'd and he look'd round with
strength.

At last he got upon the shepherd's horse,
But would not quit the place till he had seen
Laid in the ground his lord and master's corse ;
And Cloridan lay with it, who had been
Smitten so fatally with sweet remorse.
He then obeys the will of the fair queen ;
And she, for very pity of his lot,
Goes and stays with him at the shepherd's cot.

Nor would she leave him, she esteem'd him so,
Till she had seen him well with her own eye ;
So full of pity did her bosom grow,
Since first she saw him faint and like to die.
Seeing his manners now, and beauty too,
She felt her heart yearn somehow inwardly ;
She felt her heart yearn somehow, till at last
'Twas all on fire, and burning warm and fast.

The shepherd's house was good enough, and
neat,
A little shady cottage in a dell :
The man had just rebuilt it all complete,
With room to spare, in case more births befell.
There with such knowledge did the lady treat
Her handsome patient, that he soon grew well ;
But not before she felt, on her own part,
A secret wound much greater in her heart.

Much greater was the wound, and deeper far,
The invisible arrow made in her heart-strings ;
'Twas from Medoro's lovely eyes and hair ;
'Twas from the naked archer with the wings.
She feels it now ; she feels, and yet can bear
Another's less than her own sufferings.
She thinks not of herself : she thinks alone
How to cure him, by whom she is undone.

The more his wound recovers and gets ease,
 Her own grows worse, and widens day by day.
 The youth gets well ; the lady languishes,
 Now warm, now cold, as fitful fevers play.
 His beauty heightens like the flowering trees ;
 She, miserable creature, melts away
 Like the weak snow, which some warm sun has
 found
 Fall'n, out of season, on a rising ground.

And must she speak at last, rather than die ?
 And must she plead without another's aid ?
 She must, she must ; the vital moments fly—
 She lives—she dies, a passion-wasted maid.
 At length she burst all ties of modesty ;
 Her tongue explains her eyes ; the words are said ;
 And she asks pity underneath that blow,
 Which he perhaps that gave it did not know.

O Count Orlando ! O King Sacripant !⁷¹
 That fame of yours, say, what avails it ye ?
 That lofty honour, those great deeds ye vaunt,
 Say, what's their value with the lovely she ?
 Show—me recal to memory, (for I can't,)
 Show me, I beg, one single courtesy
 That ever she vouchsafed ye, far or near,
 For all ye've done and have endured for her.

And you, if you could come to life again,
 O Agrican, how hard 'twould seem to you,
 Whose love was met by nothing but disdain,
 And vile repulses, shocking to go through !⁷²
 O Ferragus ! O thousands, who in vain
 Did all that loving and great hearts could do,
 How would ye feel to see, with all her charms,
 This thankless creature in a stripling's arms !

The young Medoro had the gathering
 Of the first kiss on lips untouch'd before,

For never since her beauty blush'd with spring,
 Had passion's self dared aught except adore.
 To render the fond step an honest thing,
 The priest was call'd to read the service o'er,
 (For without marriage what can come but strife?)⁷³
 And the bride-mother was the shepherd's wife.

All was perform'd, in short, that could be so
 In such a place, to make the nuptials good ;
 Nor did the happy pair think fit to go,
 But spent the month and more within the wood.
 The lady to the stripling seem'd to grow ;
 His step her step, his eyes her eyes pursued ;
 Nor did her love lose any of its zest,
 Though she was always hanging on his breast.

In doors and out of doors, by night, by day,
 She had the charmer by her side forever :
 Morning and evening they would stroll away,
 Now by some field, or little tufted river ;
 They chose a cave in middle of the day,
 Perhaps not less agreeable or clever
 Than Dido and Æneas found to screen them,
 When storm and tempest would have rush'd be-
 tween them.

And all this while there was not a smooth tree,
 That drew from stream or fount its gentle pith,
 Nor stone less hard than stones are apt to be,
 But they would find a knife to carve it with.
 And in a thousand places you might see,
 And on the walls about you and beneath,
 ANGELICA AND MEDORO, tied in one,
 As many ways as lover's knots could run.

And when they thought they had outspent their
 time,
 Angelica the royal took her way,
 She and Medoro, to the Indian clime,
 To crown him king of her fair realm, Cathay.,

A DEPRECATION OF THE NAME OF
JOHN.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF CASA.

WERE I some fifteen years younger or twenty,
 Master Gandolfo, I'd unbaptize myself,
 On purpose not to be called John. I never
 Can do a single thing in the way of business,
 Nor set out fast enough from my own door,
 But half-a-dozen people are calling after me;
 'Though, when I turn, it isn't me; such crowds
 Are issuing forth, nam'd John, at the same moment.

'Tis downright insult; a mere public scandal.
 Clergymen,⁷⁴ lawyers, pedants,—not a soul,
 But his name's John. You shall not see a face,
 Looking like what it is, a simpleton's—
 Barber's, porkman's, or tooth-drawer's,—but the
 fellow,

Seems by his look to be a John,—and is one!
 I verily think, that the first man who cried
 Boil'd apples or macaroni, was a John;
 And so was he who found out roasted chestnuts,
 And how to eat cucumbers, and new cheese.
 By heavens! I'd rather be a German; nay,
 I'd almost said a Frenchman; nay, a Jew,
 And be called Matthew, or Bartholomew,
 Or some such beast,—or Simon. Really people
 Who christen people, ought to pause a little,
 And think what they're about.—O you who love
 me,

Don't call me John, for God's sake; or at least,
 If you must call me so, call it me softly;
 For as to mentioning the name out loud,
 You might as well call after one like a dog,—
 Whistle, and snap your fingers, and cry, "Here,
 boy."

Think of the name of John upon a title-page !
It damns the book at once ; and reasonably :
People no sooner see it, than they conclude
They've read the work before.—Oh I must say
My father made a pretty business of it,
Calling *me* John ! *me*, 'faith—his eldest son !
Heir to his—poverty ! Why there's not a writ,
But nine times out of ten, is serv'd on John,
And what still more annoys me, not a bill :
Your promiser to pay is always John.

Some people fondly make the word a compound,
And get some other name to stand its friend,
Christening the hapless devil John-Antony,
John-Peter, or John-Baptist, or John-Charles :
There's even John-Barnard, and John-Martin !—
Oh,
See if the other name likes his society !

It never does, humour it as you will.
Change it, diminish it, call it Johnny, or Jacky,
Or Jack, 'tis always a sore point,—a wound ;—
Shocking, if left alone,—and worse, if touch'd.

BACCHUS IN TUSCANY,

A DITHYRAMBIC FORM,

FROM THE ITALIAN OF FRANCESCO REDI.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
 Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyes:
 In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
 With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
 Cup us, till the world goes round.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

DEDICATION

TO JOHN HUNT.

MY DEAR JOHN,

I cannot send you, as I could wish, a pipe of Tuscan wine, or a hamper of Tuscan sunshine, which is much the same thing; so in default of being able to do this, I do what I can, and send you, for a new year's present, a translation of a Tuscan bacchanal.

May it give you a hundredth part of the elevation which you have often caused to the heart of

Your affectionate Brother,

LEIGH HUNT.

FLORENCE, January 1st, 1825.

BACCHUS IN TUSCANY.

THE conqueror of the East, the God of Wine,
 Taking his rounds divine,

Pitch'd his blithe sojourn on the Tuscan hills;
 And where the imperial seat
 First feels the morning heat,
 Lo, on the lawn, with May-time white and red,
 He sat with Ariadne on a day,
 And as he sang, and as he quaff'd away,
 He kiss'd his charmer first, and thus he said :—

Dearest, if one's vital tide
 Ran not with the grape's beside,
 What would life be, (short of Cupid ?)
 Much too short, and far too stupid.
 You see the beam here from the sky
 That tips the goblet in mine eye;
 Vines are nets that catch such food,
 And turn them into sparkling blood.
 Come then—in the beverage bold
 Let's renew us and grow muscular;
 And for those who're getting old,
 Glasses get of size majuscular:
 And in dancing and in feasting,
 Quips, and cranks, and worlds of jesting,
 Let us, with a laughing eye,
 See the old boy Time go by,
 Who with his eternal sums
 Whirls his brains and wastes his thumbs.
 Away with thinking! miles with care!
 Hallo, you knaves! the goblets there.

Gods my life, what glorious claret!
 Blessed be the ground that bare it!
 'Tis Avignon. Don't say "a flask of it;"
 Into my soul I pour a cask of it!
 Artimino's finer still,
 Under a tun there's no having one's fill:
 A tun! a tun!
 The deed is done.
 And now, while my lungs are swimming at will
 All in a bath so noble and sweet,

A god though I be,
 I too, I too have my idolotree;
 And to thee, Ariadne, I consecrate
 The tun, and the flask,
 And the funnel and cask.

Accus'd,
 And abus'd,
 And all mercy refus'd,
 Be he who first dared upon Lecorè's plain
 To take my green children and plant them in
 pain.

The goats and the cattle
 Get into the bowers;
 And sleets with a rattle
 Come trampling in showers.
 But lauded,
 Applauded,
 With laurels rewarded,
 Be he, the great soul, who in vineyards divine,
 Of Petraia and Castello
 Planted first the Moscadello.
 Now we're here in mirth and clover,
 Quaff this jewel of a wine;
 It comes of a delicious vine
 That makes one live twice over.
 Drink it, Ariadne mine,
 And bright as you are,
 And a bud of a star,
 You'll be Venus at her best,
 Venus Venusissimest.

Hah! Montalcino. I know it well,—
 The lovely little Muscadel;
 A very lady-like little treat,
 But something, for me, too gentle and sweet;
 I pour out a glass
 For the make and the grace;
 But a third,—no—a third, it cannot have place!

Wine like this
 A *bijou* is
 (I designed it) for the festals
 Of the grave composed Vestals,—
 Ladies, who in cloistered choirs
 Feed and keep alive chaste fires.
 Wine like this
 A *bijou* is
 For your trim Parisian dames;
 And for those
 Of the lily and rose,
 Who rejoice the banks of Thames.
 The Pisciancio of Cotone,
 That gets Scarlatti so much money,
 I leave for the weak heads of those
 Who know not a thing when it's under their nose.
 Pisciareello of Brasciano
 Also hath too much piano:
 Nerveless, colourless, and sickly,
 Oversweet, it cloyes too quickly.
 Pray let the learned Pignatelli
 Upon this head enlighten the silly.
 If plebeian Rome must pet it,
 Why,—for God's sake, let it.

Ciccio d'Andrea himself one day,
 'Mid his thunders of eloquence bursting away,
 Sweet in his gravity
 Fierce in his suavity,
 Dared in my own proper presence to talk
 Of that stuff of Anversa, half acid and chalk,
 Which, whether it's verjuice, or whether it's wine,
 Far surpasses, I own, any science of mine.
 Let him indulge in his strange tipples
 With his proud friend, Fasano there, at Naples,
 Who with a horrible impiety
 Swore he could judge of wines as well as I.
 So daring has that bold blasphemer grown,
 He now pretends to ride my golden throne,

And taking up my triumphs, rolls along
 The fair Sebetus with a fiery song;
 Pampering, besides, those laurels that he wears
 With vines that fatten in those genial airs;
 And then he maddens, and against e'en me
 A Thyrsus shakes on high, and threatens his deity:
 But I withhold at present, and endure him:
 Phœbus and Pallas from mine ire secure him.
 One day perhaps, on the Sebetus, I
 Will elevate a throne of luxury;
 And then he will be humbled, and will come,
 Offering devoutly, to avert his doom,
 Ischia's and Posilippo's noble Greek;
 And then perhaps I shall not scorn to make
 Peace with him, and we'll booze like Hans and
 Herman

After the usage German:
 And 'midst our bellying bottles and vast flasks
 There shall be present at our tasks
 For lofty arbiter (and witness gay too)
 My gentle Marquis there of Oliveto.

Meanwhile, upon the Arno here,
 Lo, of Pescia's Buriano,
 Trebbiano, Colombano,
 I drink bumpers, rich and clear.
 'Tis the true old Aurum Potabile,
 Gilding life when it wears shabbily:
 Helen's old Nepenthe 'tis,
 That in the drinking
 Swallowed thinking,
 And was the receipt for bliss.
 Thence it is, that ever and aye,
 When he doth philosophize,
 Good old glorious Rucellai
 Hath it for light unto his eyes;
 He lifteth it, and by the shine
 Well discerneth things divine;
 Atoms with their airy justles,

And all manner of corpuscles,
And, as through a crystal sky-light,
How morning differeth from evening twilight,
And farther telleth us the reason why go
Some stars with such a lazy light, and some with
a vertigo.

Oh how widely wandereth he,
Who in the search of verity
Keeps aloof from glorious wine !
Lo, the knowledge it bringeth to me !
For Barbarossa, this wine so bright,
With its rich red look and its strawberry light,
So invites me,
And so delights me,
I should infallibly quench my inside with it,
Had not Hippocrates
And old Andromachus
Strictly forbidden it
And loudly chidden it,
So many stomachs have sicken'd and died with it.
Yet discordant as it is,
Two good biggins will come not amiss ;
Because I know, while I'm drinking them down,
What is the finish and what is the crown.
A cup of good Corsican
Does it at once ;
Or a cup of old Spanish
Is neat for the nonce :
Quackish resources are things for a dunce.
Cups of Chocolate,
Aye, or tea,
Are not medicines
Made for me.
I would sooner take to poison,
Than a single cup set eyes on
Of that bitter and guilty stuff ye
Talk of by the name of Coffee.
Let the Arabs and the Turks

Count it 'mongst their cruel works:
 Foe of mankind, black and tarbid,
 Let the throats of slaves absorb it.
 Down in Tartarus,
 Down in Erebus,
 'Twas the detestable Fifty invented it,
 The Furies then took it
 To grind and to cook it,
 And to Proserpine all three presented it,
 If the Mussulman in Asia
 Doats on a beverage so unseemly,
 I differ with the man extremely.

No dotards are they, but very wise,
 Those Etrurian jolly boys,
 Who down their pleasant palates roll
 That fair delighter of the fancy,
 Malvagia of Montegonzi,
 Rapturous drowner of the soul,
 When I feel it gurgling, murmuring,
 Down my throat and my oesophagus,
 Something, an I know not what,
 Strangely tickleth my sarcophagus;
 Something easy of perception,
 But by no means of description.

I deny not there's a merit
 And odorous spirit
 In the liquid Cretan amber:
 But t'would sooner see one burst
 Than condescend to quench one's thirst:
 Malvagia, willing creature,
 Hath a much genteeler nature:
 And yet were this same haughty stock
 But taken from its native rock,
 And bred politely on the Tuscan hills,
 You'd see it lay aside
 It's Cretan harshness and its pride,
 And in a land where drinking's understood,
 Win the true honours of a gentle blood.

There's a squalid thing, call'd beer ;—
The man whose lips that thing comes near
Swiftly dies ; or falling foolish,
Grows, at forty, old and owlish.
She that in the ground would hide her,
Let her take to English cider :
He who'd have his death come quicker,
Any other northern liquor.
Those Norwegians and those Laps
Have extraordinary taps :
Those Laps especially have strange fancies :
To see them drink,
I verily think
Would make me lose my senses.
But a truce to such vile subjects,
With their impious, shocking objects.
Let me purify my mouth
In an holy cup o' the south ;
In a golden pitcher let me
Head and ears for comfort get me,
And drink of the wine of the vine benign,
That sparkles warm in Sansovine ;
Or of that vermilion charmer
And heart-warmer,
Which brought up in Tregonzano
And old stony giggiano,
Blooms so bright and lifts the head so
Of the toasters of Arezzo.
'Twill be haply still more up,
Sparkling, piquant, quick i' the cup,
If, O page, adroit and steady,
In thy tuck'd-up choral surplice,
Thou infusest that Albano,
That Vaiano,
Which engoldens and empurples
In the grounds there of my Redi.
Manna from heaven upon thy tresses rain,
Thou gentle vineyard, whence this nectar floats !
May every vine, in every season, gain

New boughs, new leaves, new blossoms, and new
fruits :

May streams of milk, a new and dulcet strain,
Placidly bathe thy pebbles and thy roots ;
Nor lingering frost, nor showers that pour amain,
Shed thy green hairs nor fright thy tender shoots :
And may thy master, when for age he's crooked,
Be able to drink of thee by the bucket !

Could the lady of Tithonus
Pledge but once her gray-beard old
In as vast a tub of stone as
A becoming draught could hold,
That old worthy there above
Would renew his age of love.

Meanwhile let's renew our drinking ;
But with what fresh wine, and glorious,
Shall our beaded brims be winking,
For an echoing toast victorious ?
You know Lamporecchio, the castle renown'd
For the gardener, so dumb, whose works did abound ;
There's a topaz they make there ; pray let it go
round.

Serve, serve me a dozen,
But let it be frozen ;
Let it be frozen, and finished with ice,
And see that the ice be as virginly nice,
As the coldest that whistles from wintry skies.
Coolers and cellarets, crystal with snows,
Should always hold bottles in ready repose.
Snow is good liquor's fifth element ;
No compound without it can give content ;
For weak is the brain, and I hereby scout it,
That thinks in hot weather to drink without it.
Bring me heaps from the shady valley :
Bring me heaps
Of all that sleeps
On every village hill and alley.

And bring me ice duly, and bring it me doubly,
Out of the grotto of Monte di Boboli.

With axes and pickaxes,

Hammers and rammers,

Thump it and hit it me,

Crack it and crash it me,

Hew it and split it me,

Pound it and smash it me,

Till the whole mass (for I'm dead dry, I think)

Turns to a cold, fit to freshen my drink.

If with hot wine we insack us,

Say our name's not Bacchus.

If we taste the weight of a button,

Say we're a glutton.

He who, when he first wrote verses,

Had the graces by his side,

Then at rhymers' evil courses

Shook his thunders far and wide,

(For his great heart rose, and burn'd,

Till his words to thunder turn'd,)

He, I say, Menzini, he,

The marvellous and the masterly,

Whom the leaves of Phœbus crown,

Alterable Anacreon,—

He shall give me, if I do it,

Gall of the satiric poet,

Gall from out his blackest well,

Shuddering, unescapeable.

But if still, as I ought to do,

I love any wine iced through and through,

If I will have it (and none beside)

Superultrafrostified,

He that reigns in Pindus then,

Visible Phœbus among men,

Filicaia, shall exalt

Me above the starry vault;

While the other swans divine,

Who swim with their proud hearts in wine,

And make their laurel groves resound

With the names of the laurel-crown'd,
 All shall sing, till our goblets ring,
 Long live Bacchus our glorious King!
 Evoè! let them roar away!

Evoè!

Evoè!

Evoè! let the lords of wit
 Rise and echo, where they sit,
 Where they sit enthroned each,
 Arbiters of sovereign speech,
 Under the great Tuscan dame,
 Who sifts the flower and gives it fame.
 Let the shout by Segni be
 Registered immortally,
 And dispatched by a courier
A monsieur l' Abbé Regnier.

What wine is that I see? Ah,
 Bright as a John Dory:
 It should be Malvagia,
 Trebbia's praise and glory.
 It is, i'faith, it is:
 Push it nearer, pr'ithee;
 And let me, thou fair bliss,
 Fill this magnum with thee.
 I'faith, it's a good wine,
 And much agrees with—
 Here's a health to thee and thy line,
 Prince of Tuscany.
 Before I speak of thee, Prince bold and sage,
 I wash my lips with this illustrious wine,
 Which, like thyself, came upon this our age,
 Breathing a gentle suavity divine.
 Hearken, great Cosmo. Heav'n has promis'd thee
 Here, down on earth, eternity of glory;
 And these, my oracular words, thine eyes may see.
 Written already in immortal story.
 When thou shalt leave us to return to Heav'n,
 Laden with mighty deeds, and full of years,

To thine illustrious planet it is given,
 To roll around Jupiter, clear, grand, and even,
 Flushing the brilliant Medicæan stars;
 And Jupiter himself, glad of thy sight,
 Shall show a more distinguish'd orb, and affabler
 delight.

To the sound of the cymbal,
 And sound of the crotalus,
 Girt with your Nebrides,
 Ho, ye Bassarides,
 Up, up, and mingle me
 Cups of that purple grape,
 Which, when ye grapple, ye
 Bless Monterappoli.
 Then, while I irrigate
 These my dry viscera,
 For they burn inwardly,
 Let my Fauns cleverly
 Cool my hot head with their
 Garlands of pampanus.
 Then to the crash of your
 Pipes and your kettle-drums,
 Let me have sung to me,
 Roar'd to me, rung to me,
 Catches and love songs
 Of wonderful mystery;
 While the drunk Mænades,
 And glad Egipani,
 To the rude rapture and mystical wording
 Bear a loud burden.
 From the hill before us
 Let the villagers raise o'er us
 Clappings to our chorus;
 And all around resound
 Talabalács, tambourins, and horns,
 And pipes, and bagpipes, and the things you know
 boys,
 That cry out Ho-boys!
 While with a hundred kits about their ears,

A hundred little rustic foresters
 Strum, as they ought to do, the Dabbuda,
 And sing us, and dance us, the Bombababa.
 And if in your singing it,
 Dancing and flinging it,
 Any of ye tire awhile,
 And become savage for
 Greedy-great thirstiness,
 Down on the grass again,
 Let the feast flow again,
 Falderallalling it
 With quips and triple rhymes,
 Motetts and Couplets,
 Sonnets and Canticles;
 Then for the pretty plays
 Of Flowers and What Flowers;
 And ever and always
 We'll quaff at our intervals
 Cups of that purple grape,
 Which when ye grapple, ye
 Bless Monterappoli.
 Aye, and we'll marry it
 With the sweet Mammolo,
 Which from the wine-press comes sparkling, and
 rushes,
 In bottles and cellars to hide its young blushes,
 What time ripe Autumn, in the flush o' the sun,
 Meets his friend Magalotti at the fountain,
 The very fountain, and the very stone,
 At which old Æson christened his lone mountain.

This well of a goblet, so round and so long,
 So full of wine, so gallant and strong,
 That it draws one's teeth in its frolics and freaks
 And squeezes the tears from the sides of one's
 cheeks,
 Like a torrent it comes, all swollen and swift.

It almost threatens to burst the banks.
 No wonder; for down from the heights it came,
 Where the Fiesolan Atlas, of hoary fame,
 Basks his strength in the blaze of noon,
 And warms his old sides with the toasting sun.
 Long live Fiesole, green old name !
 And with his long life to thy sylvan fame,
 Lovely Maiano, lord of dells,
 Where my gentle Salviati dwells.
 Many a time and oft doth he
 Crown me with bumpers full fervently,
 And I, in return, preserve him still
 From every crude and importunate ill.
 I keep by my side,
 For my joy and my pride,
 That gallant in chief of his royal collar
 Val di Marina, the blithe care-killer ;
 But with the wine yclept Val di Botte,
 Day and night I could flout me the gouty.
 Precious it is I know, in the eyes
 Of the masters, the masters, of those who are
 wise.
 A glass of it brimming, a full-flowing cup,
 Goes to my heart, and so lays it up,
 That not my Salvini, that book o' the south,
 Could tell it, for all the tongues in his mouth.
 If Maggi the wise, the Milanese wit,
 'Mid their fat Lombard suppers but lighted on it,
 Even the people grossly cœnaculous,
 Over a bumper would find him miraculous.

Maggi, whatever his readers may think,
 Puts no faith in Hippocrene drink ;
 No faith in that lying-tongued water has he,
 Nor goes for his crown to a sapless tree.
 For other paths are his, far loftier ways :
 He opens towards heav'n a road of roads,
 Rare unto mortal foot, and only pays
 His golden song to heroes and to gods.

And truly most heroic were his praise,
 If turning from his Lesmian, like a Oriscan,
 He took to drinking Tuscan.
 Drawn by the odour, won by the sweet body,
 I see another leave his herds at Lodi,
 And foot to foot with him sit to drink,
 With plumpy cheeks, and pink, as blithe as any;
 The shepherd of Leméne;
 Ev'n him I say, who, ere he rank'd with men,
 On bays and beeches carved, with happy stroke,
 The strifes of the great Macaron; and then
 The dotage of the boy over the brook.
 And now he writeth in his riper years
 Holier and lovelier things in starry characters.
 But when he seats himself
 Under an oak,
 To the sound of his piping,
 He spins me off pastorals,
 And maketh eminent,
 Lo! the red pride of that fair hill of his,
 Whose foot the fond Lambro takes round with a
 kiss;
 Even, I say, the hill of Colombano,
 Where the vines, with their twisting legs,
 Instead of elms, go making love to figs.

If anybody doesn't like Vernaccia,
 I mean the sort that's made in Pietrafitta,
 Let him fly
 My violent eye;
 I curse him, clean, through all the Alpha-beta:
 I fine him, furthermore, for drink, alway
 Brozzi, Quaracchi, and Peretola:
 And for his shame and for his spite,
 I think it right
 To order him to wear that stupid sweet,
 A crown of beet;
 And on the palfrey of Silenus old,
 I bid them set him the wrong way, and ride him

While, all the way beside him,
 A little insolent Satyr
 Keeps an inveterate clatter
 Hard on his back—videlicet, doth hide him.
 Then let there be the worst of places found for
 him,
 And all the boys got round for him,
 And in his ears, till his whole spirit be gored,
 The whole abuse of all the vintage poured.

On Antinoro's lofty-rising hill
 (Yonder, that has its name from Roses,)
 How could I sit! how could I sit, and fill
 Goblets brights as ever blush'd
 From the black stones of the Canajuol crush'd:
 How it spins from a long neck out,
 Leaps, and foams, and flashes about!
 When I taste it, when I try it,
 (Other lovely wines being by it,)
 In my bosom it stirs, God wot,
 Something—an I know not what—
 But a little stirring fire,
 Either delight, or else desire.
 'Tis desire, to my thinking;
 Yes, a new desire of drinking:
 Something which the more one swallows,
 Recommends the more that follows.
 Pour then, pour, companions mine,
 And in the deluge of mighty wine
 Plunge with me, with cup and with can.
 Ye merry shapes of Pan,
 Ye furnishers of philosophic simile,
 The goatibeardiornyfooted family.
 Pour away, pour away,
 Fill your gasping clay
 With a pelting shower of wine;
 Such as is sold
 By the Cavalier bold
 At the deluge, that mighty sign.

He sells it, and all
 To buy scents withal,
 So fondly thinks he, in his perfumery,
 A scent to discover, that shall be so fine,
 As to rival the scent of the mighty wine.
 A thousand scents inventeth he,
 With fans and small upholstery;
 He makes very sweet perfumes,
 And fumigations for your rooms;
 He makes powderets,
 He makes odourets,
 And all for certain marvellously;
 But never shall he find out, minions mine,
 A scent to match the mighty scent of wine.
 From the summits of Peru,
 From the forests of Tolu,
 Let him lay
 (I'll be bold to say)
 A thousand drugs in, and more too,
 Yet never shall he find out, Airy mine,
 A scent to match the mighty scent of wine.
 Smell, Ariadne: this is Ambra wine:
 Oh what a manly, what a vital scent!
 'Tis of itself a nourishment
 To the heart, and to the brain above it;
 But what is more, the lips, the lips, boys, love it.

This fine Pumino here
 Smacks a little of the austere;
 'Twere no respect to Bartlemytide
 Not to have it at one's side;
 No shame I feel to have it so near,
 For shame it were to feel so much pride,
 And leave it solely to the bumpkins,
 To drink it at its natural time of pumpkins.
 Yet every wine that hight
 Pumino, hath no right
 To take its place at one's round table:
 I only do admit

The gallant race of it,
Which bears Albizis noble arms and label ;
And which, descended of a chosen stock,
Keepeth the mind awake and clear from any sordid
smoke,

Keepeth the mind awake and clear from any
sordid smoke,
That cask ye lately broke,
On which a judgment I reveal,
From which lieth no appeal.—
But hold ; another beaker,
To make me a fit speaker !—
And now, Silenus, lend thy lolling ears ;—
Who will believe, that hears ?
In deep Gualfonda's lower deep, there lies
A garden for blest eyes ;
A garden and a palace ; the rich hold
Of great Riccardi, where he lives in gold.
Out of that garden with its billion-trillion
Of laughing vines, there comes—*such a vermil-*
ion !

Verily it might face 'fore all the county,
The gallant carbuncle of Mezzomonte :
And yet, tis very well known, I sometimes go
To Mezzomonte for a week or so,
And take my fill, upon the greeny grass,
Of that red laughter through the lifted glass,—
That laughter red, that liquid carbuncle,
Rich with its cordial twinkle,
That gem, which fits e'en the Corsini's worth,
Gem of the Arno, and delight o' the earth.

The ruby dew that stills
Upon Valdarno's hills,
Touches the sense with odour so divine,
That not the violet,
With lips with morning wet,
Utters such sweetness from her little shrine.

When I drink of it, I rise
 Over the hill that makes poets wise,
 And in my voice and in my song,
 Grow so sweet and grow so strong,
 I challenge Phœbus with his delphic eyes,
 Give me then, from a golden measure,
 The ruby that is my treasure, my treasure;
 And like to the lark that goes maddening above,
 I'll sing songs of love!
 Songs will I sing more moving and true,
 Than the bubbling and quaffing of Gersole wine.
 Then the rote shall go round,
 And the cymbals kiss,
 And I'll praise Ariadne,
 My beauty, my bliss;
 I'll sing of her tresses,
 I'll sing of her kisses;
 Now, now it increases,
 The fervour increases,
 The fervour, the boiling, and venomous bliss.
 The grim god of war and the arrowy boy
 Double-gallant me with desperate joy;
 Love, love, and a fight!
 I must make me a knight;
 I must make me thy knight of the bath, fair friend,
 A knight of the bathing that knows no end:
 An order so noble, a rank so discreet,
 Without any handle
 For noise or for scandal,
 Will give me a seat
 With old Jove at his meat:
 And thou made immortal, my beauty, my own,
 Shall sit where the gods make a crown for his
 throne.

Let others drink Falernian, others Tolfa,
 Others the blood that wild Vesuvius weeps;
 No graceful soul will get him in the gulf o'

To-day, methinks, 'twere fitter far, and better, eh? '
 To taste thy queen, Arcetri;
 Thy queen Verdea, sparkling in our glasses,
 Like the bright eyes of lasses;
 We'll see which is the prettier smiling varlet,
 This, or Lappeggio with the lip of scarlet.
 Hide it in cellars as it will, no matter;
 The deeper roques the sweeter.
 Oh boys, this Tuscan land divine
 Hath such a natural talent for wine,
 We'll fall, we'll fall
 On the barrels and all;
 We'll fall on the must, we'll fall on the presses,
 We'll make the boards groan with our grievous
 caresses;
 No measure, I say; no order, but riot;
 No waiting, nor cheating; we'll drink like a Sciot;
 Drink, drink, and drink when you've done;
 Pledge it, and frisk it, every one;
 Chirp it, and challenge it, swallow it down;
 He that's afraid, is a thief and a clown.
 Good wine's a gentleman;
 He speedeth digestion all he can:
 No headache hath he, no headache, I say,
 For those who talked with him yesterday.
 If Signor Bellini, besides his apes,
 Would anatomize vines, and anatomize grapes,
 He'd see that the heart that makes good wine,
 Is made to do good, and very benign.
 Ho—ho! tongue of mine,
 Be steady to speak of the master's art,
 Who taught thee how, and in what fine part
 Of thyself; O tripping tongue,
 The tip and the taste of all tasting hung.
 Tongue, I must make thee a little less jaunty
 In the wine robust that comes from Chianti.
 True son of the earth is Chianti wine,
 Born on the ground of a gipsy vine;
 Born on the ground for sturdy souls,

And ~~not~~ the rank race of one of your poles :
I should like to see a snake
Get up in August out of a brake,
And fasten with all his teeth and caustic
Upon that sordid villain of a rustic,
Who, to load my Chianti's haunches
With a parcel of feeble bunches,
Went and tied her to one of these poles,—
Sapless sticks without any souls !

Like a king,
In his conquering,
Chianti wine with his red flag goes
Down to my heart, and down to my toes :
He makes no noise, he beats no drums ;
Yet pain and trouble fly as he comes.
And yet a good bottle of Carmignan,
He of the two is your merrier man ;
He brings from heav'n such a rain of joy,
I envy not Jove his cups, old boy.
Drink, Ariadne ; the grapery
Was the warmest and brownest in Tuscany ;
Drink, and whatever they have to say,
Still to the Naiads answer nay ;
For mighty folly it were, and a sin,
To drink Carmignan, with water in.

He who drinks water,
I wish to observe,
Gets nothing from me ;
He may eat it and starve.
Whether it's well, or whether it's fountain,
Or whether it comes foaming white from the
mountain,
I cannot admire it,
Nor ever desire it :
'Tis a fool, and a madman, and impudent wretch,
Who now will live in a nasty ditch,
And then grown proud, and full of his whims,

Comes playing the devil and cursing his brims,
And swells, and tumbles, and bothers his margins,
And ruins the flowers, although they be virgins.
Moles and piers, were it not for him,
Would last forever
If they're built clever ;
But no—it's all one with him—sink or swim.
Let the people yeapt Mameluke
Praise the Nile without any rebuke ;
Let the Spaniards praise the Tagus ;
I cannot like either, even for negus.
If any follower of mine
Dares so far to forget his wine,
As to drink an atom of water,
Here's the hand should devote him to slaughter.
Let your meagre doctorlings
Gather herbs and such like things ;
Fellows, that with streams and stills
Think to cure all sorts of ills.
I've no faith in their washery,
Nor think it worth a glance of my eye :
Yes, I laugh at them for that matter,
To think how they, with their heaps of water,
Petrify their skulls profound,
And make 'em all so thick and so round,
That Viviani, with all his mathematics,
Would fail to square the circle of their attics.

Away with all water,
Wherever I come ;
I forbid it ye, gentlemen,
All and some ;
Lemonade water,
Jessamine water,
Our tavern knows none of 'em,
Water's a hum.
Jessamine makes a pretty crown ;
But as a drink, 'twill never go down.
All your hydromels and flips

Come not near these prudent lips,
 All your sippings and sherbets,
 And a thousand such pretty sweets;
 Let your mincing ladies take 'em,
 And fops whose little fingers ache 'em.
 Wine! Wine! is your only drink;
 Grief never dares to look at the brink;
 Six times a year to be mad with wine,
 I hold it no shame, but a very good sign.
 I, for my part, take my can,
 Solely to act like a gentleman;
 And acting so, I care not, I,
 For all the hail and the snow in the sky;
 I never go poking,
 And cowering and cloaking,
 And wrapping myself from head to foot,
 As some people do, with their wigs to boot;
 For example, like dry and shivering Redi,
 Who looks like a peruk'd old lady.

Hallo! What phenomenon's this,
 That makes my head turn round?
 I'faith, I think it is
 A turning of the ground!
 Ho, ho, earth,
 If that's your mirth,
 It may not, I think, be amiss for me
 To leave the earth, and take to the sea.
 Hallo there, a boat! a boat!
 As large as can float,
 As large as can float, and stock'd plenteously;
 For that's the ballast, boys, for the salt sea.
 Here, here, here,—here's one of glass;
 Yet through a storm it can dance with a lass.
 I'll embark, I will,
 For my gentle sport,
 And drink as I'm used
 'Till I settle in Port—
 Rock, rock,—wine is my stock,

Wine is my stock, and will bring us to Port—
 Row, brothers, row,
 We'll sail and we'll go,
 We'll all go sailing and rowing to Port—
 Ariadne, to Por—to Port.
 Oh what a thing
 'Tis for you and for me,
 On an evening in spring,
 To sail in the sea.
 The little fresh airs
 Spread their silver wings,
 And o'er the blue pavement
 Dance love-makings.
 To the tune of the waters, and tremulous glee,
 They strike up a dance to people at sea.
 Row, brothers, row,
 We'll sail and we'll go,
 We'll sail and we'll go, till we settle in Port—
 Ariadne, in Por—in Port.
 Pull away, pull away,
 Without drag or delay:
 No gallants grow tired, but think it a sport,
 To feather their oars till they settle in Port—
 Ariadne, in Por—in Port.
 I'll give ye a toast,
 And then, you know, you,
 Arianeeny, my beauty, my queeny,
 Shall sing me a little, and play to me too
 On the mandòla, the coccoorocoo,
 The coccoorocoo,
 The coccoorocoo,
 On the mandòla, the coccoorocoo.
 A long pu—
 A strong pu—
 A long pull, and strong pull, and pull altogether!
 Gallants and boaters, who know how to feather,
 Never get tired, but think it a sport,
 To feather their oars, till they settle in port—
 Ariadne, in Por—Port;

I'll give thee a toas—
 I'll give thee a toast—and then, you know, you—
 Shall give me one too.
 Araneeny, my quainty, my queeny,
 Sing me, you ro—
 Sing me, you ro—
 Sing me, you rogue, and play to me, do,
 On the viô—
 On the viôla, the coocooroocoo,
 The coocooroocoo,
 The coocooroocoo,
 On the viôla, the coocooroocoo.

What a horrible tempest arises !
 This place is full of surprises ;
 Hissings and devils all around one's ears,
 Like a crashing of fifty spheres !
 Pilot, pilot, old boy, save
 Boys of wine from a watery grave.
 Alas, what signifies good advice !
 The oars are broken, the last rope flies !
 Winds grow madder,
 The waves are at war ;
 Lighten the vessel, the lading ! the lading !
 Splice the main tackle, boys—heave up the mast !
 The ship's agoing to the end of the world—
 I think it will e'en go past.
 What I say, I don't very well know ;
 I'm not *au fait* at the water :
 But it seems—to me—that there's something the
 matter—
 A breeze rather stiff or so :
 The whirlwinds undoubtedly have come down
 To crack the sea and all on the crown ;
 The billows foam like a world of beer :
 And see—the sea-horses ! they joust and they
 rear !
 I'm sick !
 We're all of us lost ; that's settled at any rate :

Gods ! how my stomach I loathe yet exonerate :—
 Bitter ! bitter !—and yet 'twas a stock
 Precious as ever was put under lock !
 I think I feel lighter—
 We're safe ! we're safe !
 Look at the prow there ! the golden haired stars '
 'Tis Castor and Pollux—that pair of pairs !
 Ah—no—no—no stars are they ;
 No stars are they, though they be divine,
 But a couple of flasks of exquisite wine !
 Exquisite wine is your exquisite reason
 For settling disorders that come out of season,
 For clearing one's tempests, and brushing apart
 Fogs and all that in " the lake of one's heart."
 My pretty little Satyrs,
 In your little hairy tatters,
 Whoever is the first now,
 To help me quench my thirst now,
 Whoever hands me up
 Some interminable cup,
 Some new unfathom'd goblet,
 To hubble it and bubble it,
 I'll hold him for my minion,
 And never change my opinion.
 I don't care what it's made of,
 Gold, ivory, or fig ;
 It may, or it may not, be the richest ever read of,
 But let it be the biggest of the big.
 A small glass, and thirsty ! Be sure never ask it :
 Man might as well serve up soup in a basket.
 This my broad, and this my high
 Bacchanalian butlery
 Lodgeth not, nor doth admit
 Glasses made with little wit ;
 Little bits of would-be bottles
 Run to seed in strangled throttles.
 Such things are for invalids,
 Sipping dogs that keep their beds.
 As for shallow cups like plates,

Break them upon shallower pates.
 Such glassicles,
 And vesicles,
 And bits of things like icicles,
 Are toys and curiosities
 For babies and their gaping eyes ;
 Keepsakes, and small crystal caddies,
 'To hold a world of things for ladies ;
 I don't mean those who keep their coaches,
 But those who make grand foot approaches,
 With flower'd gowns, and fine huge broaches.
 'Tis in a magnum's world alone
 The graces have room to sport and be known.
 Fill, fill, let us all have our will :
 But with *what*, with *what*, boys, shall we fill ?
 Sweet Ariadne—no, not that one,—ah no ;
 Fill me the manna of Montepulciano :
 Fill me a magnum, and reach it me.—Gods !
 How it slides to my heart by the sweetest of roads !
 Oh, how it kisses me, tickles me, bites me !
 Oh how my eyes loosen sweetly in tears !
 I'm ravished ! I'm rapt ! Heav'n finds me ad-
 missible !
 Lost in an ecstasy ! blinded ! invisible !

Harken, all earth !
 We, Bacchus, in the might of our great mirth,
 To all who reverence us, and are right thinkers ;—
 Hear, all ye drinkers !
 Give ear, and give faith, to our edict divine—
 MONTEPULCIANO'S THE KING OF ALL WINE.

At these glad sounds,
 The Nymphs, in giddy rounds,
 Shaking their ivy diadems and grapes,
 Echoed the triumph in a thousand shapes.
 The Satyrs would have joined them ; but alas !
 They couldn't ; for they lay about the grass,
 As drunk as apes.

LAZY CORNER;

OR,

BED VERSUS BUSINESS.

FRANCESCO BERNI, one of the most popular wits and poets of Italy, flourished in the fifteenth century at the courts of Clement the Seventh and Alessandro de Medici. A tragical story used to be told of his having been poisoned by Alessandro, for refusing to administer a like death to the poisoner's brother; but nobody now believes it. Berni was related to Cardinal Bibbiena, who wrote one of the earliest Italian comedies; but the cardinal, in spite of his comedy and his kinship, did nothing for him; and he got as little from his eminence's nephew, his heir; he therefore entered the service of the pope's datary, which he ultimately quitted to reside on a small canonry he possessed at Florence; where he died, after a life of ease and good-fellowship, varied with serious as well as lively studies.

Berni was a real poet, grave as well as gay; but unfortunately he was thrown on one of the corruptest ages of Italy, and condescended to write many things unworthy of the finer parts of his genius, to amuse a dissolute nobility. He wrote such pure, unaffected Tuscan, and his manner in his lighter pieces was so exquisitely naïve, full of those unexpected turns in which carelessness and significance meet, that although Pulci began it, and Marot and La Fontaine excelled in it in France, it was called after his name among his countrymen, by whom it is still known as the "Bernesque" style. It had many followers who became celebrated, such as Casa, Molza, Firenzuola, Mauro, and others, most of them friends of his, and members of a club called Vine-Dressers, (*Vignaiuoli*), who each took the name of something in connection with wine-making. They probably composed (next to our Elizabethan club at the "Mermaid,") the most brilliant assemblage of wits that Europe has seen, not excepting those of Charles the Second's time, or the coteries of the Chaulieus and Chapelles. Voltaire profited greatly by

this style; and nobody needs to be reminded what lustre it has received from the pen of Lord Byron.

But the greatest and best work of Berni, after all, was his modernization of Boiardo's beautiful old poem, the *Orlando Innamorato*, in which he exhibited a genius of the most solid description. Indeed, it is a production unique in the history of letters, having contested the palm of superiority with its original. The stanzas here attempted in English, form part of the sixty-seventh canto of this work. Berni inserted them in the account of a *Fairy Palace*, in which the fine old poet had brought his knights together to lead a luxurious life of dancing and love-making. The remodeller introduces himself as a "certain Florentine," living in the same age, and brought here for the same purpose of doing as he pleased (for that was the order of the house); only his pleasure was, not to dance, or trouble himself with action of any kind, but to lie in bed and do nothing, his brain and all his other faculties, having, he says, been worn out by eternal writing and correspondence, as secretary to the aforesaid pope's datary, a prelate, whose office it was to date the papal bulls, and to do a world of chancery business besides. Berni was a man unfit for business of any kind, except to write poetry and enjoy himself; and accordingly he here gives a ludicrous account of his official toils, and of the luxurious revenge he took of them out of the very prostration of his powers. Some dull biographers have taken the caricature for a history of his actual way of life; whereas, though it is not to be doubted that he could be lazy enough when he chose, he must have been any thing but a sluggard in ordinary, his company having been in the greatest request during the sprightliest period of Italian wit, besides his having been a visitor of divers cities, and rewriting the whole of Boiardo's poem, which is a long one.

It has been said that Berni and I cannot be compared, but that is only because I cannot be compared to any one.

Thomson, a notorious liar in bed, was fifteen years writing his *Castle of Indolence*; and he is said to have been seen in his garden at Richmond eating a peach off a tree with his hands in his waistcoat pockets. I doubt if the big, but not corpulent Berni, ever went so far on the wrong side of activity as that.

AMONG the rest a Florentine there came,
 A boon companion, of a gentle kin.
 I say a Florentine, although the name
 Had taken root some time in Casentin,
 Where his good father wedded a fair dame,
 And pitch'd his tent. The place he married in
 Was call'd Bibbiena, as it is at present;
 A spot upon the Arno, very pleasant.

Nigh to this place was Lamporecchio (scene
 Of great Masetto's gardening recreations);
 There was our hero born;—then, till nineteen,
 Bred up in Florence, not on the best rations;
 Then, it pleas'd God, settled at Rome; I mean,
 Drawn there by hopes from one of his relations;
 Who, though a cardinal, and Pope's right arm,
 Did the poor devil neither good nor harm.⁷⁵

This great man's heir vouchsafed him then his
 grace,
 With whom he fared as he was wont to fare;
 Whence, finding himself still in sorry case,
 He thought he might as well look out elsewhere;
 So hearing people wish they had a place
 With the good Datary of St. Peter's chair,
 A thing they talk'd of with a perfect unction—
 Place get he did in that enchanting function.

This was a business which he thought he knew;
 Alas! he found he didn't know a bit of it;
 Nothing went right, slave as he might, and stew;
 And yet he never, somehow, could get quit of it;
 The more he did, the more he had to do;

Desk, shelves, hands, arms, whatever could admit
of it,

Were always stuff'd with letters and with docketts,
Turning his brains, and bulging out his pockets.

Luckless in all, perhaps not worth his hire;

He even miss'd the few official sweets;
Some petty tithes assign'd him did but tire

His patience; *nil* was always on their sheets.
Now 'twas bad harvests, now a flood, now fire;

Now dev'l himself, that hinder'd his receipts.
There were some fees his due;—God knows, not
many;

No matter;—never did he touch a penny.

The man, for all that, was a happy man;

Thought not too much; indulg'd no gloomy fit:
Folks wish'd him well. Prince, peasant, artisan,

Every one lov'd him; for the rogue had wit,
And knew how to amuse. His fancy ran

On thousands of odd things, on which he writ
Certain mad waggeries in the shape of poems,
With strange elaborations of their proems.⁷⁶

Choleric he was withal, when fools reprov'd him;

Free of his tongue, as he was frank of heart;

Ambition, avarice, neither of them mov'd him;

True to his word; caressing without art;

A lover to excess of those that lov'd him;

Yet if he met with hate, could play a part
Which show'd the fiercest he had found his mate;
Still he was proner far to love than hate.

In person he was big, yet tight and lean,

Had long, thin legs, big nose, and a large face;

Eyebrows which there was little space between;

Deep-set, blue eyes; and beard in such good
case,

That the poor eyes would scarcely have been seen,
Had it been suffer'd to forget its place;

But, not approving beads to that amount,
The owner brought it to a sharp account.

But of all things, all servitude loath'd he ;
Why then should fate have wound him in its
bands ?

Freedom seem'd made for him, yet strange to see,
His lot was always in another's hands ;
His ! who had always thirsted instantly
To disobey commands, because commands !
Left to his own free will, the man was glad
To further yours. Command him, he went mad.

Yet field-sports, dice, cards, balls, and such like
courses,
Things which he might be thought to set store
by,

Gave him but little pleasure. He liked horses ;
But was content to let them please his eye,
Buying them squaring not with his resources ;
Therefore his *summun bonum* was to lie
Stretch'd at full length ;—yea, frankly be it said,
To do no single thing but lie in bed.

'Twas owing all to that infernal writing.
Body and brain had borne such grievous rounds
Of kicks, cuffs, floors, from copying and inditing,
That he could find no balsam for his wounds,
No harbour for his wreck, half so inviting
As to lie still, far from all sights and sounds,
And so, in bed, do nothing on God's earth,
But try and give his senses a new birth.

Bed, bed's the thing, by Heav'n ! (thus would he
swear,)

Bed is your only work ; your only duty.
Bed is one's gown, one's slippers, one's arm-chair,
Old coat ; you're not afraid to spoil its beauty.
Large you may have it, long, wide, brown, or fair,

Down-bed or mattress, just as it may suit ye;
 Then take your clothes off, turn in, stretch, lie
 double;
 Be but in bed, you're quit of earthly trouble.

Borne to the fairy palace then, but tir'd
 Of seeing so much dancing, he withdrew
 Into a distant room, and there desir'd
 A bed might be set up, handsome and new,
 With all the comforts that the case requir'd—
 Mattresses huge, and pillows not a few,
 Put here and there, in order that no ease
 Might be found wanting to cheeks, arms, or knees.

The bed was eight feet wide, lovely to see,
 With white sheets, and fine curtains, and rich
 loops,
 Things vastly soothing to calamity;
 The coverlet hung light in silken droops:
 It might have held six people easily,
 But he dislik'd to lie in bed by groups.
 A large bed to himself;—*that* was his notion;
 With room enough to swim in, like the ocean.

In this retreat there join'd him a good soul,
 A Frenchman, one who had been long at court,
 An admirable cook; though, on the whole,
 His gains of his deserts had fallen short.
 For him was made, cheek, as it were, by jowl,
 A second bed of the same noble sort,
 Yet not so close, but that the folks were able
 To set between the two a dinner-table.

Here was serv'd up, on snow-white table-cloths,
 Every the daintiest possible comestible
 In the French taste (all others being Goths),
 Dishes alike delightful and digestible;
 Only our scribe chose syrups, soups, and broths,
 The smallest trouble being a detestable

Bore, into which not ev'n his dinner led him ;
Therefore the servants always came, and fed him.

Nothing at these times but his head was seen ;
The coverlet came close beneath his chin ;
And then, from out the bottle or tureen,
They fill'd a silver pipe, which he let in
Between his lips, all easy, smooth, and clean,
And so he fill'd his philosophic skin :
For not a finger all the while he stirr'd ;
Nor, lest his tongue should tire, scarce utter'd
word.

The name of that same cook was Master Pierre :⁷⁷
He told a tale well, something short and light.
Quoth scribe, " Those people that keep dancing
there,
Have little wit." Quoth Pierre, " You're very
right."
And then he told a tale, or humm'd an air ;
Then took a sup of something, or a bite ;
And then he turn'd himself to sleep ; and then
Awoke and ate : and then he slept again.

This was their mode of living, day by day ;
'Twixt food and sleep their moments softly
spun ;
They took no note of time and tide, not they ;
Feast, fast, or working-day, they held all one ;
Never disputed one another's say ;
Never heard bell, never were told of dun.
It was particularly understood,
No news was to be brought them, bad or good.

But, above all, no writing was known there,
No pen and ink, no pounce-box. Oh, my God !
Like toads and snakes we shunn'd 'em ; like de-
spair,
Like death, like judgment, like a fiery rod ;

So green the wounds, so dire the memories were,
 Left by that rack of ten long years and odd,
 Which tore out of his very life and senses
 The most undone of all amanuenses.

One more thing I may note, that made the day
 Pass well; one custom, not a little healing;
 Which was, to look above us, as we lay,
 And count the spots and blotches in the ceiling:
 Noting what shapes they took to, and which way,
 And where the plaster threaten'd to be peeling;
 Whether the spot look'd new, or old, or what;
 Or whether 'twas in fact, a spot or not.⁷⁸

ODE TO THE GOLDEN AGE.

SUNG BY A CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS IN TASSO'S AMYNTAS.

It is to be borne in mind, that the opinions expressed in this famous ode of Tasso's, are only so expressed on the supposition of their compatibility with a state of innocence.

O LOVELY age of gold !
 Not that the rivers roll'd
 With milk, or that the woods wept honey-dew ;
 Not that the ready ground
 Produc'd without a wound,
 Or the mild serpent had no tooth that slew ;
 Not that a cloudless blue
 Forever was in sight,
 Or that the heaven which burns,
 And now is cold by turns,
 Look'd out in glad and everlasting light ;
 No, nor that even the insolent ships from far
 Brought war to no new lands, nor riches worse than
 war :

But solely that that vain
 And breath-invented pain,
 That idol of mistake, that worshipped cheat,
 That Honour,—since so call'd
 By vulgar minds appall'd,
 Play'd not the tyrant with our nature yet.
 It had not come to fret
 The sweet and happy fold
 Of gentle human-kind ;
 Nor did its hard law bind
 Souls nurs'd in freedom ; but that law of gold,
 That glad and golden law, all free, all fitted,
 Which Nature's own hand wrote—What pleases, is
 permitted.

Then among streams and flowers,
 The little winged Powers
 Went singing carols without torch or bow ;
 The nymphs and shepherds sat
 Mingling with innocent chat
 Sports and low whispers ; and with whispers low,
 Kisses that would not go.
 The maid, her childhood o'er,
 Kept not her bloom uneyed,
 Which now a veil must hide,
 Nor the crisp apples which her bosom bore ;
 And oftentimes, in river or in lake,
 The lover and his love their merry bath would
 take.

'Twas thou, thou, Honour, first
 That didst deny our thirst
 Its drink, and on the fount thy covering set ;
 Thou bad'st kind eyes withdraw
 Into constrained awe,
 And keep the secret for their tears to wet ;
 Thou gathered'st in a net
 The tresses from the air,
 And mad'st the sports and plays

284. THE DEBT OF THE GIULI TRE.

Turn all to sullen ways,
And putt'st on speech a rein, in steps a care.
Thy work it is,—thou shade that wilt not move,
That what was once the gift, is now the theft of
Love.

Our sorrows and our pains,
These are thy noble gains.
But oh, thou Love's and Nature's masterer,
Thou conqueror of the crown'd,
What dost thou on this ground,
Too small a circle for thy mighty sphere?
Go, and make slumber dear
To the renown'd and high;
We here, a lowly race,
Can live without thy grace,
After the use of mild antiquity.
Go, let us love; since years
No truce allow, and life soon disappears;
Go, let us love; the daylight dies, is born;
But unto us the light
Dies once for all, and sleep brings on eternal night.

THE DEBT OF THE GIULI TRE.⁷⁹

FROM CASTI.

I.

No: none are happy in this best of spheres.
Lo! when a child, we tremble at a look;
Our freshest age is wither'd o'er a book;
Then fine arts bite us, and great characters.
Then we go boiling with our youthful peers,
In love and hate, in riot and rebuke;

By hook misfortune has us, or by crook,
And griefs and gouts come thick'ning with one's
years.

In fine, we've debts :—and when we've debts, no
ray

Of hope remains to warn us to repose.
Thus has my own life pass'd from day to day ;
And now, by way of climax, though not close,
The fatal debit of the *Giuli Tre*
Fills up the solemn measure of my woes.

II.

Often and often have I understood
From Galen's readers and Hippocrates's,
That there are certain seasons in diseases
In which the patient oughtn't to lose blood.
Whether the reason that they give be good,
Or doctors square their practice to the thesis,
I know not ; nor is this the best of places
For arguing that matter, as I could.

All that I know is this,—that *Giuli Tre*
Has no such scruple or regard with me,
Nor holds the rule himself : for every day
He does his best, and that most horribly,
To make me lose my cash ; which, I must say,
Has with one's blood some strange affinity.

III.

Never did beetle hum so teasingly
About one's ears, in walking, when it's hot ;
Never did fly return so to one spot,
As comes my teasing Creditor on me.
Let it but rain, for instance, and you'll see
The flies and beetles vanish like a shot ;
But never comes the time,—the day is not,—
In which this vermin here will let me be.

Perhaps as bodiest tend invariably
 Tow'rd's other bodies by some force-divine—
 Attraction, gravity, or centripathy,
 (God knows; I'm little vers'd in your right line,)
 So by some natural horrid property
 This pretty satellite tends tow'rd's me and mine.

IV.

I've said forever, and again I say,
 And it's a truth as plain as truth can be,
 That from a certain period to this day,
 Pence are a family quite extinct with me.
 And yet you still pursue me, and waylay,
 With your insufferable importunity,
 And for those d——d infernal *Giuli-Tre*
 Haunt me without remorse or decency.

Perhaps you think that you'll torment me so.
 You'll make me hang myself? You wish to say
 You saw me *sus. per coll.*—No, *Giuli*, no.
 The fact is, I'll determine not to pay;
 And drive you, *Giuli*, to a state so low,
 That you shall hang yourself, and I be gay.

V.

Oh with what folly did they toil in vain,
 Who thought old Arnold, Sully, or Gabor wise,
 And night and day labour'd with earnest eyes
 To turn their metals into Golden grain!
 How did their pots and they perspire again.
 Over their sulphurs, salts, and mercuries,
 And never, after all, could see their prize,
 Or do what Nature does, and with no pain:

And yet, ah me! why, why, dear Nature say,
 This lovely art—why must it be despis'd?
 Thy mayn't we follow this thy noblest way?

I'd work myself; and having realiz'd,
Great Heavens! a capital of *Giuli Tre*,
Break up my tools, content and aggrandiz'd.

VI.

My Creditor seems often in a way
Extremely pleasant with me, and polite;
Just like a friend.—You'd fancy, at first sight,
He thought no longer of the *Giuli Tre*.
All that he wants to know is, what they say
Of Frederick now; whether his guess was right
About the sailing of the French that night;
Or, What's the news of Hanover and D'Estree's.

But start from whence he may, he comes as truly,
By little and little, to his ancient pass,
And says, "Well—when am I to have the *Giuli*?"
'Tis the cat's way. She takes her mouse, alas!
And having purr'd, and eyed, and tapped him duly,
Gives him at length the fatal *coup de grace*.

VII.

My Creditor has no such arms, as he
Whom Homer trumpets, or whom Virgil sings,
Arms which dismiss'd so many souls in strings,
From warlike Ilium and from Italy;
Nor has he those of later memory,
With which Orlando did such loads of things;
But with hard hints, and horrid botherings,
And such rough ways,—with these he warreth me.

And suddenly he launcheth at me, lo!
His terrible demand the *Giuli Tre*;
I draw me back, and thrust him with a No!
Then glows the fierce resentment of the fray,
Till turning round, I scamper from the foe;
The only way, I find, to gain the day.

PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

FROM ALFIERI.

THOU lofty mirror, Truth, let me be shown
 Such as I am, in body and in mind ;—
 Hair plainly red, retreating now behind ;
 Of stature tall, head bent and looking prone ;
 A meagre body on two stilts of bone ;
 Fair skin, blue eyes, good air, nose well defined,
 Mouth handsome, teeth such as are rare to find,
 And paler in the face than king on throne.
 Now harsh and bitter, pleasant now and mild ;
 A quickly rous'd yet no malignant foe ;
 My heart, and mind, and self, never in tune ;
 Sad for the most part, then in such a flow
 Of spirits, I seem now hero, now buffoon ;—
 Man, art thou great or vile ?—Die, and thou'lt
 know.

LEARNING TUSCAN.

FROM THE SAME.

*Dialogue between the Poet and his Florentine Landress,
 Nera Colomboli.*

- A. Why, Mistress Nera, what the devil's here ?
 To bring my stockings home at last undone ?
 N. Undone ! Ah ! God knows if I've sewn and
 sewn ;
 But they so *spider-web*, it's a despair.
 A. So *spider-web*, school mistress ! Why, that's
 queer :

- N. How? Any thing that we put off and on,
And wear and wear, till all the stuff is gone,
Doesn't it *spider-web*? I think it's clear.
- A. *Spider-web*? I don't take it; what d'ye mean?
- N. Lord bless me, Sir, break me a spider's web,
And see if I can sew it up again.
- A. Ah! It is I that am the unlick'd cub.
I grow gray writing Tuscan, but in vain:
A sorry graft, fit only for the grub.

ENGLISH COURTSHIP.

FROM THE SAME.

Dialogue between a Chair in Italy and a Gentleman from England.

CHAIR.

WHAT is the reason, Sir, that every day
You load me thus for nothing, hours and hours?
Is this the manner, pray,
Of making love in that cold clime of yours?
You may be heavy for a century,
And get no further with the lovely she.

GENTLEMAN.

And hast thou too conspired against me, chair?
I love, 'tis true—too true—and dare not say it:
But surely my whole air,
My looks, my very silence, all display it:
Every one, doubtless, must perceive the fire,
That gnaws and eats me up with fierce desire.

CHAIR.

For God's sake, speak then, or you'll never do:
What you do now by the fair lady's side,

I boast of doing too :—

It makes me mad to find you thus tongue-tied,—
To see you sit and stare, like a stuck pig.^{HI}
You make me speak myself, who am but fig.

ON THE LAUGH OF MADAME D'ALBRET.

FROM CLEMENT MAROT.

Yes, that fair neck, too beautiful by half,
Those eyes, that voice, that bloom, all do her
honour:

Yet after all, that little giddy laugh
Is what, in my mind, sits the best upon her.

Good God ! 'twould make the very streets and ways
Through which she passes, burst into a pleasure !
Did melancholy come to mar my days,
And kill me in the lap of too much leisure,
No spell were wanting, from the dead to raise me,
But only that sweet laugh, wherewith she slays
me. f

A LOVE-LESSON.

FROM THE SAME.

A SWEET "No, no,"—with a sweet smile beneath,
Becomes an honest girl: I'd have you learn it:—
As for plain "Yes," it may be said, 'ifaith;
Too plainly and too oft:—pray, well discern it.

Not that I'd have my pleasure incomplete,
Or lose the kiss for which my lips beset you;
But that in suffering me to take it, sweet,
I'd have you say, "No, no, I will not let you."

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

FROM THE LUTRIN OF BOILEAU.

THE subject of the *Lutrin* (the *Lectern*, or *Reading Desk*) is a dispute between the Chanter and Treasurer (or Dean) of a Cathedral Chapel in Paris, respecting the right of having a desk of that description in the Choir, and of giving the benediction. If the Chanter can succeed in publicly giving the benediction to the Dean himself, he thinks he shall establish that privilege without further trouble: on the other hand, if the Dean can get the start of him, and bless the Chanter, his predominance is secured forever.

Luckily for the Dean, whenever he and the Chanter are together, and a multitude assembled, he enjoys, from prescription, the greater influence; and how he gains his end accordingly, is set forth in the ensuing *Battle of the Books*, which is the original of Swift's prose satire. Boileau is quite at home in it. It gives him an opportunity, as Warton observes, of indulging in his favourite pastime of ridiculing bad authors. This perhaps is the liveliest and most inventive passage in all the *Lutrin*; and it may be fairly pitted against the *Battle of the Beaux and Ladies* in the *Rape of the Lock*, being at once more satirical, probable, and full of life. If Pope's mock-heroic excels in delicacy and fancy (which I cannot but think it does, out and out), Boileau's may lay claim to a jollier and robuster spirit of ridicule, and to a greater portion of what the French call *mouvement*.

MEANWHILE the Canons, far from all this noise,
With rapid mouthfuls urge the hungry joys:
With flowing cups and irritating salt,
Their thirst by turns they lay and they exalt:
Fervent they feed, with palate and with eye;
Through all its caverns gapes a monstrous ven'son
pie.

To these Fame comes, and hastens to relate
The law consulted and the threaten'd fate:
Up starts the chief, and cries "Consult we too!"

With bile and claret strove his sudden hue,
 Groans Everard from the board untimely torn,
 But far away among the rest is borne.

A short and secret passage knew the band ;
 Through this they ruffle, and soon reach the
 stand,

Where Barbin, bookseller of equal eye,
 Sells good and bad to all who choose to buy.
 Proud up the platform mount the valiant train
 Making loud way, when lo! so fates ordain,
 As proud, and loud, and close at hand are seen
 The fervid squadron, headed by the Dean.
 The chiefs approaching, show a turbid grace ;
 They measure with their eyes, they fume, they
 face ;
 And, had they hoofs, had paw'd upon the place.

Thus two proud bulls, whom equal flames sur-
 prise
 For some fair heifer with her Juno's eyes,
 Forget their pasture, meet with horrid bows,
 And stooping, threaten with their stormy brows.

But the sad Everard, elbow'd as he pass'd,
 No longer could endure his demi-fast.
 Plung'd in the shop, he seizes on a book,
 A "Cyrus"⁸⁰ (lucky in the first he took),
 And aiming at the man (Boirude was he)
 Launch'd at his head the chaste enormity.
 Boirude evaded, graz'd in cheek alone,
 But Sidrac's stomach felt it with a groan.
 Punch'd by the dire "Artamenes," he fell
 At the dean's feet, and lay incapable.
 His troop believe him dead, and with a start
 Feel their own stomachs for the wounded part.

But rage and fear alike now rouse their gall,
 And twenty champions on the murd'rer fall.

The Canons, to support the shock, advance :
 On every side ferments the direful dance ;
 Then Discord gives a roar, loud as when meet
 Two herds of rival graziers in a street.
 The bookseller was out, the troops rush in,
 Fast fly his quartos, his octavos spin.
 On Everard most they fall as thick as hail,
 As when in spring the stony showers prevail,
 And beat the blossoms till the season fail.
 All arm them as they can : one gives a scotch
 With "Love's Decree;" another, with the
 "Watch;"

This a French "Tasso" flings, a harmless wound,
 And that the only "Jonas" ever bound.
 The boy of Barbin vainly interferes,
 And thrusts amidst the fray his generous ears :
 Within, without, the books fly o'er and o'er,
 Seek the dipp'd heads, and thump the dusty floor,
 And strew the wondering platform at the door.
 Here, with Guarini, Terence lies; and there
 Jostles with Xenophon the fop La Serre.
 Oh what unheard-of books, what great unknowns,
 Quitted that day their dusty garrisons !
 You, "Almerinde and Simander," mighty twins,
 Werè there, tremendous in your ancient skins :
 And you, most hidden "Caloander," saw
 The light for once, drawn forth by Gaillerbois.
 Doubtful of blood, each handles his brain-pan :
 On every chair there lies a clergyman.
 A critical "Le Vayer" hits Giraut
 Just where a reader yawns, and lays him low.
 Marin, who thought himself translator proof,
 On his right shoulder feels a dire Brebeuf;
 The weary pang pervades his arm; he frowns,
 And damns the "Lucan" dear to country towns.
 Poor Dodillon, with senses render'd thick
 By a "Pinchêne" in quarto, rises sick ;
 Then walks away. Him scorn'd in vain Garagne,
 Smitten in forehead by a "Charlemagne:"

O, wonderful effect of sacred verse!
 The warrior slumbers where he meant to curse;
 Great glory with a "Clelia," Bloc obtain'd;
 Ten times he threw it, and ten times regain'd.

But nought, Fabri, withstood thy bulky Mars,
 Thou Canon, nurs'd in all the church's wars.
 Big was Fabri, big bon'd, a large divine;
 No water knew his elemental wine.
 By him both Gronde and Gourme were over-
 thrown,
 And tenor Gras, and Gros the barytone,
 And Gervis, bad except in easy parts,
 And Gigue, whose alto touch'd the ladies' hearts.

At last the Singers, turning one and all,
 Fly to regain the loop-holes of the Hall:
 So fly from a gray wolf, with sudden sweep,
 The bleating terrors of a flock of sheep;
 Or thus, o'erborne by the Pelidean powers,
 The Trojans turning sought their windy towers.
 Brontin beheld, and thus address'd Boirude:
 "Illustrious carrier of the sacred wood,
 Thou, who one step didst never yet give way,
 Huge as the burthen was, and hot the day;
 Say, shall we look on this inglorious scene,
 And bear a Canon conquering a Dean?
 And shall our children's children have it said,
 The rochet's dignity, through us, fell dead?
 Ah, no; disabled though I thus recline,
 A carcase still, and a Quinaut, are mine;
 Accept the covert of my bulk, and aim;
 A blow may crown thee with a David's fame.
 He said,—and tended him the gentle book;
 With ardour in his eyes the sexton took,
 Then lurk'd, then aim'd, and right between the
 eyes
 Hit the great athlete, to his dumb surprise.
 Feeble storm! O bullet, not of lead!

The book, like butter, dumps against his head.
 With scorn, the Canon chafed: "Now mark," said
 he,
 "Ye secret couple, base and cowardly;
 See if this arm consents against the foe
 To launch a book, that softens in the blow."

• He said; and on an old Infortiat seiz'd,⁸²
 In distant ages much by lawyers greas'd,—
 A huge black-letter mass, whose mighty boards
 More mighty look'd, bound in two ponderous
 boards.
 Half sides of old black parchment wooed the
 grasp,
 And from three nails there hung the remnant of a
 clasp.
 To heave it on its shelf, among the I's,
 Would take three students of the common size.
 The Canon, nathless, rais'd it to his head,
 And on the pair, now crouching and half dead,
 Sent with both hands the wooden thunder down:
 Groan the two warriors, clashing in the crown,
 And murder'd and undone with oak and nails,
 Forth from the platform roll, and seek the guttery
 vales.

The Dean, astonish'd at a fall so dire,
 Utters a cry as when the punch'd expire.
 He curses in his heart all devilish broils,
 And making awful room, six steps recoils.
 Not long:—for now all eyes encountering his,
 • To see how Deans endure calamities,
 Like a great chief he makes no further stand,
 But drawing from his cloak his good right hand,
 And stretching meek the sacred fingers twain,
 Goes blessing all around him, might and main.
 He knows full well, not only that the foe
 Once smitten thus, can neither stand nor go,
 But that the public sense of their defeat

Must leave him lord, in church as well as street.
 The crowd already on his side he sees ;
 The cry is fierce, " Profane ones, on your knees : "
 The Chanter, who beheld the stroke from far,
 In vain seeks courage for a sacred war :
 His heart abandons him : he yields, he flies ;
 His soldiers follow with bewilder'd eyes :
 All fly, all fear, but none escape the pain ;
 The conq'ring fingers follow and detain.
 Everard alone, upon a book employ'd,
 Had hoped the sacred insult to avoid ;
 But the wise chief, keeping a side-long eye,
 And feigning to the right to pass him by,
 Suddenly turn'd, and facing him in van,
 Beyond redemption bless'd th' unhappy man.
 The man, confounded with the mortal stroke,
 From his long vision of rebellion woke,
 Fell on his knees in penitential wise,
 And gave decorum what he owed the skies.

Home trod the Dean victorious, and ordain'd
 The resurrection of the desk regain'd :
 While the vain Chapter, with its fallen crest,
 Slunk to its several musings, *lost* and *bless'd*.

EPITAPH ON AN ENGLISHMAN.

FROM DESTOUCHES.

HERE lies Sir John Plumpudding, of the Grange,
 Who hung himself one morning, for a change.

ABEL AND MABEL; OR, WISE AND
WISER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF TABOUROT.

ABEL fain would marry Mabel;
Well, it's very wise of Abel.
But Mabel won't at all have Abel;
Well, it's wiser still of Mabel.

LOVE AND REASON.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PHILOSOPHER AND HIS
MISTRESS.

FROM THE CHEVALIER DE BOUFFLERS.

Phil. Think of reason,
Love's a poison
Tender hearts should fear to touch.

Mist. From this poison
There's no reason,
I conceive, to fear so much.

Phil. Dreadful poison !
Beauteous reason !

Mist. Horrid reason !
Charming poison !

Phil. Farewell, poison ;
 'Tis to reason
 I direct my placid view :

Mist. Nonsense, reason !
 'Tis the poison,
 Sir, I must expect of you.

LOVE AND WAR.

FROM THE SAME.

If war were an evil not to be done away, it would be right to construe its necessity as handsomely as possible; and, among others, the argument implied in this *jeu d'esprit* would not be one of the least satisfactory. Had Uncle Toby married the Widow Wadman, and left us a son, the young gentleman might have sung the song, going to the wars, to the dance of the band of music and his own feather.

LET us make love, let us make war,
 This is your motto, boys, these are your courses ;
 War may appear to cost people too dear,
 But love reimburses, but love reimburses.

The foe and the fair, let 'em see what we are,
 For the good of the nation, the good of the nation ;
 What possible debtor can pay his debts better,
 Than *De*-population with *Re*-population ?

THE CURATE AND HIS BISHOP.

FROM THE FRENCH. WRITTEN DURING THE OLD REGIME.⁸⁸

ON business call'd from his abode,
 A curate jogg'd along the road.
 In patient leanness jogg'd his mare ;
 The curate, jogging, breath'd a prayer ;
 And jogging as she fac'd the meads,
 His maid, behind him, told her beads.

They hear a carriage, it o'ertakes 'em ;
 With grinding noise and dust it rakes 'em ;
 'Tis he himself ! they know his port ;
 My Lord the Bishop, bound to court.
 Beside him to help meditation,
 The lady sits, his young relation.

The carriage stops ! the curate doffs
 His hat, and bows ; the lady coughs :
 The prelate bends his lordly eyes,
 And " How now, sir ! " in wrath he cries ;
 " What ! choose the very King's highway,
 And ride with girls in open day !
 Good heav'ns ! what next will curates do ?
 My fancy shudders at the view.—
 Girl, cover up your horrid stocking :
 Was ever seen a group so shocking ! "

" My Lord," replies the blushing man,
 " Pardon me, pray, and pardon Anne ;
 Oh deem it, good my lord, no sin :
 I had no coach to put her in."

LOVE AND AGE.

FROM MADAME D'HOUDETOT.

WHEN young, I lov'd. At that enchanting age,
So sweet, so short, love was my sole delight;
And when I reach'd the time for being sage,
Still I lov'd on, for reason gave me right.

Snows come at length, and livelier joys depart,
Yet gentle ones still kiss these eyelids dim;
For still I love, and love consoles my heart;
What could console me for the loss of Him?



NOTES.

NOTE 1, page 13.

I have been unable to effect this at present. L. H.

NOTE 2, page 23.

For reasons given in the Preface to the present edition, these notes and authorities are now added.

NOTE 3, page 34.

Since this paragraph was written, I need not say what a name Mr. Carlyle has procured himself by his writings on the "French Revolution," &c.

NOTE 4, page 44.

Gasping, staring, treading red mud,
Till the drunkenness' self makes us steady of blood.

"In action man is quite another being. * * The soul rises above its wonted serenity, into a kind of frenzied apathy to the scene before you—a heroism bordering on ferocity; the nerves become tight and contracted, *the eye full and open, moving quickly in its socket, with almost maniac wildness; the head is in constant motion, the nostrils extended wide, and the mouth apparently gasping.*"

"In many places the dead lay four deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, when exposed for hours to the murderous fire of a French battery. Outside, lancer and cuirassier were scattered thickly on the earth. Madly attempting to force the bayonets of the British, they had fallen in the bootless essay by the musketry of the inner files. Further on, you traced the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered. Chasseur and hussar were intermingled, and the heavy Norman horse of the imperial guard were interspersed with the gray chargers which had carried Albin's chivalry. There the Highlander and

strawless lay, side by side, together, and the heavy dragons, with "green Erin's" badge upon his helmet, was grasped in death by the Polish lancer.

"On the summit of the ridge, the ground lay embowered with dead, and trodden, felled deep, in mud and gore!!
BOOTH'S *Accounts of Waterloo*, p. xlii.

NOTE 5, page 46.

See where comes the horse-tempest again,
Visible earthquake, bloody of mane!
Part are upon us, with edges of pain;
Part burst, riderless, over the plain,
Crashing their spurs, and twice slaying the slain.

Campbell, the poet, during the first wars of the revolution, saw the French army, under Moreau, enter Hohenlinden after defeating the Austrians. The cavalry were wiping their bloody swords on the manes of their horses.

"Thousands of wounded horses were strewn over this scene of slaughter. Some lay quietly on the ground, cropping the grass within their reach; some, with deep moanings, expressed their sufferings; while others, maddened with pain,

"Jerked out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice."—BOOTH'S *Waterloo*.

NOTE 6, page 46.

Which is the beast, and which is the brother?

See any picture of such a *mêlée*, in paintings or engravings; and consider it, not with the "eye of an artist," but with the feelings of a fellow-creature.

The circumstance of "lolling the tongues out," during a charge of bayonets, on a hot and exhausting day, was told me in my youth, on the authority of a soldier, who had served in Holland.

NOTE 7, page 46.

An odour, as of a slaughter-house,
The distant raven's dark eye bows.

"The smell which hung not only about the interior, but the exterior of the cottage, was shocking. Not that the dead had as yet begun to putrefy; for though some of them had lain for a couple of days exposed to the influence of the atmosphere, the weather was far too cold to permit the progress of decomposition to commencing; but the odour, even of an ordinary field of battle, is ex-

terribly disagreeable. I can compare it to nothing more aptly than the interior of a butcher's slaughter-house, soon after he may have killed his sheep or oxen for the market. Here, that species of perfume was peculiarly powerful; and it was not the less unpleasant that the smell of burning was mixed with it."—BOOTH'S *Waterloo*.

NOTE 8, page 48.

In vain
His tongue still thirsts to lick the rain,
That mock'd but now his homeward tears;
And ever and anon he rears
His legs and knees with all their strength,
And then as strongly thrusts at length.
Raked, or stretch'd, he cannot bear
The wound that girds him, weltering there:
And "Water!" he cries, with moonward stare.

"Some poor fellows (among the wounded) could be seen raising their knees up to their chins, and then flinging them down with all their might. Some attempted to rise, but failed in the attempt. One poor fellow I saw get on his legs, put his hand to his bleeding head, then fall, and roll down the hill to rise no more."—*Memoirs of John Shipp*.

For "Water," which is the universal cry of the wounded on a field of battle, see an anecdote from Southey in the "Remarks on War."

NOTE 9, page 49.

"Water! water!" all over the field:
To nothing but death will that wound-voice yield.
One, as he crieth, &c.
Come hither, ye cities! ye ball-rooms, take breath!
See what a floor hath the Dance of Death.

"A few stragglers of each party still continued engaged, and this part of the affray took place within twenty yards of us. One of our dragoons came to the water with a frightful wound; his jaw was entirely separated from the upper part of his face, and hung on his breast; the poor fellow made an effort to drink in that wretched condition."—COOKE'S *Peninsular War*, vol. i. p. 178.

"I ran towards the large breach (at Ciudad Rodrigo), and met an officer slowly walking between two soldiers of the rifle corps. I asked who it was, when he faintly replied, 'Unlucky,' and walked on. One of his eyes was blown out, and the flesh was torn off his arms and legs. He had taken chocolate with our mess, an hour and a half

before! He died in excruciating agony."—COOKE, vol. II. p. 121.

"One round shot had struck down seven of the enemy on the left of the road; some of them were dead; others still alive, with either legs or arms knocked off, or otherwise horribly mutilated, and were crying out in extreme anguish, and imploring the soldiers to shoot them, and put an end to their dreadful sufferings. A German hussar, in our service, answered them that they would be kindly treated by our medical officers. 'No! no!' they vociferated, 'we cannot bear to live. Countrymen, we are Germans; pray kill us, and shorten our miseries.'"—COOKE, vol. I. p. 279.

Speaking of a man who was hacked and hewed for being a spy, the author says, "This poor fellow, it was supposed by the medical men, must have died a death of extreme agony; *for the ground under him was dug up with his struggling under the torture which had been inflicted on him.*"—*Id.*

"When such evidence of destruction was apparent at a distance from the field, what a display of devastation the narrow theatre of yesterday's conflict must have presented. Fancy may conceive it; but description must necessarily be scanty and imperfect. On the small surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that 50,000 men and horses were lying. The luxurious crop of grain, which had covered the field of battle, was reduced to litter and beaten into the earth; and the surface trodden down by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by cannon wheels, was strewn with many a relic of the fight. *Helmets and cuirasses, scattered fire-arms and broken swords, all the variety of military ornaments, lancers' caps and Highland bonnets, uniforms of every colour, plume and pennon, musical instruments, the apparatus of artillery, drums, bugles; but, good God, why dwell on the harrowing picture of a slaughter-field? Each and every ruinous display bore a mute testimony to the miseries of such a battle.*"—BOOTH'S *Waterloo*.

NOTE 10, page 49.

What are those dark shapes, sitting about?
Their prey is lucre, their claws a knife,
Some say they take the beseeching life:
Horrible pity is theirs for despair,
And they the love-sacred limbs leave bare.

Alluding to followers of the camp, and others, who rifle the field after the battle, and who are understood to

billions of wretched plunder. Some have been said to be females! so brutalizing is war. Smollett, as if in excuse for the execrable nature of his hero, "Count Fathom," has made one of these his mother. She is shot by a dying dragoon, while about to despatch him herself!

"The dead could not be numbered; and by those who visited this dreadful field of glory and of death (Waterloo) the day after the battle, the spectacle of horror that it exhibited can never be forgotten. *The mangled and lifeless bodies were even then stripped of every covering.* Everything of the smallest value was already carried off."—
COOPER.

NOTE 11, page 50.

Turn away, thou Love, nor weep
More in covering his last sleep;
Thou hast him:—blessed is thine eye!
Friendless Famine has yet to die.

"The battle of Waterloo was fought on a Saturday. The last numbers of the wounded were not carried off the field till the following Thursday. Imagine what they must have suffered meanwhile, not only from the agony of their wounds, but from thirst and starvation!

"The road between Waterloo and Brussels, which passes for nine miles through the thick forest of Soignes, was choked up with scattered baggage, broken wagons, and dead horses. The heavy rains, and the great passage upon it, had rendered it almost impassable, so that it was with extreme difficulty that the carriages containing the wounded could be brought along. The way was lined with unfortunate men, who had crept from the field, and many, unable to go farther, lay down and died: holes dug by the road-side served as their graves, and the road, weeks after the battle, was strewn with the tattered remains of their clothes and accoutrements. In every village and hamlet, on every road, in every part of the country, *for thirty miles round, wounded soldiers were found wandering*; the wounded Belgic and Dutch stragglers exerted themselves as much as possible to reach their own homes. So great were the numbers of the wounded, that, notwithstanding the most active and unremitted exertions, the last were not removed from the field of battle into Brussels *till the Thursday following.*"—Page xxxii.

"I will not attempt to describe the scene of slaughter which the fields presented, or what any person possessed of the least spark of humanity must have felt, while we viewed the dreadful situation of some *thousands of wounded*

wretches, who remained without assistance through a bitter cold night, succeeded by a day of most scorching heat. English and French were dying by the side of each other, and I have no doubt hundreds, who were not discovered when the dead were buried, and who were unable to crawl to any habitation, must have perished by famine." —Page xlii.

NOTE 12, page 50.

Two noble steeds lay side by side,
One cropp'd the meek grass ere it died;
Pang-struck it struck t'other, already torn,
And out of its bowels that shriek was born.

I have mislaid the memorandum recording this appalling circumstance. The horse rarely utters a voice, even in health and joy, which renders its cry of agony particularly horrific.

NOTE 13, page 50.

Now see what crawleth, well as it may,
Out of the ditch, and looketh that way.
"The grass caught fire; the wounded were by;
Writhing till eve did a remnant lie;
Then feebly this coal abateth his cry;
But he hopeth! he hopeth! joy lighteth his eye,
For gold he possesseth, and Murder is nigh!"

He hopes to be put out of his misery by the wretches before mentioned.

"About six o'clock in the evening a dreadful occurrence took place. *The long dry grass took fire*, and the flames, spreading rapidly over the field of action, a great number of the wounded were scorched to death. For those who escaped, a large hospital was established in the town of Talavera."—*Peninsular Campaign*, vol. ii. p. 244.

"The French as well as the British soldiers, at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, were carried up into the air, or jammed amongst the rubbish, some with heads, arms, or legs, sticking out of the earth. I saw one of the unfortunate soldiers in a blanket, with his face, head, and body as black as a coal, and cased in a black substance like a shell; his features were no longer distinguishable, and all his hair was singed from off his head, but still the unfortunate man was alive. *How long he lived in this horrible situation I cannot say.*"—*Cooke*, vol. i. p. 128.

"As we moved off, the dead and the dying lay under the trees, the (trunks of many of them in flames,) pale and shivering, with their bloody congealed bandages,

impossible to leave them in that horrible situation, in the middle of the forest in the depth of winter. However, to attempt to afford them assistance was impossible. Every individual had enough to do to drag himself along, after three days' privation."—COOKE, vol. i. p. 239.

Six of our men, and four sepoy of the 70th, in the unthinking way peculiar to the lower classes, went and sat down by one of the ammunition wagons we had captured, when the Europeans took out their pipes, and began to smoke; a spark communicated with the powder, and the whole blew up, leaving these six poor fellows hopelessly scorched on the ground. One man's head was blown off, and he was the happiest of the whole—for the agony the others must have suffered is indescribable. One of them started up and commenced running about in flames, until, overcome with the torment, he fell to the ground. All this time no one dared to go near him, as his ammunition-pod was in a blaze, and had not yet exploded. It was fearful to see the flames eating into his vitals, and his unavailing struggles to free himself from them. At last I saw a piece of a tent lying on the ground, which I snatched up and threw over him: but there was no hope for him. All of them, in their agony, had torn off every stitch of clothing; and the black and scorched flesh hanging in strips—their withered tongues protruding from their mouths, in which the blood was gurgling, as they gasped for breath—their faces like blackened masks, and their eyes starting from their sockets—their groans, and the screams for water, with which they pointed to their parched mouths, showed a frightful picture of some of the horrors attendant upon war. They were all taken to the hospital instantly; but none was likely to recover. I hope I may never witness such a sight again—excruciating suffering without the power of rendering assistance. The commander-in-chief came down the line just after this catastrophe, and we stood to our arms and cheered him as he passed."—*Journal of a Subaltern during the Campaign in the Punjab*: (Extracted into the "Manchester Examiner," and "Times.")

NOTE 14, page 51.

Piles of pale beds for the 'spitals, &c.
From others, faint blood shall in families flow,
With wonder at life, and young oldness in woe,
Yet hence may the movers of great earth grow.

It is forgotten, amidst the medals, and titles, and annual

feasts, and other "glories" that follow the miseries of war, how many maimed and blood-saddened men are still suffering in hospitals and private houses; and how much offspring, in all probability, is rendered sickly and melancholy. The author of the present poem believes that he owes the worst part of his constitution to the illness and anxiety caused, to one of the best of mothers, by the American war.

NOTE 15, page 51.

Feeding the flowers and the feeding corn.

"Every tree in the wood of Hougoumont is pierced with balls; in one alone, I counted the holes where upwards of twenty had lodged. But the strokes which were fatal to human life have not actually injured them; though their trunks are filled with balls, and their branches broken and destroyed, their verdure is still the same. Wild flowers are still blooming, and wild raspberries ripening beneath their shade; while huge black piles of human ashes, dreadfully offensive in smell, are all that now remain of the heroes who fought and fell upon the fatal spot. Beside some graves, at the outskirts of this wood, the little wild flower, *Forget-me-not*—('mysostis arvensis,') was blooming, and the flaring red poppy had already sprung up around, and even upon them, as if in mockery of the dead."—BOOTH'S *Waterloo*, p. xix.

NOTE 16, page 51.

And he hasteth a tear from his old gray eye.

The tears of an old soldier for the fate of his comrades are some of the most affecting in the world, and do him immortal honour; far more honour than thousands of things which are considered more glorifying.

"They parted: Blucher proceeded on his way—Lord Wellington returned to Waterloo. As he crossed again the fatal scene, on which the silence of death had now succeeded to the storm of battle, the moon breaking from dark clouds shed an uncertain light upon this wide field of carnage, covered with mangled thousands of that gallant army, whose heroic valour had won for him the brightest wreath of victory, and left to future time an imperishable monument of their country's fame. He saw himself surrounded by the bloody corpses of his veteran soldiers, who had followed him through distant lands—of his friends—of his associates in arms

his companions through many an eventful year of danger and of glory; in that awful pause which follows the mortal conflict of man with man, emotions, unknown or stifled in the heat of battle, forced their way; the feelings of the man triumphed over those of the general, and in the very hour of victory, Lord Wellington burst into tears."

NOTE 17, page 51.

He slayeth, he wasteth, he spouteth his fires
On babes at the bosom, and bed-rid sires.

"Long ere the hour of the sun's decline, it grew as dark as midnight. About ten o'clock the terrific shelling commenced, every whistling shell bearing on its lighted wings messengers of death and desolation. I never saw these implements of destruction so accurately thrown—some of them scarcely five inches above the walls of the fort. In five minutes the screams of the women in the fort were dreadful. In places so confined, where numberless houses were crowded together, every shell must have found its way to some poor wretch's dwelling, and perhaps torn from mothers' bosoms their clinging babes. No person can estimate the dreadful carnage committed by shells, but those whose fate it has been to witness the effects of these messengers of death. On this occasion our shells were very numerous, and of enormous size, many of them thirteen inches and a half in calibre. The system of shelling had been so improved, in the twelve years which had elapsed since the siege of Bhurtpore, that, instead of about one shell in about five minutes from a single battery, it was by no means extraordinary to see twenty in one minute, from the numerous batteries which were brought to bear on this place. It was, at times, truly awful, to see ten of these soaring in the air together, seemingly riding on the midnight breeze, and disturbing the slumbering clouds on their pillows of rest; all transporting to a destined spot the implements of havoc and desolation contained within their iron sides. The moon hid herself, in seeming pensiveness, behind a dense black cloud, as though reluctant to look on such a scene in its garb of blackest woe. Some carcaroes were also thrown. These, when in the air, are not unlike a fiery man soaring above. They are sent to burn houses, or blow up magazines. Far and wide they stretch forth their claws of death; and well might the poor natives call them devils of the night, or fiends of the clouds. To complete

this dreadful scene, the roaring Congreves ran along the bastion's top, breaking legs and arms, with their shaking tails. Nothing could be more grand to the eye, or more affecting to the heart, than this horrid spectacle. Still the superstitious foe were stimulated by some hoary priest with hopes of victory, while they imbrued their hands in the blood of their children, their parents, and their friends. Our shells found their way to their very cells, tearing babes from their mothers' bosoms, and dealing death and destruction around. *Oh! what must be the anguish of a fond mother, to see nothing but the head of her fondling hanging to her bosom!* I will relate one melancholy case of this kind, out of numbers that came within my observation, and actually happened at this place:—

"A female was lying on a bed of green silk, under her head was a pillow of the same material; her right arm had, no doubt, cradled her babe, and her left was extended, as though for the purpose of keeping her child close to her. A large shell had perforated the tiled roof, and having made its way through three floors, had gone through the foot of the bed and penetrated some depth into the fourth floor. A piece of this shell had gone through the woman's forehead, carrying away a great part of her head, so that her death, according to the opinion of a medical man who saw her, must have been instantaneous. *The lower part of the child's body, from the hips downwards, was entirely gone; but, strange to say, its mother's nipple still hung in the left corner of its mouth, and its little right hand still held by its mother's clothes, which, probably, it had grasped at the first noise of the shell.* We understood that this woman was the wife of a most respectable officer in the fort, who had met his death some hours before her, and was, therefore, in pity spared the afflicting sight. *Such, reader, are the scenes of war. Such are the scenes which soldiers in the course of service are called upon to witness.* The poor woman and her babe were committed to the grave; probably the first of her generation that ever returned to the earth as her last home, for she was a Hindoo woman.

"Near a small village, a beautiful young woman, about sixteen, had been seen, and ultimately seized. Her husband, to whom she had been wedded only about three months, was one of those who were killed when the magazine blew up. From that period, nothing could soothe her or appease her grief; no power could restrain her; and at last she escaped into an adjoining wood or rumna. When I saw her she was running wildly; but at

times she would pause, hold up her finger, and tell you, to listen, when she would exclaim, with the most heart-rending shriek,—‘That was him! It was he that did speak!—Yet now he is gone!’ Then the poor bewildered maniac would tear her coal-black hair, which was hanging in ringlets down her back and bosom, and at length sink exhausted to the ground. She was taken to the camp and committed to the care of some of her relations who had been taken prisoners.

“How it was possible that a single individual could have escaped such a bombardment was to us a mystery; for large houses were literally torn up by the roots. They had thrown a great number of their dead into a well, and many lay in the ditch, a melancholy and revolting sight, for the sun had swollen them to an enormous size.

“It seems that the moment any of their children were killed, in houses remote from the well, they were thrown into the street. I counted five limbless babes in one street.”—*Military Career of John Shipp*, vol. ii. p. 190.

“Long will the Sikhs have cause to remember the battle of Goojerat. The whole line of their flight was strewn with dead. We advanced into their camp over heaps of dead and dying. It wanted nothing more to show the gallant stand they had made. Everything was in confusion—tumbrils overturned, guns dismounted, wagons with their wheels off, oxen and camels rushing wildly about, wounded horses plunging in their agony, beds, blankets, boxes, ammunition, strewn about the ground in a perfect chaos; the wounded lying there groaning, some begging to be dispatched, others praying for mercy, and some, with scowling looks of impotent rage, striving to cut down those who came near them, and thereby insuring their own destruction, for but little quarter, I am ashamed to say, was given, and even those we managed to save from the vengeance of our men were, I fear, killed afterwards. But, after all, it is a war of extermination. The most heart-rending sight of the day was one I witnessed in a tent I entered. There, on the ground, bleeding to death, lay a young mother; her leg had been carried off by a round shot, and the jagged stump protruded in a ghastly manner through the mangled flesh. She held a baby to her breast, and as she bent over it with maternal anxiety, all her thoughts seemed to be of her child. She appeared totally regardless of the agony she must have been suffering, and to think of nothing but the poor infant, which was drawing its nour-

ishment from her failing breast. I gave her some water, and she drank it greedily, raising her large imploring eyes to my face, with an expression that was heart-rending to witness. I was obliged to leave the poor creature, and go on with the regiment, but the remembrance of that sight will live with me till my dying day."—*Extract from the Journal of a Subaltern of the 2d Europeans, in the Battle of Goojerat. (From the "Times.")*

NOTE 18, page 51.

And the lover is slain, and the parents are nigh.

"We have the assurance of Marshal Suchet, that the officers of his army made tremendous exertions to stop the carnage. But the soldiers, with hands already steeped in blood, would not be restrained. Within and without the town the slaughter continued with unabated ferocity. The claims of age and sex were disregarded. Those who sought refuge in the churches were massacred, even at the altar. *Beauty, helplessness, and innocence, did not save life, though they insured violation.*"—*Peninsular War*, vol. iii. p. 181.

"This successful achievement was followed by the usual scenes of riot and excess. The men, no longer amenable to discipline, ransacked the houses in search of plunder. The cellars were broken open, and emptied of their contents; many houses were wantonly set on fire; and the yells of brutal triumph, uttered by the *intoxicated soldiers*, were heard in wild dissonance with the screams of the wounded. Thus passed the night. In the morning, by the exertions of the officers, discipline was partially restored. The soldiers by degrees returned to their duty, and the blind appetites of their brutal natures became again subjected to moral restraint."—Vol. iii. p. 188.

"As soon as the fighting (at St. Sebastian's, in Spain) began to wax faint, the horrors of rapine and plunder succeeded. Fortunately, there were few females in the place; but of the fate of the few which were there, I cannot even think without a shudder. The houses were everywhere ransacked, the furniture wantonly broken, the churches profaned, the images dashed to pieces; wine and spirit cellars were broken open, and the troops, heated already with angry passions, became absolutely mad by intoxication. All order and discipline were abandoned. The officers no longer had the slightest control over their men, who, on the contrary, controlled the officers; nor is

it by any means certain that several of the latter did not fall by the hands of the former, when they vainly attempted to bring them to a sense of submission.

"Night had now set in, but the darkness was effectually dispelled by the glare of burning houses, which one after another took fire. The morning of the 31st had risen upon St. Sebastian, as neat and regularly built a town as any in Spain—long before midnight it was one sheet of flame; and by noon, on the following day, little remained of it except its smoking ashes. The houses being lofty, like those in the Old Town of Edinburgh, and the streets straight and narrow, the fire flew from one to another with extraordinary rapidity. At first, some attempts were made to extinguish it, but these soon proved useless, and then the only matter to be considered was how, personally, to escape its violence. Many a migration was accordingly effected from house to house, till, at last, houses enough to shelter all could no longer be found, and the streets became the place of rest to the majority.

"The spectacle which these presented was truly shocking. A strong light falling on them, from the burning houses, disclosed crowds of dead, dying, and intoxicated men, huddling indiscriminately together. Carpets, rich tapestry, beds, curtains, wearing apparel, and everything valuable to persons in common life, were carelessly scattered about upon the bloody pavement, whilst ever and anon fresh bundles of these were thrown from the windows above. Here you would see a drunken fellow whirling a string of watches round his head, and then dashing them against the wall; there another, more provident, stuffing his bosom with such smaller articles as he most prized. Next would come a party rolling a cask of wine, or spirits, with loud acclamations, which in an instant was tapped, and in an incredibly short space of time, emptied of its contents. Then the ceaseless hum of conversation, the occasional laugh, and wild shout of intoxication, the pitiable cries, or deep moans of the wounded, and the unintermitted roar of the flames, produced altogether such a concert as no man who listened to it can ever forget.

"After these various noises, the greater number began gradually to subside, as night passed on—and long before dawn there was a fearful silence. Sleep had succeeded inebriety with the bulk of the army—of the poor wretches who groaned and shrieked three hours ago, many had expired; and the very fire had almost consumed itself,

by consuming everything upon which it could feed. Nothing, therefore, could now be heard, except an occasional faint moan, scarcely distinguishable from the heavy breathings of the sleepers, and even that was soon heard no more."

NOTE 19, page 53.
The American War.

NOTE 20, page 53.
The French War.

NOTE 21, page 53.
Napoleon.

NOTE 22, page 53.
The Duke of Wellington, or existing Military Toryism.

NOTE 23, page 54.
The Glorious Three Days.

NOTE 24, page 86.
The Palfrey was originally published in a book by itself.

NOTE 25, page 91.
The groundwork of this story is in D'Herbelot, and other Eastern authorities. Lokman has sometimes been called the Arabian Æsop; and sometimes thought to have been Æsop himself.

NOTE 26, page 90.
For the subject of this story I am indebted to a note in the Introduction to the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

NOTE 27, page 100.
See passages of it in Ellis's *Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances*, vol. iii. The whole of the original is to be found in a Scottish volume, the title of which I forget.

NOTE 28, page 103.
This sonnet was written at the same time and in the place, (the Vale of Health, Hampstead,) with the Nile in the works of Shelley and Keats.

best lines in the poem. **NOTE 29, page 106.** Written at the same place as the preceding sonnet, and in companionship with that of Keats, on the same subject.

NOTE 30, page 109.

The author heard Mrs. West (the artist's wife) very agreeably say,—“The Duke of Bedford came in while my husband was painting Kosciusko's portrait. He stooped down upon the General's hand as he reclined on the sofa, and kissed it; *and I fell in love with him.*”—This was Francis, fifth Duke of Bedford, whose statue is in Russell Square.

NOTE 31, page 110.

Ion signifies a violet.

NOTE 32, page 123.

The Red Book. The reader will bear in mind, that these verses were written at the commencement of the Regency, which irritated Reformers by its violation of Whig promises and its retention of Tory ministers.

NOTE 33, page 129.

To wit, backbites me. The Goblin is the Attorney-General;—at that time Sir Vicary Gibbs; who resembled in aspect the portrait here drawn of him in his wig and gown. He was much esteemed, I believe, in private, and was a great reader of novels.

NOTE 34, page 129.

Alluding to three out of the four prosecutions instituted by the then Tory government, against the author's newspaper, the *Examiner*, for expressing opinions which, in those days, were called libels, and with all of which later times have accorded. The fourth prosecution, which took place subsequently to the publication of this poem, was the only one that succeeded; but according to the strange ordinances in such cases, he had to pay the expenses of indictments in all.

NOTE 35, page 129.

Torquato Tasso.

NOTE 36, page 129.

The secret of Tasso's confinement by his sovereign, the

Duke of Ferrara, has never yet been satisfactorily ascertained: The poet used to fancy that things were stolen from him by spirits.

NOTE 37, page 181.

Thelwall was a lecturer on elocution, with whom Reformers were angry for his having given up politics.

NOTE 38, page 186.

Pershore, or Pearshore, on the Avon; so named probably from its abundance of pears.

NOTE 39, page 143.

Afterwards Chief Justice at Sydney and Gibraltar.

NOTE 40, page 146.

An infirmity in church and state matters, which this celebrated poet and excellent private gentleman, certainly carried to an excess, that not unreasonably irritated persons of less versatile opinions, especially those who underwent his rebukes without ever having gone so far as himself.

NOTE 41, page 147.

His excellent sister.

NOTE 42, page 147.

During my imprisonment for anticipating the judgment of posterity respecting the Regent.

NOTE 43, page 148.

This epistle was written in the character of a descendant of Sir Thomas Browne.

NOTE 44, page 154.

Bowls are now thought vulgar: that is to say, a certain number of fine vulgar people agree to call them so. The fashion was once otherwise. Suckling prefers

A pair of black eyes, or a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the trophies of wit.

Piccadilly, in Clarendon's time, "was a fair house of entertainment and gaming, with handsome gravel walks for shade, and where were an upper and a lower bowling-green, whither very many of the nobility and gentry of the best quality resorted, both for exercise and conversa-

tion." *History of the Rebellion*, vol. ii. It was to the members of Parliament what the merely in-door club-houses are now, and was a much better place for them to refresh their faculties in. The robust intellects of the Commonwealth grew there, and the airy wits that succeeded them.

NOTE 45, page 155.

Izaak Walton, who thus delighted to spell his name.

NOTE 46, page 178.

Opium is chiefly made from the white poppy; but the red is the one so much better known, that the writer has here made it stand for the whole genus.

NOTE 47, page 191.

For the possibility of cramming long senses of duration within short spaces of time, see not only the story of the Sultan and the tub of water in the *Arabian Nights*, and the history of the *Ephemeris* in some paper (I think) by Addison, (fables founded in a deep philosophy,) but the cases of morbid experience in medical records.

NOTE 48, page 192.

Rapturous—transporting, carrying away. The reader can take the word either in its spiritual or material sense, or both; according as he agrees or disagrees with Keppler and others, respecting the nature of the planetary bodies.

NOTE 49, page 194.

Alluding to a central sun; that is to say, a sun governing other suns, which is supposed to exist in the constellation of Hercules.

NOTE 50, page 203.

Of whom an image was made once a year, laid upon a couch, and served with baskets of flowers, confectionery, &c., as if it were alive.

Theocritus here shows us, that gossiping and sight-seeing are the same things in all countries and in all ages of the world. Women of the same class of society talk and act precisely as these do at the present moment, in every region of the globe.

NOTE 51, page 207.

The Syracusans, a colony from Corinth, spoke the Dorian dialect, which was full of a's.

NOTE 52, page 207.

An epithet of the favourite Sicilian deity, Proserpine, as that of "Adorable" was, which Gorgo uses before.

NOTE 53, page 219.

Tiresias, who was blind.

NOTE 54, page 219.

Sanchoniathon.

NOTE 55, page 219.

Whom Plato banished from his imaginary republic.

NOTE 56, page 223.

This traitor, whose hair the furious poet himself has been plucking off by handfulls because he would not disclose his name, barked at every pluck like a dog. The name was disclosed by a fellow-sufferer.

NOTE 57, page 224.

For giving him his death-wound at the siege of Thebes. But Menalippus's head had been cut off from his earthly body, and was insensible.

NOTE 58, page 225.

Pisan nobles, of the party opposed to that of Ugolino.

NOTE 59, page 226.

The Italian for Yes. The country is thus designated by the commonest word in its language; as in the case of the French Languedoc, or Language of Oc,—the old word in that quarter of France for the same affirmative.

NOTE 60, page 226.

Alluding to the cruelties practised in the royal house of Thebes.

NOTE 61, page 230.

One of the Saracen princes who came against Charlemagne.

NOTE 62, page 232.

The supposed author of a fabulous history of Charlemagne, to which the Italian narrative poets are always half-ironically referring as their authority.

NOTE 62, page 233.

The slaughter committed by these young friends, especially by Medoro, jars against one's feelings; but it is too true, alas! to nature, in the yet existing condition of society; and Ariosto never banks a fact of that kind.

NOTE 64, page 234.

The arms of France.

NOTE 65, page 235.

Agreeably to the popular notions of the time in which he wrote, Ariosto makes no distinction, as to appellation, between existing Mahometans and the Pagans of antiquity, and ascribes to the former a particular fancy for the worship of the Triple Goddess.

NOTE 66, page 236.

Zerbino, one of the allies of Charlemagne.

NOTE 67, page 237.

The eighteenth canto of the *Orlando Furioso* here terminates, and the nineteenth commences.

NOTE 68, page 237.

The omission of the final syllable in proper names, for the purpose of accommodating the metre, is so common a license with the Italian poets, that I have not scrupled to copy it. Ariosto uses it in the instance before us:—

Ma quando da Medor si vede assente,
 Gli pare aver lasciato addietro il core.

NOTE 69, page 241.

The ring conferred the power of invisibility.

NOTE 70, page 241.

Another of the Peers or Paladins of Charlemagne, second only in renown to Orlando.

NOTE 71, page 244.

Sacripant was king of Circassia.

NOTE 72, page 244.

The courtship of Angelica by Agrican, King of Tartary, with a countless army behind him to enforce it, attracted the notice of Milton.

"Such forces met not, nor so wild a camp,"
 When Agricola, with all his northern powers,
 Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,
 The city of Gallaphrone, from whence to win
 The fairest of her sex, Angelica."

Paradise Regained.

NOTE 73, page 245.

A banter on the most bantered of all subjects.

NOTE 74, page 246.

Casa was himself in orders, and subsequently a bishop.

NOTE 75, page 277.

This was the Cardinal Bibbiena aforesaid, who had been tutor to Leo X., and possessed great influence. He seems to have been fond of complimenting the disinterestedness of his friends by doing nothing for them. He was very intimate with Ariosto, and therefore did nothing for him; as the great poet himself has intimated in his *Satires*. Nay, when Leo issued his Bull, securing the property of the *Orlando Furioso* to its author, "Dear Bibbiena," says Ariosto, "expedited the matter for me—at my own expense."

"Il mio Bibbiena

Espedito mi ha il resto alle mie spese."

Vide the Satire addressed to his cousin Annibal Malegucci.

NOTE 76, page 278.

Berni introduced a fashion among the wits of writing on the most unpromising subjects, and showing how much could be made out of them. Among his themes were "Praises of being in Debt," "Of the Plague," &c.

NOTE 77, page 281.

He is called Maestro Pier, and Piero Buffetto, (Buffet,) in Berni's Miscellaneous Poems, and appears to have been well known. Our author, besides other pieces, addressed to him one in praise of Aristotle, in which he laments, that the great philosopher, among the other marvels of his genius, had not benefited mankind with a treatise on cookery.

"Oh Dio, che crudeltà! che non compose
 Un operetta sopra la cucina
 Tra l'infinite sue miracolose."

Good God! how cruel in him not to write
 Some little work concerning cookery,
 'Mongst all the wonders of his thoughtful might!

NOTE 78, page 282.

Such readers of Italian as possess Berni's *Orlando Innamorato*, may possibly observe, that in this last stanza I have departed a little from the original; blotches and spots in ceilings being things less difficult to conceive in the houses of modern European gentry than the beams and rafters of those in the time of the poet. I have modified a sentence or two in Ariosto for a different reason.

NOTE 79, page 284.

Sixteen-pence halfpenny, to wit; celebrated in two hundred sonnets by this scape-grace of a humourist, who pretends that he was persecuted for that sum by a remorseless creditor.

NOTE 80, page 282.

Artamenes, or the Grand Cyrus, written by Mademoiselle Scuderi. The books mentioned in this battle are either obsolete French works, or sorry productions of the author's contemporaries.

NOTE 81, page 294.

The large crucifix in processions.

NOTE 82, page 286.

"Infortiat (law, the second part of the digest) Infortiatum." Dufief's *French-English Dictionary*. Enforcement? It appears to have been the ecclesiastical portion of the General Body of Jurisprudence—*Canon Law*. If so, there is much wit in the recourse had by the Canon to this compulsory folio.

NOTE 83, page 290.

I have forgotten the name of the author from whom I translated this *jeu d'esprit*.







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